

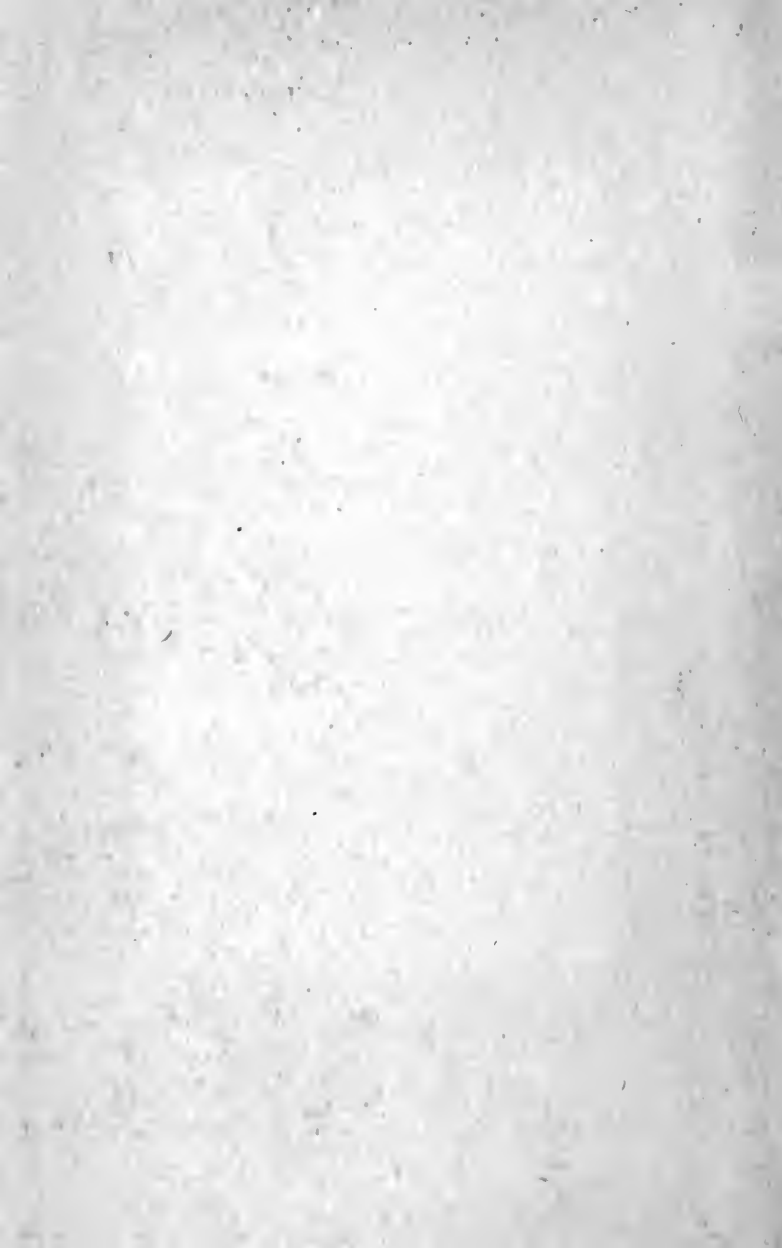




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A.D. 597—1898

FROM HER
HISTORIANS AND CHRONICLERS

EDITED BY

J. TURRAL

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PREFACE

MANY of the passages here presented have for some time given life and interest to the study of History in this School. It is hoped that their inclusion in one volume may prove helpful to busy teachers elsewhere.

My thanks are due to :

Sir Ernest Clarke and Mr. John Murray for permission to use extracts from the Chronicle of *Jocelin of Brakelond*;

Messrs. A. Constable & Co. for permission to modernize the Paston Letters, and to use Mr. C. H. Firth's edition of the Stuart Tracts (*Death of Queen Elizabeth*);

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Lastly, I have to record my thanks to Miss Margaret M. Dunn, B.A., of the History Staff here, who has helped me in many ways in preparing this book for the press.

J. TURRAL.

BLACKPOOL,
November 1916.

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THE COMING OF ST. AUGUSTINE

597

NOR is the account of St. Gregory, which has been handed down to us by the tradition of our ancestors to be passed over in silence, in relation to his motives for taking such interest in the salvation of our nation. It is reported, that some merchants, having just arrived 5 at Rome on a certain day, exposed many things for sale in the market-place, and abundance of people resorted thither to buy: Gregory himself went with the rest, and, among other things, some boys were set to sale, their bodies white, their countenances 10 beautiful, and their hair very fine. Having viewed them, he asked, as is said, from what country or nation they were brought, and was told, from the island of Britain, whose inhabitants were of such personal appearance. He again inquired whether those islanders 15 were Christians, or still involved in the errors of paganism, and was informed that they were pagans. Then fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, 'Alas! what pity,' said he, 'that the author of darkness is possessed of men of such fair counte- 20 nances; and that being remarkable for such graceful aspects, their minds should be void of inward grace.' He therefore again asked, what was the name of that nation, and was answered, that they were called Angles. 'Right,' said he, 'for they have an Angelic 25 face, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the Angels in heaven. What is the name', proceeded he, 'of the province from which they are brought?' It was replied, that the natives of that province were called Deiri. 'Truly are they *De ira*,' said he, 'withdrawn 30 from wrath, and called to the mercy of Christ. How is the king of that province called?' They told him

his name was Ælla ; and he, alluding to the name, said,
 ‘Hallelujah, the praise of God the Creator must be
 35 sung in those parts.’

Then repairing to the bishop of the Roman apostolical see, (for he was not himself then made pope,) he entreated him to send some ministers of the word into Britain to the nation of the English, by whom it
 40 might be converted to Christ ; declaring himself ready to undertake that work, by the assistance of God, if the apostolic pope should think fit to have it so done. Which not being then able to perform, because, though the pope was willing to grant his request, yet the
 45 citizens of Rome could not be brought to consent that so noble, so renowned, and so learned a man should depart the city ; as soon as he was himself made pope, he perfected the long-desired work, sending other preachers, but himself by his prayers and exhortations
 50 assisting the preaching, that it might be successful.

This account, as we have received it from the ancients, we have thought fit to insert in our Ecclesiastical History.

In the year of our Lord 582, Maurice, the fifty-fourth
 55 from Augustus, ascended the throne, and reigned twenty-one years. In the tenth year of his reign, Gregory, a man renowned for learning and behaviour, was promoted to the apostolical see of Rome and presided over it thirteen years, six months, and ten
 60 days. He, being moved by Divine inspiration, in the fourteenth year of the same emperor, and about the one hundred and fiftieth after the coming of the English into Britain, sent the servant of God, Augustine, and with him several other monks, who feared the
 65 Lord, to preach the word of God to the English nation. They having, in obedience to the pope’s commands, undertaken that work, were, on their journey, seized with a sudden fear, and began to think of returning home, rather than proceed to a barbarous,
 70 fierce, and unbelieving nation, to whose very language they were strangers ; and this they unanimously agreed

was the safest course. In short, they sent back Augustine, who had been appointed to be consecrated bishop in case they were received by the English, that he might, by humble entreaty, obtain of the holy 75 Gregory, that they should not be compelled to undertake so dangerous, toilsome, and uncertain a journey. The pope, in reply, sent them a hortatory epistle, persuading them to proceed in the work of the Divine word, and rely on the assistance of the Almighty. 80

Augustine, thus strengthened by the confirmation of the blessed Father Gregory, returned to the work of the word of God, with the servants of Christ, and arrived in Britain. The powerful Ethelbert was at that time king of Kent; he had extended his dominions 85 as far as the great river Humber, by which the Southern Saxons are divided from the Northern. On the east of Kent is the large Isle of Thanet containing, according to the English way of reckoning, 600 families, divided from the other land by the river 90 Wantsum, which is about three furlongs over, and fordable only in two places, for both ends of it run into the sea. In this island landed the servant of our Lord, Augustine, and his companions, being, as is reported, nearly forty men. They had, by order of 95 the blessed pope Gregory, taken interpreters of the nation of the Franks, and sending to Ethelbert, signified that they were come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured to all that took advantage of it everlasting joys in heaven, 100 and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God. The king having heard this, ordered them to stay in that island where they had landed, and that they should be furnished with all necessaries, till he should consider what to do with them. For he 105 had before heard of the Christian religion, having a Christian wife of the royal family of the Franks, called Bertha; whom he had received from her parents, upon condition that she should be permitted to practise her religion with the bishop Luidhard, who was sent with 110

her to preserve her faith. Some days after, the king came into the island, and sitting in the open air, ordered Augustine and his companions to be brought into his presence. For he had taken precaution that
 115 they should not come to him in any house, lest, according to an ancient superstition, if they practised any magical arts, they might impose upon him, and so get the better of him. But they came furnished with Divine, not with magic virtue, bearing a silver cross
 120 for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; and singing the litany, they offered up their prayers to the Lord for the eternal salvation both of themselves and of those to whom they were come. When he had sat down,
 125 pursuant to the king's commands, and preached to him and his attendants there present the word of life, the king answered thus:—'Your words and promises are very fair, but as they are new to us, and of uncertain import, I cannot approve of them so far as to forsake
 130 that which I have so long followed with the whole English nation. But because you are come from far into my kingdom, and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true, and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but give
 135 you favourable entertainment, and take care to supply you with your necessary sustenance; nor do we forbid you to preach and gain as many as you can to your religion. Accordingly he permitted them to reside in the city of Canterbury, which was the metropolis of all
 140 his dominions, and, pursuant to his promise, besides allowing them sustenance, did not refuse them liberty to preach. It is reported that, as they drew near to the city, after their manner, with the holy cross, and the image of our sovereign Lord and King, Jesus Christ,
 145 they, in concert, sang this litany: 'We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house, because we have sinned. Hallelujah.'

As soon as they entered the dwelling-place assigned

them, they began to imitate the course of life practised in 150
the primitive church; applying themselves to frequent
prayer, watching and fasting; preaching the word of
life to as many as they could; despising all worldly
things, as not belonging to them; receiving only their
necessary food from those they taught; living them- 155
selves in all respects conformably to what they pre-
scribed to others, and being always disposed to suffer
any adversity, and even to die for that truth which
they preached. In short, several believed and were
baptized, admiring the simplicity of their innocent life, 160
and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. There
was on the east side of the city a church dedicated to
the honour of St. Martin, built whilst the Romans
were still in the island, wherein the queen, who, as has
been said before, was a Christian, used to pray. In 165
this they first began to meet, to sing, to pray, to say
mass, to preach, and to baptize, till the king, being
converted to the faith, allowed them to preach openly,
and build or repair churches in all places.

When he, among the rest, induced by the unspotted 170
life of these holy men, and their delightful promises,
which, by many miracles, they proved to be most
certain, believed and was baptized, greater numbers
began daily to flock together to hear the word, and,
forsaking their heathen rites, to associate themselves, 175
by believing, to the unity of the church of Christ.
Their conversion the king so far encouraged, as that
he compelled none to embrace Christianity, but only
showed more affection to the believers, as to his fellow
citizens in the heavenly kingdom. For he had learned 180
from his instructors and leaders to salvation, that the
service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by com-
pulsion. Nor was it long before he gave his teachers
a settled residence in his metropolis of Canterbury,
with such possessions of different kinds as were 185
necessary for their subsistence.

CÆDMON

680

THERE was in this abbess's monastery a certain brother, particularly remarkable for the grace of God, who was wont to make pious and religious verses, so that whatever was interpreted to him out of Scripture, 5 he soon after put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and humility, in English, which was his native language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to heaven. Others after him attempted, in the English 10 nation, to compose religious poems, but none could ever compare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God; for which reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem, but only those which relate to religion suited his religious 15 tongue; for having lived in a secular habit till he was well advanced in years, he had never learned anything of versifying; for which reason being sometimes at entertainments, when it was agreed for the sake of mirth that all present should sing in their turns, when 20 he saw the instrument come towards him, he rose up from table and returned home.

Having done so at a certain time, and gone out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stable, where he had to take care of the horses that night, he 25 there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, 'Cædmon, sing some song to me.' He answered, 'I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to 30 this place, because I could not sing.' The other who talked to him, replied, 'However you shall sing.'— 'What shall I sing?' rejoined he. 'Sing the beginning of created beings,' said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God,

1 *The abbess was St. Hilda of Whitby Abbey.*

which he had never heard, the purport whereof was thus:—We are now to praise the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the author of all miracles, Who first, as almighty preserver of the human race, created heaven for the sons of men as the roof of the house, and next the earth. This is the sense, but not the words in order as he sang them in his sleep; for verses, though never so well composed, cannot be literally translated out of one language into another, without losing much of their beauty and loftiness. Awaking from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added much more to the same effect in verse worthy of the Deity.

In the morning he came to the steward, his superior, and having acquainted him with the gift he had received, was conducted to the abbess, by whom he was ordered, in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream, and repeat the verses, that they might all give their judgement what it was, and whence his verse proceeded. They all concluded, that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord. They expounded to him a passage in holy writ, either historical, or doctrinal, ordering him, if he could, to put the same into verse. Having undertaken it, he went away, and returning the next morning, gave it to them composed in most excellent verse; whereupon the abbess, embracing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him the monastic life; which being accordingly done, she associated him to the rest of the brethren in her monastery, and ordered that he should be taught the whole series of sacred history. Thus Cædmon, keeping in mind all he heard, and as it were chewing the cud, converted the same into most harmonious verse; and sweetly repeating the same, made his masters in their turn his hearers. He sang the creation of the

world, the origin of man, and all the history of
 75 Genesis : and made many verses on the departure of
 the children of Israel out of Egypt, and their entering
 into the land of promise, with many other histories
 from holy writ ; the incarnation, passion, resurrection
 of our Lord, and His ascension into heaven ; the
 80 coming of the Holy Ghost, and the preaching of the
 apostles ; also the terror of future judgement, the
 horror of the pains of hell, and the delights of heaven ;
 besides many more about the Divine benefits and
 judgements, by which he endeavoured to turn away all
 85 men from the love of vice, and to excite in them the
 love of, and application to, good actions ; for he was
 a very religious man, humbly submissive to regular
 discipline, but full of zeal against those who behaved
 themselves otherwise ; for which reason he ended his
 90 life happily.

For when the time of his departure drew near, he
 laboured for the space of fourteen days under a bodily
 infirmity which seemed to prepare the way, yet so
 moderate that he could talk and walk the whole time.
 95 In his neighbourhood was the house to which those
 that were sick, and like shortly to die, were carried.
 He desired the person that attended him, in the
 evening, as the night came on in which he was to
 depart this life, to make ready a place there for him
 100 to take his rest. This person, wondering why he
 should desire it, because there was as yet no sign of
 his dying soon, did what he had ordered. He accord-
 ingly went there, and conversing pleasantly in a joyful
 manner with the rest that were in the house before,
 105 when it was past midnight, he asked them, whether
 they had the Eucharist there. They answered, ' What
 need of the Eucharist? for you are not likely to
 die, since you talk so merrily with us, as if you were
 in perfect health.'—' However,' said he, ' bring me the
 110 Eucharist.' Having received the same into his hand,
 he asked, whether they were all in charity with him,
 and without any enmity or rancour. They answered,

that they were all in perfect charity, and free from anger; and in their turn asked him, whether he was in the same mind towards them. He answered, 'I am in charity, my children, with all the servants of God.' Then strengthening himself with the heavenly viaticum, he prepared for the entrance into another life, and asked, how near the time was when the brothers were to be awakened to sing the nocturnal praises of our Lord. They answered, 'It is not far off.' Then he said, 'Well, let us wait that hour;' and signing himself with the sign of the cross, he laid his head on the pillow, and falling into a slumber, ended his life so in silence.

Thus it came to pass, that as he had served God with a simple and pure mind, and undisturbed devotion, so he now departed to His presence, leaving the world by a quiet death; and that tongue, which had composed so many holy words in praise of the Creator, uttered its last words whilst he was in the act of signing himself with the cross, and recommending himself into His hands, and by what has been here said, he seems to have had foreknowledge of his death.

BEDE (672-735).

(Translated by J. H. Giles.)

BOYHOOD OF ALFRED

860

IN the year of our Lord's incarnation 866, which was the eighteenth of king Alfred, Ethelred, brother of Ethelbert, king of the West Saxons, undertook the government of the kingdom for five years; and the same year a large fleet of pagans came to Britain from the Danube, and wintered in the kingdom of the Eastern Saxons, which is called in Saxon East Anglia; and there they became principally an army of cavalry. But, to speak in nautical phrase, I will no longer commit my vessel to the power of the waves and of

its sails, or keeping off from land steer my roundabout course through so many calamities of wars and series of years, but will return to that which first prompted me to this task ; that is to say, I think it right in this
15 place briefly to relate as much as has come to my knowledge about the character of my revered lord Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons, during the years that he was an infant and a boy.

He was loved by his father and mother, and even by
20 all the people, above all his brothers, and was educated altogether at the court of the king. As he advanced through the years of infancy and youth, his form appeared more comely than that of his brothers ; in look, in speech, and in manners he was more graceful
25 than they. His noble nature implanted in him from his cradle a love of wisdom above all things ; but, with shame be it spoken, by the unworthy neglect of his parents and nurses, he remained illiterate even till he was twelve years old or more ; but he listened
30 with serious attention to the Saxon poems which he often heard recited, and easily retained them in his docile memory. He was a zealous practiser of hunting in all its branches, and hunted with great assiduity and success ; for skill and good fortune in
35 this art, as in all others, are among the gifts of God, as we also have often witnessed.

On a certain day, therefore, his mother was showing him and his brother a Saxon book of poetry, which she held in her hand, and said, ' Whichever of
40 you shall the soonest learn this volume shall have it for his own.' Stimulated by these words, or rather by the Divine inspiration, and allured by the beautifully illuminated letter at the beginning of the volume, he spoke before all his brothers, who, though his seniors
45 in age, were not so in grace, and answered, ' Will you really give that book to one of us, that is to say, to him who can first understand and repeat it to you ?' At this his mother smiled with satisfaction, and confirmed what she had before said. Upon which the

boy took the book out of her hand, and went to his ⁵⁰ master to read it, and in due time brought it to his mother and recited it.

After this he learned the daily course, that is, the celebration of the hours, and afterwards certain psalms, and several prayers, contained in a certain book which ⁵⁵ he kept day and night in his bosom, as we ourselves have seen, and carried about with him to assist his prayers, amid all the bustle and business of this present life. But, sad to say! he could not gratify his most ardent wish to learn the liberal arts, because, ⁶⁰ as he said, there were no good readers at that time in all the kingdom of the West Saxons.

This he confessed, with many lamentations and sighs, to have been one of his greatest difficulties and impediments in this life, namely, that when he was ⁶⁵ young and had the capacity for learning, he could not find teachers; but, when he was more advanced in life, he was harassed by so many diseases unknown to all the physicians of this island, as well as by internal and external anxieties of sovereignty, and by continual ⁷⁰ invasions of the pagans, and had his teachers and writers also so much disturbed, that there was no time for reading. But yet among the impediments of this present life, from infancy up to the present time, and, as I believe, even until his death, he continued to feel ⁷⁵ the same insatiable desire of knowledge, and still aspires after it.

ASSER (*d.* 910)

EARLY ENGLISH EXPLORERS

THE VOYAGE OF OTHERE

c. 880

OTHERE told his lord, king Alfred, that he dwelt the farthest north of all Northmen. He said he inhabited the northern part of the country, along the

shores of the west sea. Yet, he said, the land extends
5 farther to the north but is all waste, except that in
a few scattered places Finns live, where they gain a
livelihood by hunting in winter, and by fishing
in summer along the sea-coast. Once, he said, he
wished to find out how far the land lay to the north or
10 whether any man lived to the north of the waste land.
So he set out due north, along the coast for three
days; always he left the waste land on the starboard,
and the open sea on the port side. Then he was as
far north as the whale fishers ever went. Then he
15 went due north, as far as he could sail for the next
three days. Then the land turned to the east, or the
sea turned in on the land, he knew not which. But
this he did know; he awaited there a west wind or one
somewhat northerly, and sailed as far east along the
20 land as was possible in four days. Then he had to
await a due-north wind, because there the land turned
south, or the sea came in on the land; about this he
was not certain. Then he sailed from there due
south, along the shore for five days. There a great
25 river flowed up into the land. Then they sailed up
the river, because he dared not sail past it for fear of
attack, the land being inhabited on both sides of the
river. Since he left his own home he had not met any
inhabited land, for the land on the starboard was
30 always waste except for the fishers and fowlers and
hunters, all of whom were Finns. To the left there
was always open sea. The Permians had well culti-
vated their land but they durst not enter it. The land
of the Terfinns was all waste, save where hunters,
35 fishers, or fowlers lived.

The Permians told him many stories both of their
own land and the lands around them, but he could
not vouch for their truth, as he himself had not seen
them.

40 The Finns and Permians seemed to speak nearly
the same language. The chief reason for his journey
there, in addition to seeing the country, was for

walrus as they have very good bone in their teeth. (They brought some of these teeth to the king.) Their hide too was very good for ship ropes. This 45
whale is much smaller than other whales, being no longer than 7 ells. The best whale-fishing is in his own country. There they are 48 ells long, and the largest 50. He said that he, one of a party of six, killed sixty in two days. 50

He was a very rich man in the possession of those things in which their riches consist—that is in wild beasts. He still had, when he visited the king, six hundred tame deer for sale. They called them reindeer. Six of these were decoy deer. They are very 55
valuable among the Finns; for with them they catch the wild ones. He was among the first men in the land, though he had not more than twenty horned cattle, and twenty sheep, and twenty swine; and the little that he ploughed, he ploughed with horses. 60
But their income is chiefly in the tribute which the Finns yield them. This tribute consists of deer-skins, birds' feathers, whale-bone, and ship ropes, which are made of whale and seal-skin. Each pays according to his means. The most wealthy has to pay 15 martin- 65
skins, and five reindeer-skins, one bear-skin, ten measures of feathers, a coat of bear-skin or otter-skin, and two ship ropes, each 60 ells long, one made of whale's hide, the other of seal's.

He said that the country of the Northmen was very 70
long and very narrow. All that one can use for pasture or ploughing lies by the sea, and that, moreover, is very rocky in places. To the east, along the inhabited land, lie wild moors. There the Finns dwell. And the inhabited land is broadest to the 75
east, and the farther north the narrower it is. To the east it may be sixty miles broad or even broader; in the middle thirty or more; and to the north, where it was narrowest, he said it might be three miles broad up to the moor. The moor beyond is so broad in 80
some places that it would take a man two weeks to

cross it, and in some places so broad that it would take a man six days.

There is along that land southward, on the other
 85 side of the moor, Sweden, to the north of the land ;
 and farther north, Finland. The Finns sometimes
 harry the Northmen over the moor, sometimes the
 Northmen them. There are very large freshwater
 meres all over the moors, and the Finns bear
 90 their ships over the land to the pools, and then attack
 the Northmen. They have very small and light ships.
 Othere said that the district in which he lived was
 called Halogaland, and that no man lived north of
 him. There was a port in the southern part called
 95 Skiringssalr. A man could not sail there in a month
 if he anchored by night and had favourable winds each
 day, and all the while he must sail along the land.
 On the starboard there is first Iraland, and then the
 islands which are between Iraland and this land. Then
 100 we have this land, till Skiringssalr is reached, and always
 on the port side is Norway.

To the south of Skiringssalr a very great sea flows
 up into that land ; it is broader than any man may see
 over. Jutland is opposite on the other side, and after
 105 that Holstein. The sea flows many hundred miles up
 in on that land.

He said he sailed from Skiringssalr to the port
 called Heithabær in five days. It stands between the
 Wends and Saxons and Angles, and belongs to the
 110 Danes. He sailed there from Skiringssalr, and Den-
 mark was on his port side, the open sea on the other,
 for three days. Two days before he came to Heithabær,
 Jutland, Holstein, and many islands were on his star-
 board. In these lands the Angles dwelt before they
 115 came to this country. Then for two days, on his
 port side, was the island which belongs to Denmark.

Translated from the *Orosius* of King Alfred (848-901).

99 *Iraland*. The Shetlands. 108 *Heithaber*. Slesvig.

ALFRED

884

IN the meantime, the king, during the frequent wars and other trammels of this present life, the invasions of the pagans, and his own daily infirmities of body, continued to carry on the government, and to exercise hunting in all its branches; to teach his workers in gold and artificers of all kinds, his falconers, hawkers, and dog-keepers; to build houses, majestic and good, beyond all the precedents of his ancestors, by his new mechanical inventions; to recite the Saxon books, and especially to learn by heart the Saxon poems, and to make others learn them; and he alone never desisted from studying, most diligently, to the best of his ability; he attended the mass and other daily services of religion; he was frequent in psalm-singing and prayer, at the hours both of the day and the night. He also went to the churches, as we have already said, in the night-time to pray, secretly, and unknown to his courtiers; he bestowed alms and largesses on both natives and foreigners of all countries; he was affable and pleasant to all, and curiously eager to investigate things unknown. Many Franks, Frisians, Gauls, pagans, Britons, Scots, and Armoricans, noble and ignoble, submitted voluntarily to his dominion; and all of them, according to their nation and deserving, were ruled, loved, honoured, and enriched with money and power. Moreover, the king was in the habit of hearing the divine scriptures read by his own countrymen, or, if by any chance it so happened, in company with foreigners, and he attended to it with sedulity and solicitude. His bishops, too, and all ecclesiastics, his earls and nobles, ministers and friends, were loved by him with wonderful affection, and their sons, who were bred up in the royal household, were no less dear to him than his own; he had them instructed in all kinds of good morals, and among other things, never ceased

to teach them letters night and day ; but as if he had no consolation in all these things, and suffered no other annoyance either from within or without, yet he was harassed by daily and nightly affliction, that he complained to God, and to all who were admitted to his familiar love, that Almighty God had made him ignorant of divine wisdom, and of the liberal arts ; in this, emulating the pious, the wise, and wealthy Solomon, king of the Hebrews, who at first, despising all present glory and riches, asked wisdom of God, and found both, namely, wisdom and worldly glory ; as it is written, ‘ Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.’ But God, Who is always the inspector of the thoughts of the mind within, and the instigator of all good intentions, and a most plentiful aider, that good desires may be formed,—for He would not instigate a man to good intentions, unless He also amply supplied that which the man justly and properly wishes to have,—instigated the king’s mind within ; as it is written, ‘ I will hearken what the Lord God will say concerning me.’ He would avail himself of every opportunity to procure coadjutors in his good designs, to aid him in his strivings after wisdom, that he might attain to what he aimed at ; and, like a prudent bird, which rising in summer with the early morning from her beloved nest, steers her rapid flight through the uncertain tracks of ether, and descends on the manifold and varied flowers of grasses, herbs, and shrubs, essaying that which pleases most, that she may bear it to her home, so did he direct his eyes afar, and seek without, that which he had not within, namely, in his own kingdom.

But God at that time, as some consolation to the king’s benevolence, yielding to his complaint, sent certain lights to illuminate him, namely, Werefrith, bishop of the church of Worcester, a man well versed in divine scripture, who, by the king’s command, first turned the books of the Dialogues of pope Gregory and Peter, his disciple, from Latin into Saxon, and

sometimes putting sense for sense, interpreted them 75
with clearness and elegance. After him was Plegmund,
a Mercian by birth, archbishop of the church of
Canterbury, a venerable man, and endowed with
wisdom; Ethelstan also, and Werewulf, his priests and
chaplains, Mercians by birth, and erudite. These four 80
had been invited out of Mercia by king Alfred, who
exalted them with many honours and powers in the
kingdom of the West Saxons, besides the privileges
which archbishop Plegmund and bishop Wrefrith
enjoyed in Mercia. By their teaching and wisdom the 85
king's desires increased unceasingly, and were grati-
fied. Night and day, whenever he had leisure, he
commanded such men as these to read books to him;
for he never suffered himself to be without one of them,
wherefore he possessed a knowledge of every book, 90
though of himself he could not yet understand any-
thing of books, for he had not yet learned to read any-
thing.

But the king's commendable avarice could not be
gratified even in this; wherefore he sent messengers 95
beyond the sea to Gaul, to procure teachers, and he
invited from thence Grimbold, priest and monk,
a venerable man, and good singer, adorned with every
kind of ecclesiastical discipline and good morals, and
most learned in holy scripture. He also obtained from 100
thence John, also priest and monk, a man of most
energetic talents, and learned in all kinds of literary
science, and skilled in many other arts. By the teaching
of these men the king's mind was much enlarged, and
he enriched and honoured them with much influence. 105

In these times, I also came into Saxony out of the
furthest coasts of Western Britain; and when I had
proposed to go to him through many intervening pro-
vinces, I arrived in the country of the Saxons, who
live on the right hand, which in Saxon is called 110
Sussex, under the guidance of some of that nation;
and there I first saw him in the royal vill, which is
called Dene. He received me with kindness, and

among other familiar conversation, he asked me
 115 eagerly to devote myself to his service and become his
 friend, to leave everything which I possessed on
 the left, or western bank of the Severn, and he
 promised he would give more than an equivalent for
 it in his own dominions. I replied that I could not
 120 incautiously and rashly promise such things; for it
 seemed to me unjust, that I should leave those sacred
 places in which I had been bred, educated, and
 crowned, and at last ordained, for the sake of any
 earthly honour and power, unless by compulsion.
 125 Upon this, he said, 'If you cannot accede to this, at
 least, let me have your service in part: spend six
 months of the year with me here, and the other six
 in Britain.' To this, I replied, 'I could not even
 promise that easily or hastily without the advice of my
 130 friends.' At length, however, when I perceived that
 he was anxious for my services, though I knew not
 why, I promised him that, if my life was spared,
 I would return to him after six months, with such
 a reply as should be agreeable to him as well as
 135 advantageous to me and mine. With this answer he
 was satisfied, and when I had given him a pledge to
 return at the appointed time, on the fourth day we left
 him and returned on horseback towards our own
 country.

ASSER (*d.* 910).

BATTLE OF HASTINGS

1066

IN the meantime Harold returned from the battle
 with the Norwegians; happy, in his own estimation,
 at having conquered; but not so in mine, as he had
 secured the victory by parricide. When the news of
 5 the Norman's arrival reached him, reeking as he was
 from battle, he proceeded to Hastings, though accom-
 123 crowned] given the tonsure.

panied by very few forces. No doubt the fates urged him on, as he neither summoned his troops, nor, had he been willing to do so, would he have found many ready to obey his call ; so hostile were all to him, as I have before observed, from his having appropriated the northern spoils entirely to himself. He sent out some persons, however, to reconnoitre the number and strength of the enemy : these, being taken within the camp, William ordered to be led amongst the tents, and, after feasting them plentifully, to be sent back uninjured to their lord. On their return, Harold inquired what news they brought : when, after relating at full, the noble confidence of the general, they gravely added, that almost all his army had the appearance of priests, as they had the whole face, with both lips, shaven. For the English leave the upper lip unshorn, suffering the hair continually to increase ; which Julius Caesar, in his treatise on the Gallic War, affirms to have been a national custom with the ancient inhabitants of Britain. The king smiled at the simplicity of the relators, observing, with a pleasant laugh, that they were not priests, but soldiers, strong in arms, and invincible in spirit. His brother, Gurth, a youth, on the verge of manhood, and of knowledge and valour surpassing his years, caught up his words : ‘ Since ’, said he, ‘ you extol so much the valour of the Norman, I think it ill-advised for you, who are his inferior in strength and desert, to contend with him. Nor can you deny being bound to him, by oath, either willingly, or by compulsion. Wherefore you will act wisely, if, yourself withdrawing from this pressing emergency, you allow us to try the issue of a battle. We, who are free from all obligation, shall justly draw the sword in defence of our country. It is to be apprehended, if you engage, that you will be either subjected to flight or to death : whereas, if we only fight, your cause will be safe at all events : for you will be able both to rally the fugitives, and to avenge the dead.’

His unbridled rashness yielded no placid ear to the words of his adviser, thinking it base, and a reproach to his past life, to turn his back on danger of any kind ; and, with similar impudence, or to speak more
50 favourably, imprudence, he drove away a monk, the messenger of William, not deigning him even a complacent look ; imprecating only, that God would decide between him and the earl. He was the bearer of three propositions ; either that Harold should relinquish the
55 kingdom, according to his agreement, or hold it of William ; or decide the matter by single combat in the sight of either army. For William claimed the kingdom, on the ground that king Edward, by the advice of Stigand, the archbishop, and of the earls
60 Godwin and Siward, had granted it to him, and had sent the son and nephew of Godwin to Normandy, as sureties of the grant. If Harold should deny this, he would abide by the judgement of the pope, or by battle : on all which propositions, the messenger being
65 frustrated by the single answer I have related, returned, and communicated to his party fresh spirit for the conflict.

The courageous leaders mutually prepared for battle, each according to his national custom. The English,
70 as we have heard, passed the night without sleep, in drinking and singing, and, in the morning, proceeded without delay towards the enemy ; all were on foot, armed with battle-axes, and covering themselves in front by the junction of their shields, they formed an
75 impenetrable body, which would have secured their safety that day, had not the Normans, by a feigned flight, induced them to open their ranks, which till that time, according to their custom, were closely compacted. The king himself on foot, stood, with his
80 brother, near the standard ; in order that, while all shared equal danger, none might think of retreating. This standard William sent, after the victory, to the pope ; it was sumptuously embroidered, with gold and precious stones, in the form of a man fighting.

On the other side, the Normans passed the whole 85
night in confessing their sins, and received the sacra-
ment in the morning: their infantry, with bows and
arrows, formed the vanguard, while their cavalry,
divided into wings, were thrown back. The earl,
with serene countenance, declaring aloud, that God 90
would favour his, as being the righteous side, called
for his arms; and presently, when, through the hurry
of his attendants, he had put on his hauberk the hind
part before, he corrected the mistake with a laugh;
saying, 'My dukedom shall be turned into a kingdom.' 95
Then beginning the song of Roland, that the warlike
example of that man might stimulate the soldiers, and
calling on God for assistance, the battle commenced on
both sides. They fought with ardour, neither giving
ground, for great part of the day. Finding this, 100
William gave a signal to his party, that, by a feigned
flight, they should retreat. Through this device, the
close body of the English, opening for the purpose of
cutting down the straggling enemy, brought upon
itself swift destruction; for the Normans, facing about, 105
attacked them thus disordered, and compelled them to
fly. In this manner, deceived by a stratagem, they
met an honourable death in avenging their country;
nor indeed were they at all wanting to their own
revenge, as, by frequently making a stand, they 110
slaughtered their pursuers in heaps: for, getting
possession of an eminence, they drove down the Nor-
mans, when roused with indignation and anxiously
striving to gain the higher ground, into the valley
beneath, where, easily hurling their javelins and rolling 115
down stones on them as they stood below, they
destroyed them to a man. Besides, by a short passage,
with which they were acquainted, avoiding a deep
ditch, they trod under foot such a multitude of their
enemies in that place, that they made the hollow level 120
with the plain, by the heaps of carcasses. This vicissi-
tude of first one party conquering, and then the other,
prevailed as long as the life of Harold continued; but

when he fell, from having his brain pierced with an
125 arrow, the flight of the English ceased not until
night. The valour of both leaders was here eminently
conspicuous.

Harold, not merely content with the duty of
a general in exhorting others, diligently entered into
130 every soldier-like office; often would he strike the
enemy when coming to close quarters, so that none
could approach him with impunity; for immediately
the same blow levelled both horse and rider. Where-
fore, as I have related, receiving the fatal arrow from
135 a distance, he yielded to death. One of the soldiers
with a sword gashed his thigh, as he lay prostrate;
for which shameful and cowardly action he was
branded with ignominy by William, and dismissed the
service.

140 William too was equally ready to encourage by his
voice and by his presence; to be the first to rush for-
ward; to attack the thickest of the foe. Thus every-
where raging, everywhere furious, he lost three choice
horses, which were that day pierced under him. The
145 dauntless spirit and vigour of the intrepid general,
however, still persisted, though often called back by
the kind remonstrance of his body-guard; he still
persisted, I say, till approaching night crowned him
with complete victory. And no doubt, the hand of
150 God so protected him, that the enemy should draw no
blood from his person, though they aimed so many
javelins at him.

This was a fatal day to England, a melancholy havoc
of our dear country, through its change of masters.
155 For it had long since adopted the manners of the
Angles, which had been very various according to the
times: for in the first years of their arrival, they were
barbarians in their look and manners, warlike in their
usages, heathens in their rites; but, after embracing
160 the faith of Christ, by degrees, and in process of time,
from the peace they enjoyed, regarding arms only in
a secondary light, they gave their whole attention to

religion. I say nothing of the poor, the meanness of whose fortune often restrains them from overstepping the bounds of justice : I omit men of ecclesiastical rank, 165 whom sometimes respect to their profession, and sometimes the fear of shame, suffer not to deviate from the truth : I speak of princes, who from the greatness of their power might have full liberty to indulge in pleasure ; some of whom, in their own country, and 170 others at Rome, changing their habit, obtained a heavenly kingdom, and a saintly intercourse. Many during their whole lives in outward appearance only embraced the present world, in order that they might exhaust their treasures on the poor, or divide them 175 amongst monasteries. What shall I say of the multitudes of bishops, hermits, and abbots ? Does not the whole island blaze with such numerous relics of its natives, that you can scarcely pass a village of any consequence but you hear the name of some new saint, 180 besides the numbers of whom all notices have perished through the want of records ? Nevertheless, in process of time, the desire after literature and religion had decayed, for several years before the arrival of the Normans. The clergy, contented with a very slight 185 degree of learning, could scarcely stammer out the words of the sacraments ; and a person who understood grammar was an object of wonder and astonishment. The monks mocked the rule of their order by fine vestments, and the use of every kind of food. The 190 nobility, given up to luxury and wantonness, went not to church in the morning after the manner of Christians, but merely, in a careless manner, heard matins and masses from a hurrying priest in their chambers, amid the blandishments of their wives. 195 The commonalty, left unprotected, became a prey to the most powerful, who amassed fortunes, by either seizing on their property, or by selling their persons into foreign countries ; although it be an innate quality of this people, to be more inclined to revelling, than 200 to the accumulation of wealth. Drinking in parties

was a universal practice, in which occupation they passed entire nights as well as days. They consumed their whole substance in mean and despicable houses ;
 205 unlike the Normans and French, who, in noble and splendid mansions, lived with frugality. The vices attendant on drunkenness, which enervate the human mind, followed ; hence it arose that engaging William, more with rashness, and precipitate fury, than military
 210 skill, they doomed themselves, and their country to slavery, by one, and that an easy, victory. ‘For nothing is less effective than rashness ; and what begins with violence, quickly ceases, or is repelled.’ In fine, the English at that time wore short garments reaching
 215 to the mid-knee ; they had their hair cropped ; their beards shaven ; their arms laden with golden bracelets ; their skin adorned with punctured designs. They were accustomed to eat till they became surfeited, and to drink till they were sick. These latter qualities
 220 they imparted to their conquerors ; as to the rest, they adopted their manners. I would not, however, have these bad propensities universally ascribed to the English. I know that many of the clergy, at that day, trod the path of sanctity, by a blameless life ; I know
 225 that many of the laity, of all ranks and conditions, in this nation, were well-pleasing to God. Be injustice far from this account ; the accusation does not involve the whole indiscriminately. ‘But, as in peace, the mercy of God often cherishes the bad and the good together ;
 230 so, equally, does His severity, sometimes, include them both in captivity.’

Moreover, the Normans, that I may speak of them also, were at that time, and are even now, proudly apparelled, delicate in their food, but not excessive.
 235 They are a race inured to war, and can hardly live without it ; fierce in rushing against the enemy ; and where strength fails of success, ready to use stratagem, or to corrupt by bribery. As I have related, they live in large edifices with economy ; envy their equals ;
 240 wish to excel their superiors ; and plunder their sub-

jects, though they defend them from others; they are faithful to their lords, though a slight offence renders them perfidious. They weigh treachery by its chance of success, and change their sentiments with money. They are, however, the kindest of nations, and they²⁴⁵ esteem strangers worthy of equal honour with themselves. They also intermarry with their vassals. They revived, by their arrival, the observances of religion, which were everywhere grown lifeless in England. You might see churches rise in every²⁵⁰ village, and monasteries in the towns and cities, built after a style unknown before; you might behold the country flourishing with renovated rites; so that each wealthy man accounted that day lost to him, which he had neglected to signalize by some magnificent action.²⁵⁵ But having enlarged sufficiently on these points, let us pursue the transactions of William.

When his victory was complete, he caused his dead to be interred with great pomp; granting the enemy the liberty of doing the like, if they thought proper.²⁶⁰ He sent the body of Harold to his mother, who begged it, unransomed; though she proffered large sums by her messengers. She buried it, when thus obtained, at Waltham; a church which he had built at his own expense, in honour of the Holy Cross, and had²⁶⁵ endowed for canons. William then, by degrees proceeding, as became a conqueror, with his army, not after an hostile, but a royal manner, journeyed towards London, the principal city of the kingdom; and shortly after, all the citizens came out to meet him with gratu-²⁷⁰lations. Crowds poured out of every gate to greet him, instigated by the nobility, and principally by Stigand, archbishop of Canterbury, and Aldred, of York. For, shortly before, Edwin and Morcar, two brothers of great expectation, hearing, at London, the²⁷⁵ news of Harold's death, solicited the citizens to exalt one of them to the throne: failing, however, in the attempt, they had departed for Northumberland, conjecturing, from their own feelings, that William would

280 never come thither. The other chiefs would have chosen Edgar, had the bishops supported them; but, danger and domestic broils closely impending, neither did this take effect. Thus the English, who, had they united in one opinion, might have repaired the ruin of
 285 their country, introduced a stranger, while they were unwilling to choose a native, to govern them. Being now decidedly hailed king, he was crowned on Christmas-day by archbishop Aldred; for he was careful not to accept this office from Stigand, as he was not
 290 canonically an archbishop.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY (*c.* 1096–1143).
 (Translated by J. A. Giles.)

THE CISTERCIAN ORDER OF MONKS

c. 1100

IN William II's time began the Cistercian order, which is now both believed and asserted to be the surest road to heaven. To speak of this does not seem irrelevant to the work I have undertaken, since
 5 it redounds to the glory of England to have produced the distinguished man who was the author and promoter of that rule. To us he belonged, and in our schools passed the earlier part of his life. Wherefore, if we are not envious, we shall embrace his good qualities
 10 the more kindly in proportion as we knew them more intimately. And, moreover, I am anxious to extol his praise, 'because it is a mark of an ingenuous mind to approve that virtue in others, of which in yourself you regret the absence.' He was named Harding, and
 15 born in England of no very illustrious parents. From his early years, he was a monk at Sherborne; but when secular desires had captivated his youth, he grew disgusted with the monastic garb, and went first to Scotland, and afterwards to France. Here, after
 20 some years' exercise in the liberal arts, he became awakened to the love of God. For, when manlier

years had put away childish things, he went to Rome with a clerk who partook of his studies; neither the length and difficulty of the journey, nor the scantiness of their means of subsistence by the way, preventing 25 them, both as they went and returned, from singing daily the whole psalter. Indeed the mind of this celebrated man was already meditating the design which soon after, by the grace of God, he attempted to put in execution. For returning into Burgundy, 30 he was shorn at Molesmes, a new and magnificent monastery. Here he readily admitted the first elements of the order, as he had formerly seen them; but when additional matters were proposed for his observance, such as he had neither read in the rule nor seen else- 35 where, he began, modestly and as became a monk, to ask the reason of them, saying: 'By reason the supreme Creator has made all things; by reason He governs all things; by reason the fabric of the world revolves; by reason even the planets move; by 40 reason the elements are directed; and by reason, and by due regulation, our nature ought to conduct itself. But since, through sloth, she too often departs from reason, many laws were, long ago, enacted for her use; and, latterly, a divine rule has been promulgated 45 by St. Benedict, to bring back the deviations of nature to reason. In this, though some things are contained the design of which I cannot fathom, yet I deem it necessary to yield to authority. And though reason and the authority of the holy writers may seem at 50 variance, yet still they are one and the same. For since God hath created and restored nothing without reason, how can I believe that the holy fathers, no doubt strict followers of God, could command anything but what was reasonable, as if we ought to give credit 55 to their bare authority. See then that you bring reason, or at least authority, for what you devise; although no great credit should be given to what is merely supported by human reason, because it may be combated with arguments equally forcible.'

Sentiments of this kind, spreading as usual from one to another, justly moved the hearts of such as feared God, 'lest haply they should or had run in vain.' The subject, then, being canvassed in frequent chapters, 65 ended by bringing over the abbot himself to the opinion that all superfluous matters should be passed by, and merely the essence of the rule be scrutinized. Two of the fraternity, therefore, of equal faith and learning, were elected, who, by vicarious examination, 70 were to discover the intention of the founder's rule; and when they had discovered it, to propound it to the rest. The abbot diligently endeavoured to induce the whole convent to give their concurrence, but 'as it is difficult to eradicate from men's minds what has 75 early taken root, since they reluctantly relinquish the first notions they have imbibed', almost the whole of them refused to accept the new regulations, because they were attached to the old. Eighteen only, among whom was Harding, otherwise called Stephen, per- 80 severing in their holy determination, together with their abbot, left the monastery, declaring that the purity of the institution could not be preserved in a place where riches and gluttony warred against even the heart that was well inclined. They came therefore 85 to Citeaux; a situation formerly covered with woods, but now so conspicuous from the abundant piety of its monks, that it is not undeservedly esteemed conscious of the Divinity himself. Here, by the countenance of the archbishop of Vienne, who is now pope, they 90 entered on a labour worthy to be remembered and venerated to the end of time.

Certainly many of their regulations seem severe, and more particularly these: they wear nothing made with furs or linen, nor even that finely spun linen gar- 95 ment, which we call *Staminium*; neither breeches, unless when sent on a journey, which at their return they wash and restore. They have two tunics with cowls, but no additional garment in winter, though, if they think fit, in summer they may lighten their garb.

They sleep clad and girded, and never after matins ¹⁰⁰ return to their beds: but they so order the time of matins that it shall be light ere the lauds begin; so intent are they on their rule, that they think no jot or tittle of it should be disregarded. Directly after these hymns they sing the prime, after which they go out ¹⁰⁵ to work for stated hours. They complete whatever labour or service they have to perform by day without any other light. No one is ever absent from the daily services, or from complines, except the sick. The cellarer and hospitaller, after complines, wait upon the ¹¹⁰ guests, yet observing the strictest silence. The abbot allows himself no indulgence beyond the others,— everywhere present,— everywhere attending to his flock; except that he does not eat with the rest, because his table is with the strangers and the poor. ¹¹⁵ Nevertheless, be he where he may, he is equally sparing of food and of speech; for never more than two dishes are served either to him or to his company; lard and meat never but to the sick. From the Ides of September till Easter, through regard for whatever ¹²⁰ festival, they do not take more than one meal a day, except on Sunday. They never leave the cloister but for the purpose of labour, nor do they ever speak, either there or elsewhere, save only to the abbot or prior. They pay unwearied attention to the canonical ¹²⁵ services, making no addition to them except the vigil for the defunct. They use in their divine service the Ambrosian chants and hymns, as far as they were able to learn them at Milan. While they bestow care on the stranger and the sick, they inflict intolerable ¹³⁰ mortifications on their own bodies, for the health of their souls.

The abbot, at first, both encountered these privations with much alacrity himself, and compelled the rest to do the same. In process of time, however, the man ¹³⁵ repented; he had been delicately brought up, and could not well bear such continued scantiness of diet. The monks, whom he had left at Molesmes, getting

scent of this disposition, either by messages or letters,
 140 for it is uncertain which, drew him back to the
 monastery, by his obedience to the pope, for such was
 their pretext: compelling him to a measure to which
 he was already extremely well-disposed. For, as if
 wearied out by the pertinacity of their entreaties, he left
 145 the narrow confines of poverty, and resought his former
 magnificence. All followed him from Citeaux, who had
 gone thither with him, except eight. These, few in
 number but great in virtue, appointed Alberic, one of
 their party, abbot, and Stephen prior. The former not
 150 surviving more than eight years was, at the will of
 heaven, happily called away. Then, doubtless by
 God's appointment, Stephen though absent was elected
 abbot; the original contriver of the whole scheme; the
 especial and celebrated ornament of our times.
 155 Sixteen abbeys which he has already completed, and
 seven which he has begun, are sufficient testimonies
 of his abundant merit. Thus, by the resounding
 trumpet of God, he directs the people around him,
 both by word and deed, to heaven; acting fully up to
 160 his own precepts; affable in speech, pleasant in look,
 and with a mind always rejoicing in the Lord. Hence,
 openly, that noble joy of countenance; hence, secretly,
 that compunction, coming from above; because, de-
 spising this state of a sojourner, he constantly desires
 165 to be in a place of rest. For these causes he is beloved
 by all; 'For God graciously imparts to the minds of
 other men a love for that man whom He loves.'
 Wherefore the inhabitant of that country esteems
 himself happy if, through his hands, he can transmit
 170 his wealth to God. He receives much, indeed, but
 expending little on his own wants, or those of his
 flock, he distributes the rest to the poor, or employs
 it immediately on the building of monasteries; for the
 purse of Stephen is the public treasury of the indigent.
 175 A proof of his abstinence is that you see nothing there,
 as in other monasteries, flaming with gold, blazing
 with jewels, or glittering with silver. For as a Gentile

says, 'Of what use is gold to a saint?' We think it not enough in our holy vases, unless the ponderous metal be eclipsed by precious stones; by the flame of the topaz, the violet of the amethyst, and the green shade of the emerald: unless the sacerdotal robes wanton with gold; and unless the walls glisten with various coloured paintings, and throw the reflexion of the sun's rays upon the ceiling. These men, however, placing those things which mortals foolishly esteem the first, only in a secondary point of view, give all their diligence to improve their morals, and love pure minds, more than glittering vestments; knowing that the best remuneration for doing well is to enjoy a clear conscience. Moreover, if at any time the laudable kindness of the abbot either desires, or feigns a desire, to modify aught from the strict letter of the rule, they are ready to oppose such indulgence, saying, that they have no long time to live, nor shall they continue to exist so long as they have already done; that they hope to remain steadfast in their purpose to the end, and to be an example to their successors, who will transgress if they should give way. And, indeed, through human weakness, the perpetual law of which is that nothing attained, even by the greatest labour, can long remain unchanged, it will be so. But to comprise, briefly, all things which are or can be said of them,—the Cistercian monks at the present day are a model for all monks, a mirror for the diligent, a spur to the indolent.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY (*c.* 1096-1143).
(Translated by J. A. Giles.)

MARTYRDOM OF BECKET

1170

IN the meantime, Louis, king of the Franks, and the archbishops, bishops, and nobles of the kingdom of France, besought the Roman pontiff on behalf of the

archbishop of Canterbury, by the love which they bore
5 him, and with protestations of implicit obedience, no
longer to admit the excuses and delays which the king
of England continually put forward, as he loved the
kingdom of France and the honour of the Apostolic
See. William, the bishop of Sens, also, being aston-
10 ished at the desolate condition of the English church,
repaired to the Apostolic See, and obtained of the
Roman Church, that, an end being put to all appeals,
the king of the English should be subjected to
excommunication, and his kingdom to interdict, unless
15 peace were restored to the church of Canterbury.
Thus, at last, it pleased God, the dispenser of all
things, to recompense the merits of His dearly beloved
Thomas, and to crown his long labours with the vic-
torious palm of martyrdom. He, therefore, brought the
20 king of England to a better frame of mind, who, through
the paternal exhortation of our lord the pope, and by
the advice of the king of the Franks and of many
bishops, received the archbishop again into favour, and
allowed him to return to his church.

25 Accordingly, peace was established between the
archbishop and the king of England, on the fourth day
before the ides of October, being the second day of the
week, at Montluet, between Tours and Amboise, upon
which, everything being arranged, they returned, each
30 to his place. Thomas, the archbishop of Canterbury,
returned to the abbey of Saint Columba, where he
had resided for nearly the last four years. But, one
day while the said archbishop lay there, prostrated in
prayer before a certain altar in the church, he heard
35 a voice from heaven saying to him, 'Arise quickly,
and go unto thy see, and thou shalt glorify My Church
with thy blood, and thou shalt be glorified in Me.'
Thereupon, at the commencement of the seventh year
of his banishment, when he was now beloved by God
40 and sanctified by spiritual exercises, and rendered
more perfect by the sevenfold grace of the Holy Ghost,
he hastened with all speed to return to his see. For

the pious father was unwilling any longer to leave the church of Canterbury desolate ; or else it was, because, as some believe, he had seen in the spirit the glories of 45 his contest drawing to a close, or through a fear that, by dying elsewhere, he might be depriving his own see of the honour of his martyrdom.

As for his life, it was perfectly unimpeachable before God and man. To arise before daybreak did not 50 seem to him a vain thing, as he knew that the Lord has promised a crown to the watchful. For every day he arose before daybreak, while all the rest were asleep, and entering his oratory would pray there for a long time ; and then returning, he would awake his 55 chaplains and clerks from their slumbers, and, the matins and the hours of the day being chanted, devoutly celebrate the mass ; and every day and night he received three or five flagellations from the hand of a priest. After the celebration of the mass, every day 60 he re-entered his oratory, and, shutting the door after him, devoted himself to prayer with abundant tears ; and no one but God alone knew the manner in which he afflicted his flesh. And thus did he do daily unto his flesh until the hour for dining, unless some unusual 65 solemnity or remarkable cause prevented it. On coming forth from his oratory he would come to dine among his people, not that he might sate his body with costly food, but that he might make his household cheerful thereby, and that he might fill the poor ones of 70 the Lord with good things, whom, according to his means, he daily increased in numbers. And although costly and exquisite food and drink were set before him, still, his only food and drink were bread and water.

Every day, when the archbishop arose from dinner, 75 unless more important business prevented him, he always devoted himself to reading the Scriptures until the hour of vespers, at the time of sunset. His bed was covered with soft coverlets and cloths of silk, embroidered on the surface with gold wrought therein ; 80 and while other persons were asleep, he alone used

to lie on the bare floor before his bed, repeating psalms and hymns, and never ceasing from prayers, until at last, overcome with fatigue, he would gradually
85 recline his head upon a stone put beneath it in place of a pillow : and thus would his eyes enjoy sleep, while his heart was ever watchful for the Lord. His inner garment was of coarse sackcloth made of goats' hair ; with which his whole body was covered from the arms
90 down to the knees. But his outer garments were remarkable for their splendour and extreme costliness, to the end that, thus deceiving human eyes, he might please the sight of God. There was no individual acquainted with this secret of his way of living, with
95 the exception of two—one of whom was Robert, canon of Merton, his chaplain, and the name of the other was Brun, who had charge of his sackcloth garments, and washed them when necessary ; and they were bound by their words and oaths that, during his life, they
100 would disclose these facts to no one.

After the transactions above related, archbishop Thomas came to Witsand, but, upon hearing that Roger, archbishop of York, and the bishops of London and Salisbury, were at Dover, for the purpose of
105 meeting him, he was unwilling to proceed thither, but landed in England at Sandwich. Having thus crossed the sea, the archbishop and future martyr was received in his church with great thankfulness, and with honour and glory, and especially by the monks, in solemn
110 procession, all weeping for joy, and exclaiming, as they gave thanks, ' Blessed is he, who cometh in the name of the Lord.' But he, like a good father, receiving them all with the kiss of peace, admonished them with paternal exhortations, and instructed them to love the
115 brotherhood, to obey God, to persevere in doing good, and to strive even to the death for the law of God.

Hardly had the father been residing one month in his see, when lo ! on the fifth day of the feast of the Nativity of our Lord, there came to Canterbury four
120 knights, or rather sworn satellites of Satan, whose

names were as follow: William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville, Richard Briton, and Reginald Fitz-Urse, men of families remarkable for their respectability, but destined, by their daring to commit so enormous a crime, to blemish the glories of knighthood and the honours of their ancestors with perpetual ignominy. Accordingly, these persons made their way into the presence of the archbishop, and, as nothing salutary was the object of their message, in the malice they had conceived they omitted pronouncing any salutation, and addressed him in an insolent and haughty manner. Threats were exchanged on both sides, and threat was answered with threat. At last, leaving behind them abuse and insults, they departed: but, immediately after, they returned and broke into the cloister of the monks, with a large retinue of armed men, being also armed themselves. Now the archbishop, with meekness and self-possession, had gone before them to the choir of the church, the monks having entreated, nay, forced him, on account of the solemnity of the season, to perform the service at vespers. When he perceived these armed men behind him, in the middle of the cloisters, it might have been expected that their own malignant feelings would have warned them to leave the church; but, neither did reverence for the solemn occasion dissuade them from their crime, nor the innocence of the patriarch prevent them from shedding his blood. Indeed, so entirely had their shameless determination to perpetrate the crime taken possession of them and blinded them, that they neither regarded the disgrace to their knighthood, nor took account of any danger. Therefore, following the archbishop with headlong and heedless steps, with drawn swords, they entered the church, and furiously cried aloud, 'Where is this traitor?' After which, no one making answer, they repeated, 'Where is the archbishop?' Upon this, he, the confessor, and, shortly to be, the martyr in the cause of Christ, being sensible that under the first name he was falsely charged, and that, by virtue of his office,

160 the other belonged to him, came down from the steps to meet them, and said, 'Behold, here am I,' showing such extraordinary presence of mind, that neither his mind seemed agitated by fear nor his body by trepidation.

165 On this, in the spirit of his frenzy, one of these fell knights made answer to him, 'You shall now die, for it is impossible for you to live any longer.' To which the bishop made answer, with no less self-possession in his language than in his mind, 'I am ready to die for
170 my God, and for asserting justice and the liberties of the Church; but, if you seek my life, in the name of Almighty God, and under pain of excommunication, I forbid you, in any way, to hurt any other person, whether monk, or clerk, or layman, whether great or
175 small, but let them be exempt from the penalty as they have been guiltless of the cause.' These words of his would serve to express those of Christ in His passion, when He said, 'If ye seek Me, let these go their way.'

On this, the knights instantly laid hands on him and
180 seized him, that, for the perpetration of their design, they might drag him out of the church, but were unable so to do. The archbishop, on seeing his murderers with drawn swords, after the manner of one in prayer, bowed his head, uttering these as his last
185 words, 'To God and to Saint Mary, and to the Saints, the patrons of this church, and to Saint Denis, I commend myself and the cause of the Church.' After this, amid all these tortures, this martyr, with unconquerable spirit and admirable constancy, uttered not a word
190 or a cry, nor heaved a sigh, nor lifted his arm against the smiter; but, bowing his head, which he had exposed to their swords, held it unmoved until the deed was completed.

Upon this, the above-named knights, fearing the
195 multitude of persons of both sexes that came running to the spot, hastened the perpetration of the crime, lest possibly it might be left incomplete, and their intentions be frustrated thereby; and while one of them

was extending his arm and brandishing his sword over the head of the archbishop, he cut off the arm of a clerk, ²⁰⁰ whose name was Edward Grimere, and at the same time wounded the anointed of the Lord in the head. For this clerk had extended his arm over the head of the father, in order that he might receive the blow as he struck, or rather ward it off thereby. The ²⁰⁵ righteous man still stood erect, suffering in the cause of righteousness, like the innocent lamb, without a murmur, without complaint, and, offering himself up as a sacrifice to the Lord, implored the protection of the Saints. And, in order that no one of these fell satellites ²¹⁰ might besaid to be guiltless in consequence of not having touched the archbishop, a second and a third atrociously struck the head of the suffering martyr with their swords, and clave it asunder, and dashed this victim of the Holy Ghost to the ground. The fourth, raging with a still ²¹⁵ more deadly, or rather fiendlike, cruelty, when prostrate and expiring, cut off his shorn crown, dashed in his skull, and, thrusting his sword into the head, scattered his brains and blood upon the stone pavement. In the mixture of the two substances the difference of colour ²²⁰ seemed to remind any one, who considered the matter with due piety, of the twofold merits of the martyr. For, in the whiteness of the brains was shown the purity of his innocence, while the purple colour of the blood bespoke his martyrdom. With both these ²²⁵ becomingly arrayed, as though with a nuptial garment, the martyr Thomas was rendered a worthy guest at the heavenly table. Thus, even thus, the martyr Thomas became, by virtue of his long-suffering, a precious stone of adamant for the heavenly edifice, ²³⁰ being squared by the blows of swords, was joined in heaven unto Christ, the headstone of the corner. Wherefore this our Abel, being made perfect by the glory of martyrdom, in a moment lived out many ages. ²³⁵

Thus it was that, at the beginning of the seventh year of his exile, the above-named martyr Thomas

struggled even unto the death for the love of God and the liberties of the Church, which had almost entirely
240 perished as regards the English Church. He did not stand in fear of the words of the unrighteous; but, having his foundation upon a firm rock, that is, upon Christ, for the name of Christ, and in the Church of Christ, by the swords of the wicked, on the fifth
245 day of the Nativity of our Lord, being the day after Innocents' day, he himself an innocent, died. His innocent life and his death, as being precious in the eyes of God, innumerable miracles deservedly bespeak, which, not only in the place where he rested, but
250 in divers nations and kingdoms, were wondrously shown.

The monks of the church of Canterbury, on this, shut the doors of the church, and so the church remained with the celebration of the mass suspended
255 for nearly a whole year, until they had received a reconciliation of the church from our lord the pope Alexander. But the monks took up the body of their martyr, and the first night placed it in the choir, performing around it the service for the dead. It is also
260 said, and with truthfulness, that when they had completed around the body the obsequies of mortality, and while he was lying on the bier in the choir, about daybreak he raised his left hand and gave them the benediction; after which they buried him in the crypt.

265 As for the knights who had perpetrated this unholy deed, instantly becoming conscious of the heinousness of their conduct, and despairing of forgiveness, they did not dare to return to the court of the king of England, but retired into the western parts of England to
270 Knaresborough, the town of Hugh de Morville, and there remained until they had become utterly despised by the people of that district. For all persons avoided any communication with them, and no one would eat or drink with them. The consequence was
275 that they ate and drank by themselves, and the remnants of their victuals were cast out to the dogs, which,

when they had tasted thereof, refused to eat any more. Behold the signal and deserved vengeance of God! that those who had despised the anointed of the Lord should be despised even by dogs.

280

ROGER DE HOVEDEN (1117-1200).

(Translated by H. T. Riley.)

THE ELECTION OF AN ABBOT

1180-2

ONE year and three months having elapsed since the death of Abbot Hugh, the King commanded by his letters that our prior and twelve of the convent, in whose mouth the judgement of our body might agree, should appear on a certain day before him, to make 5 choice of an abbot. On the morrow, after the receipt of the letters, we all of us met in chapter for the purpose of discussing so important a matter. In the first place the letters of our lord the King were read to the convent; next we besought and charged the 10 prior, at the peril of his soul, that he would, according to his conscience, name twelve who were to accompany him, from whose life and conversation it might be depended upon that they would not swerve from the right. He, acceding to our charge, by the dictation 15 of the Holy Ghost named six from one side and six from the other side of the choir, and without gain-saying satisfied us on this point. From the right-hand choir were named—Geoffrey of Fordham, Benedict, Master Dennis, Master Samson the sub-sacrist, Hugh 20 the third prior, and Master Hermer, at that time a novice; from the left-hand side—William the sacrist, Andrew, Peter de Broc, Roger the cellarer, Master Ambrose, Master Walter the physician.

But one said, 'What shall be done if these thirteen 25 cannot agree before our lord the King in the choice of an abbot?' A certain one answered that that would be to us and to our church a perpetual shame.

Therefore, many were desirous that the choice should
30 be made at home before the rest departed, so that by
this forecast there should be no disagreement in the
presence of the King. But that seemed a foolish and
inconsistent thing to do, without the King's assent ;
for as yet it was by no means a settled thing that we
35 should be able to obtain a free election from the King.

Then said Samson the sub-sacrist, speaking by the
spirit of God, ' Let there be a middle course, so that
from either side peril may be avoided. Let four
confessors be chosen from the convent, together with
40 two of the senior priors of the convent, men of good
reputation, who, in the presence of the holy relics,
shall lay their hands upon the Gospels, and choose
amongst themselves three men of the convent most
fit for this office, according to the rule of St. Benedict,
45 and put their names into writing. Let them close up
that writing with a seal, and so being closed up, let it
be committed to us who are about to go to the Court.
When we shall have come before the King, and it
shall appear that we are to have a free election, then,
50 and not till then, shall the seal be broken, and so shall
we be sure as to the three who are to be nominated
before the King. And let it be agreed amongst us,
that in case our lord the King shall not grant to us
one of ourselves, then the seal shall be brought back
55 intact, and delivered to the six under oath, so that
this secret of theirs shall remain for ever concealed,
at the peril of their souls.' In this counsel we all
acquiesced, and four confessors were then named ;
namely, Eustace, Gilbert of Alveth, Hugh the third
60 prior, Anthony, and two other old men, Thurstan and
Ruald. Which, being done, we went forth chanting
' Verba mea ', and the aforesaid six remained behind,
having the rule of St. Benedict in their hands ; and
they fulfilled that business as it had been pre-ordained.
65 Now, whilst these six were treating of their matter,
we were thinking differently of different candidates,
all of us taking it for granted that Samson would be

one of the three, considering his travails and perils of death in his journey to Rome for the advancement of our church, and how he was badly treated and put in 70 irons and imprisoned by Hugh the abbot, merely for speaking for the common weal; for he could not be induced to flatter, although he might be forced to hold his tongue.

After some delay, the convent being summoned 75 returned to chapter; and the old men said they had done as they were commanded. Then the prior asked, 'How shall it be if our lord the King will not receive any of those three who are nominated in the writing?' And it was answered that whomsoever our 80 lord the King should be willing to accept should be adopted, provided he were a professed monk of our house. It was further added, that if those thirteen brethren should see anything that ought to be amended by another writing, they should so amend 85 it by common assent or counsel.

Samson the sub-sacrist, sitting at the feet of the prior, said, 'It will be profitable for the church if we all swear by the word of truth that upon whomso- 90 ever the lot of election shall fall, he should treat the convent according to reason, nor change the chief officers without the assent of the convent, nor surcharge the sacrist, nor admit any one to be a monk without the assent of the convent.' And to this we all of us assented, holding up our right hands in 95 token of assent. It was, moreover, provided that if our lord the King should desire to make a stranger our abbot, such person should not be adopted by the thirteen, unless upon counsel of the brethren remaining at home. 100

Upon the morrow, therefore, those thirteen took their way to Court. Last of all was Samson, the purveyor of their charges, because he was sub-sacrist, carrying about his neck a little box, in which were contained the letters of the convent—as if he alone 105 was the servant of them all—and without an esquire,

bearing his frock in his arms, and going out of the court-yard, he followed his fellows at a distance.

In their journey to the Court, the brethren conversing all together, Samson said it would be well if they all swore that whosoever should be made abbot should restore the churches of the lordships belonging to the convent to the purposes of hospitality; whereto all agreed, save the prior, who said, 'We have sworn
110 enough already; you may so restrict the abbot that is to be, that I shall not care to obtain the abbacy.' Upon this occasion they swore not at all, and it was well they did so, for had they sworn to this, the oath would not have been observed.

120 On the very day that the thirteen departed we were all sitting together in the cloister, when William of Hastings, one of our brethren, said, 'I know that we shall have one of our convent to be abbot.' And being asked how he came to be so certain of this he
125 replied, that he had beheld in a dream a prophet clothed in white, standing before the gates of the monastery, and that he asked him, in the name of God, whether we should have an abbot of our own. And the prophet answered, 'You shall have one of
130 your own body, but he shall rage among you as a wolf;' of which dream the interpretation followed in part, because the future abbot cared more to be feared than loved, as many were accustomed to say.

There also sat along with us another brother,
135 Edmund by name, who asserted that Samson was about to be abbot, and told a vision he had seen the previous night. He said he beheld in his dream Roger the cellarer and Hugh the third prior, standing before the altar, and Samson in the midst, taller by
140 the shoulders upward, wrapt round with a long gown down to his feet, looped over his shoulders, and standing as a champion ready to do battle. And, as it seemed to him in his dream, St. Edmund arose from his shrine, and, as if sickly, showed his feet and legs
145 bare. When some one approached and desired to

cover the feet of the saint, the saint said, 'Approach me not; behold, he shall veil my feet,' pointing with his finger towards Samson. This is the interpretation of the dream: By his seeming to be a champion is signified that the future abbot should always be in 150 travail; at one time moving a controversy against the Archbishop of Canterbury, concerning pleas of the Crown, at another time against the knights of St. Edmund, to compel them to pay their escuages in full; at another time with the burgesses for 155 standing in the market; at another time with the sokemen for the suits of the hundreds; even as a champion who willet by fighting to overcome his adversaries that he may be able to gain the rights and liberties of his church. And he veiled the feet of the 160 holy martyr when he perfectly completed the towers of the church, commenced a hundred years before.

Such dreams as these did our brethren dream, which were immediately published throughout the cloister, afterwards through the court lodge, so that 165 before the evening it was a matter of common talk amongst the townsfolk; they saying this man and that man are elected, and one of them will be abbot.

At last the prior and the twelve that were with him, after many fatigues and delays, stood before the King 170 at Waltham, the manor of the Bishop of Winchester, upon the second Sunday in Lent. The King graciously received them; and, saying that he wished to act in accordance with the will of God and the honour of our church, commanded the brethren by pro- 175 locutors—namely, Richard the Bishop of Winchester, and Geoffrey the chancellor, afterwards Archbishop of York—that they should nominate three members of our convent.

The prior and brethren retiring as if to confer 180 thereupon, drew forth the sealed writing and opened it, and found the names written in this order—Samson, sub-sacrista; Roger, celerarius; Hugo, tertius prior.

154 escuages] scutage.

Hereupon those brethren who were of higher standing
185 blushed with shame; they also marvelled that this
same Hugh should be at once elector and elected.
But, inasmuch as they could not alter what was done,
by mutual arrangement they changed the order of the
names; first naming Hugh, because he was third prior;
190 secondly, Roger the cellarer; thirdly, Samson, thus
literally making the last first and the first last.

The King, first inquiring whether they were born in
his realm, and in whose lordship, said he knew them
not, directing that with those three, some other three
195 of the convent should be nominated. This being
assented to, William the sacrist said, 'Our prior ought
to be nominated because he is our head,' which was
directly allowed. The prior said, 'William the sacrist
is a good man;' the like was said of Dennis and that
200 was settled. These being nominated before the King
without any delay, the King marvelled, saying, 'These
men have been speedy in their work; God is with
them.'

Next the King commanded that, for the honour of
205 his kingdom, they should name three persons of other
houses. On hearing this, the brethren were afraid,
suspecting some craft. At last, upon conference,
it was resolved that they should name three, but upon
this understanding, that they would not receive any
210 one of those three, unless by assent of the convent at
home. And they named these three—Master Nicholas
of Waringford, afterwards (for a season) Abbot of
Malmesbury; Bertrand, Prior of St. Faith's, afterwards
Abbot of Chertsey; and Master H. of St. Neot's,
215 a monk of Bec, a man highly religious, and very
circumspect in spiritual as well as temporal affairs.

This being done, the King thanked them, and
ordered that three should be struck off of the nine;
and forthwith the three strangers were struck off,
220 namely, the Prior of St. Faith's, afterwards Abbot of
Chertsey, Nicholas, a monk of St. Albans, afterwards
Abbot of Malmesbury, and the Prior of St. Neot's.

William the sacrist voluntarily retired, two of the five were struck out by command of the King, and, ultimately, one out of the remaining three. There ²²⁵ then remained but two—the prior and Samson.

Then at length the before-named prolocutors of our lord the King were called to the council of the brethren; and Dennis, speaking as one for all, began by commending the persons of the prior and Samson, ²³⁰ saying, that each of them was learned, each was good, each was of meritorious life and good character. But always in the corner of his discourse he gave prominence to Samson, multiplying words in his praise, saying that he was a man strict in life, severe in ²³⁵ reforming excesses, and ready to work hard; heedful, moreover, in secular matters, and approved in various offices. The Bishop of Winchester replied, 'We see what it is you wish to say; from your address we gather that your prior seems to you to have been ²⁴⁰ somewhat remiss, and that, in fact, you wish to have him who is called Samson.' Dennis answered, 'Either of them is good, but, by God's help, we desire to have the best.' To whom the Bishop, 'Of two good men the better should be chosen. Speak out at ²⁴⁵ once; is it your wish to have Samson?' Whereupon several, in fact the majority, answered clearly, 'We do wish Samson.' No one gainsaid this, though some studiously held their peace, being fearful of offending ²⁵⁰ either one or the other.

Samson was then named to the King, and after a brief consultation with those about him, the King called all in, and said, 'You present to me Samson—I know him not; had you presented to me your prior, I should have accepted him, because I know and am ²⁵⁵ well acquainted with him; but now I will do as you desire me. Take heed to yourselves; by the very eyes of God, if you have done ill, I shall call you to severe account.' And he enquired of the prior, whether he assented to this choice and agreed thereto; ²⁶⁰ who replied that he was well content it should be

so, and that Samson was worthy of a much greater dignity.

Then the elect, falling down at the King's feet and kissing them, hastily arose, and forthwith went towards the altar, erect in gait, and with unmoved countenance, singing, 'Miserere mei Deus,' together with his brethren.

The King, observing this, said to the bystanders, 'By the eyes of God, this abbot-elect thinks himself worthy to govern an abbey!'

JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND (*f.* 1173-1215).
(Sir E. Clarke's Translation.)

ABBOT SAMSON'S PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

1182-1211

THE abbot Samson was of middle stature, nearly bald, having a face neither round nor yet long, a prominent nose, thick lips, clear and very piercing eyes, ears of the nicest sense of hearing, arched eyebrows, often shaved; and he soon became hoarse from a short exposure to cold. On the day of his election he was forty and seven years old, and had been a monk seventeen years. He had then a few grey hairs in a reddish beard, and a very few in a black and somewhat curly head of hair. But within fourteen years after his election it became as white as snow.

He was a man remarkably temperate, never slothful, of strong constitution, and willing to ride or walk till old age gained upon him and moderated such inclination. On hearing the news of the Cross being taken, and the loss of Jerusalem, he began to use undergarments of horsehair and a horsehair shirt, and to abstain from flesh and flesh meats. Nevertheless, he desired that meats should be placed before him at table for the increase of the alms dish. Sweet milk,

honey and such like sweet things he ate with greater appetite than other food.

He abhorred liars, drunkards, and talkative folk; for virtue ever is consistent with itself and rejects contraries. He also much condemned persons given ²⁵ to murmur at their meat or drink, and particularly monks who were dissatisfied therewith, himself adhering to the uniform course he had practised when a monk.

He had likewise this virtue in himself, that he never ³⁰ changed the mess set before him.

Once when I, then a novice, happened to be serving in the refectory, I wished to prove if this were true, and I thought I would place before him a mess which would have displeased any other than him, in a very ³⁵ black and broken dish. But when he looked at it, he was as one that saw it not. Some delay took place, and I felt sorry that I had so done; and snatching away the dish, I changed the mess and the dish for a better, and brought it to him; but this substitution ⁴⁰ he took in ill part, and was angry with me for it.

An eloquent man was he, both in French and Latin, but intent more on the substance and method of what was to be said than on the style of words. He could read English books most admirably, and was wont to ⁴⁵ preach to the people in English, but in the dialect of Norfolk, where he was born and bred; and so he caused a pulpit to be set up in the church for the ease of the hearers, and for the ornament of the church. The abbot also seemed to prefer an active life to one ⁵⁰ of contemplation, and rather commended good officials than good monks. He very seldom approved of any one on account of his literary acquirements, unless he also possessed sufficient knowledge of secular matters; and whenever he chanced to hear that any prelate ⁵⁵ had resigned his pastoral care and become an anchorite, he did not praise him for it. He never applauded men of too compliant a disposition, saying, 'He who endeavours to please all, ought to please none.'

60 In the first year of his being abbot, he appeared to hate all flatterers, especially among the monks; but in process of time it seemed that he heard them more readily, and was more familiar with them. It once happened that a certain brother of ours, skilled in this
65 art, had bent the knee before him, and, under the pretence of giving advice, had poured the oil of flattery into his ears. I, standing apart, smiled. The brother having departed, I was called and asked why I had smiled. I answered, 'The world is full of
70 flatterers.' And the abbot replied, 'My son, it is long that I have known flatterers; I cannot, therefore, avoid hearing them. There are many things to be passed over and taken no notice of, if the peace of the convent is to be preserved. I will hear what they
75 have to say, but they shall not deceive me if I can help it, as they did my predecessor, who trusted so unadvisedly to their counsel that for a long time before his death he had nothing for himself or his household to eat, unless it were obtained on trust from
80 creditors; nor was there anything to be distributed among the poor on the day of his burial, unless it were the fifty shillings which were received from Richard the farmer, of Palgrave, which very fifty shillings the same Richard on another occasion had to pay to the King's
85 bailiffs, who demanded the entire farm-rent for the King's use.' With this saying I was comforted. His study, indeed, was to have a well-regulated house, and enough wherewith to keep his household, so managing that the usual allowance for a week, which his pre-
90 decessor could not make last for five days, sufficed him for eight, nine, or even ten days, if so be that he was at his manors without any extraordinary arrival of guests. Every week, indeed, he audited the expenses of the house, not by deputy, but in his own person,
95 which his predecessor had never been wont to do.

For the first seven years he had only four courses in his house, afterwards only three, except presents and game from his parks, or fish from his ponds.

And if at any time he retained any one in his house at the request of a great man, or of a particular friend, 100 or messengers or minstrels, or any person of that description, by taking the opportunity of going beyond sea or travelling afar off, he prudently disencumbered himself of such hangers-on.

The monks with whom the abbot had been the most 105 intimate, and whom he liked best before he became abbot, he seldom promoted to offices merely for old acquaintance' sake, unless they were fit persons. Wherefore certain of our brethren who had been favourable to his election as abbot, said that he cared 110 less for those who had liked him before he became abbot than was proper, and particularly that those were most favoured by him who both openly and in secret had spoken evil of him, nay, had even publicly called him, in the hearing of many, a passionate 115 unsociable man, a proud fellow, and Norfolk barrator. But on the other hand, as after he had received the abbacy he exhibited no indiscreet partiality for his old friends, so he refrained from showing anything like hatred or dislike to many others according to their 120 deserts, returning frequently good for evil, and doing good to them that persecuted him.

He had this way also, which I have never observed in any other man, that he had an affectionate regard for many to whom he seldom or never showed a coun- 125 tenance of love; according to the common proverb which says, 'Where love is, there is the regard of love.' And another thing I wondered at in him was, that he knowingly suffered loss in his temporal matters from his own servants, and confessed that he winked at 130 them; but this I believe to have been the reason, that he might watch a convenient opportunity when the matter could be advisedly remedied, or that by passing over these matters without notice he might avoid a greater loss. 135

He loved his kinsmen indifferently, but not less

tenderly than others, for he had not, or assumed not to have, any relative within the third degree. I have heard him state that he had relations who were noble
140 and gentle, whom he never would in any wise recognize as relations; for, as he said, they would be more a burden than an honour to him, if they should happen to find out their relationship. But he always acknowledged those as kinsmen, who had treated him as such
145 when he was a poor monk. Some of these relations (that is, those whom he found useful and suitable) he appointed to various offices in his own house, others he made keepers of manors. But those whom he found unworthy, he irrevocably dismissed from his presence.
150 A certain man of lowly station, who had managed his patrimony faithfully, and had served him devotedly in his youth, he looked upon as his dearest kinsman, and gave to his son, who was a clerk, the first church that fell vacant after he came to the charge of the
155 abbey, and also advanced all the other sons of this man.

He invited to him a certain chaplain who had maintained him in the schools of Paris by the sale of holy water, and bestowed upon him an ecclesiastical
160 benefice sufficient for his maintenance by way of vicarage. He granted to a certain servant of his predecessor food and clothing all the days of his life, he being the very man who put the fetters upon him at his lord's command when he was cast into prison.
165 To the son of Elias, the cupbearer of Hugh the abbot, when he came to do homage for his father's land, he said, in full court, 'I have for these seven years deferred taking your homage for the land which the abbot Hugh gave your father, because that gift was to the
170 damage of the manor of Elmswell. Now I am overcome when I call to my mind what your father did for me when I was in fetters, for he sent to me a portion of the very wine whereof his lord had been drinking, and bade me be strong in God.' To Master Walter, the
175 son of Master William of Diss, suing at his grace for

the vicarage of the church of Chevington, he replied, 'Your father was master of the schools, and at the time when I was a poor clerk he granted me freely and in charity an entrance to his school, and the means of learning; now I, for the sake of God, do grant you ¹⁸⁰ what you ask.'

He publicly addressed, in this wise, two knights of Risby, William and Norman, at the time when they were adjudged to be in his mercy: 'When I was a cloister monk, sent to Durham upon business of our ¹⁸⁵ church, and thence returning through Risby, being benighted, I sought a night's lodging from Norman, and I received a blank refusal; but going to the house of William, and seeking shelter, I was honourably entertained by him. Now, therefore, those twenty ¹⁹⁰ shillings, which are 'the mercy', I will without mercy exact from Norman; but contrariwise, to William I give thanks, and the americiament of twenty shillings that is due from him I do with pleasure remit.'

JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND (*fl.* 1173-1215).

(Sir E. Clarke's Translation.)

A SEA-FIGHT OFF ACRE

1191

How, while the fleet of King Richard was sailing towards Acre, a very large Saracen ship bore in sight; and how the king immediately attacked it, and took it.

HAVING concluded these operations, the king gave his attention to the immediate crossing of the sea, and when they had placed the baggage on board, a favourable wind blowing, the fleet set sail from the shore; and the queens moved forward in company with the ⁵ king in person. The king had left in Cyprus brave and diligent men to secure a supply of necessary provisions hereafter; viz. wheat, corn, and barley;

meat and live stock of various kinds, which abound in
10 that island.

By this time a report was spread that Acre was on
the point of being taken, and when the king heard it,
he sighed deeply and said, ' May God defer the taking
of Acre till I come, after it has been so long besieged,
15 and therefore the triumph will be the more glorious
with the assistance of God.' Then getting ready with
all speed, he went on board one of his largest and
swiftest galleys, at Famagusta ; and as was his wont,
he moved forward in advance, impatient of delay,
20 while the other ships followed in his wake as quickly
as they could, and well prepared, for there is no power
that might not justly have dreaded their hostility. As
they ploughed across the sea, the holy land of Jerusalem
was descried for the first time, the fort called Margat
25 being the first spot that met the eye ; afterwards
Tortuosa, situated on the sea-shore ; then Tripolis,
Nephyn, and Bocion. And soon after appeared the
lofty tower of Gibelath. Lastly, on this side of Sidon,
opposite Baruth, there bore in sight a vessel filled
30 with Saracens, chosen from all the Pagan empire, and
destined by Saladin for the assistance of the besieged
in Acre. They were not able to obtain a speedy
entrance into the port, because of the Christian army
that menaced them, and so were waiting a favourable
35 moment for entering the port by surprise. The king,
observing the ship, called Peter des Barres, commander
of one of his galleys, and ordered him to row quickly,
and inquire who commanded the vessel. And when
they answered that it belonged to the king of France,
40 the king in his eager haste approached it ; but it had
no mark of being French, neither did it bear any
Christian symbol or standard ; and on looking at
it near, the king began to wonder at its immense
size and compact make, for it was crowned with
45 three tall masts, and its sides were marked with
streaks of red and yellow, and it was well furnished
in all manner of equipments, so that nothing could

exceed them, and it was abundantly supplied with all kinds of provisions. One of those on board said, that while at Baruth, he saw the vessel laden with all these 50 things; viz. one hundred camel-loads of arms, slings, bows, darts, and arrows: it had also on board seven Saracen admirals, and eighty chosen Turks, besides a quantity of all kinds of provisions, exceeding computation. They had also on board a large quantity of 55 Greek fire, in bottles, and two hundred most deadly serpents for the destruction of the Christians. Others were therefore sent to obtain more exact information who they were, and when, instead of their former answer, they replied that they were Genoese, bound 60 for Tyre, our men began to doubt the truth at this change of reply; one of our galley-men persisted that they were Saracens, and on the king's questioning him, he said, 'I give you leave to cut off my head, or hang me on a tree, if I do not prove these men to be 65 Saracens. Now let a galley be sent quickly after them, for they are making away, and let no kind of salute be given them by us, and in this way we shall have certain proof what their intention is, and how far they are to be believed.' At the king's command, therefore, 70 a galley was sent at full speed after them, and on reaching their ship, and rowing by its side without giving a salute, they began to throw darts and arrows at our men. On seeing this, the king ordered the ship to be attacked forthwith, and after casting a 75 shower of darts against each other, the ship relaxed in its speed, for the wind carried it but slowly along. Though our galley-men rowed repeatedly round the ship, to scrutinize the vessel, they could find no point of attack: it appeared so solid and so compact, and of 80 such strong materials; and it was defended by a guard of warriors, who kept throwing darts at them. Our men, therefore, relished not the darts, nor the great height of the ship, for it was enough to strive against a foe on equal ground, whereas a dart thrown from 85 above always tells upon those below, since its iron

point falls downwards. Hence, their ardour relaxed, but the spirit of the king increased, and he exclaimed aloud, 'Will you allow the ship to get away untouched
90 and uninjured? Shame upon you! are you grown cowards from sloth, after so many triumphs? The whole world knows that you engaged in the service of the Cross, and you will have to undergo the severest punishment, if you permit an enemy to escape while
95 he lives, and is thrown in your way.' Our men, therefore, making a virtue of necessity, plunged eagerly into the water under the ship's side, and bound the rudder with ropes to turn and retard its progress, and some, catching hold of the cables, leapt on board
100 the ship. The Turks receiving them manfully, cut them to pieces as they came on board, and lopping off the head of this one, and the hands of that, and the arms of another, cast their bodies into the sea. Our men seeing this, and glowing with anger, gained fresh
105 courage from the thirst for vengeance, and crossing over the bulwarks of the vessel, attacked the Turks in a body with great fierceness, who, though giving way a little, made an obstinate resistance. The Turks gathering boldness from despair, used all their efforts
110 to repel those who threatened them, cutting off the arms, hands, and even heads of our men; but they, after a mighty struggle, drove the Turks back as far as the prow of the ship, while from the interior others rushed upon our men in a body, preparing to die
115 bravely or repel the foe; they were the choice youth of the Turks, fitted for war, and suitably armed. The battle lasted a long time, and many fell on both sides; but at last, the Turks, pressing boldly on our men, drove them back, though they resisted with all their
120 might, and forced them from the ship. Upon which our men retired to their galleys, and surrounding the vessel on all sides, tried to find a more easy mode of attacking it. The king seeing the danger his men were in, and that while the ship was uninjured it would
125 not be easy to take the Turks with the arms and pro-

visions therein, commanded that each of the galleys should attack the ship with its spur, i.e. its iron beak. Then the galleys drawing back were borne by rapid strokes of the oar against the ship's sides to pierce them, and thus the vessel was instantly broken, and becoming pervious to the waves, began to sink. When the Turks saw it, they leapt into the sea to die, and our men killed some of them and drowned the rest. The king kept thirty-five alive, namely, the admirals and men who were skilled in making machines, but the rest perished, the arms were abandoned, and the serpents sunk and scattered about by the waves of the sea. If that ship had arrived safely at the siege of Acre, the Christians would never have taken the city; but by the care of God it was converted into the destruction of the infidels, and the aid of the Christians, who hoped in Him, by means of King Richard, who by His help prospered in war. The Saracens saw from a distance on the heights what had happened, and sorrowfully carried the news to Saladin, who, on hearing it, seized and plucked out his beard in anger and fury, and afterwards broke out into these words with a sigh, 'O God! have I lost Acre, and my dear and chosen soldiers, in whom I had so much confidence? I am overwhelmed by so bitter a loss.' When they who saw it told the tidings to the Saracenic army, there arose long and loud wailings, and bitter lamentations for their misfortune, and they cut off the tresses of their hair, and rent their garments, and cursed the hour and the fate of the stars, by which they had come to Syria. For in the above-mentioned ship they had lost all their choice youth, in whom they trusted.

GEOFFREY DE VINSAUF (*f.* 1192).

THE SEA-FIGHT OFF SLUYS

1340

Of the battle on the sea before Sluys in Flanders between the king of England and the Frenchmen.

NOW let us leave somewhat to speak of the Earl of Hainault and of the Duke of Normandy, and speak of the King of England, who was on the sea to the intent to arrive in Flanders, and so into Hainault to
 5 make war against the Frenchmen. This was on Midsummer Even, in the year of our Lord 1340; all the English fleet was departed out of the river Thames and took the way to Sluys. And the same time,
 10 between Blankenberg and Sluys on the sea, was Sir Hugh Kyriell, Sir Peter Bahuchet, and Barbenoir, and more than six score great vessels besides others; and they were of Normans, light-armed soldiers, Genoese, and Picards: about the number of 40,000. There they were laid by the French king to defend
 15 the King of England's passage. The King of England and his came sailing till he came before Sluys, and when he saw so great a number of ships that their masts seemed to be like a great wood, he demanded
 20 of the master of his ship what people he thought they were: he answered and said, 'Sir, I think they be Normans led here by the French king, and have done great displeasure in England, burnt your town of Hampton, and taken your great ship the *Christopher*.' 'Ah!' quoth the King, 'I have long desired to fight
 25 with the Frenchmen: and now shall I fight with some of them, by the grace of God and St. George, for truly they have done me so many displeasures that I shall be revenged and I may.'

Then the King set all his ships in order, the greatest
 30 before, well furnished with archers, and ever between two ships of archers he had one ship with men of

14 defend] withstand.

28 and] if.

arms; and then he made another battle to lie aloof with archers, to comfort ever them that were most weary if need were. And there were a great number of countesses, ladies, knights' wives and other damsels, 35 that were going to see the Queen at Ghent: these ladies the King caused to be well kept with 300 men of arms, and 500 archers.

When the King and his marshals had ordered his battles, he drew up the sails and came with a quarter 40 wind, to have the advantage of the sun. And so at last they turned a little to get the wind at will: and when the Normans saw them recoil back, they had marvel why they did so. And some said, 'they think themselves not meet to meddle with us: wherefore 45 they will go back.' They saw well how the King of England was there personally by reason of his banners. Then they did apparel their fleet in order, for they were sage and good men of war on the sea: and did set the *Christopher*, the which they had won the year 50 before, to be foremost, with many trumpets and instruments: and so set on their enemies. There began a sore battle on both parts; archers and cross-bowmen began to shoot, and men of arms approached and fought hand to hand; and the better to come together, 55 they had great hooks and grappling irons to cast out of one ship into another; and so tied them fast together; there were many deeds of arms done, taking and rescuing again. And at last the great *Christopher* was first won by the Englishmen, and all that were 60 within it taken or slain. Then there was great noise and cry, and the Englishmen approached and fortified the *Christopher* with archers, and made her to pass on before to fight with the Genoese. This battle was right fierce and terrible: for the battles on the sea are 65 more dangerous and fiercer than the battles by land. For on the sea there is no recoiling nor flying, there is no remedy but to fight, and to abide fortune; and every man to show his prowess. Of a truth Sir Hugh

32 battle] squadron.

70 Kyriell, and Sir Bahuchet, and Barbenoir were right good and expert men of war. This battle endured from the morning till it was noon, and the Englishmen endured much pain, for their enemies were four against one, and all good men on the sea. There the King of
75 England was a noble knight of his own hands: he was in the flower of his youth. In likewise so was the Earl of Derby, Pembroke, Hereford, Huntingdon, Northampton and Gloucester: Sir Reynold Cobham, Sir Richard Stafford, the Lord Percy, Sir Walter of
80 Manny, Sir Henry of Flanders, Sir John Beauchamp: the Lords Felton, the Lords Brasseton, Sir Chandos, the Lords Delaware, the Lords of Multon, Sir Robert Dartois, called Earl of Richmond: and divers other lords and knights, who bore themselves so valiantly
85 with some succour that they had of Bruges, and of the country there about, that they obtained the victory. So that the Frenchmen, Normans, and others were discomfited, slain and drowned; there was not one that escaped; but all were slain. When this victory
90 was achieved, the King all that night abode in his ship before Sluys, with great noise of trumpets and instruments. Thither came to see the King divers of Flanders, such as had heard of the king's coming: and then the King demanded of the burgesses of Bruges how
95 Jacques van Arteveldt did. They answered that he was gone to the Earl of Hainault against the Duke of Normandy with 40,000 Flemings. And on the next day, the which was Midsummer Day, the King and all his took land; and the King on foot went a pilgrimage
100 to our Lady of Aardenburg, and there heard mass and dined, and then took his horse and rode to Ghent, where the Queen received him with great joy; and all his carriage came after, little by little. Then the King wrote to the Earl of Hainault, and to them within the
105 castle of Thin, certifying them of his arrival.

And when the earl knew thereof, and that he had discomfited the army on the sea, he dislodged, and gave leave to all the soldiers to depart. And took

with him to Valenciennes all the great lords, and there feasted them honourably, and especially the Duke of Brabant, and Jacques van Arteveldt. And there, Jacques van Arteveldt, openly in the market-place, in the presence of all the lords, and of all such as would hear him, declared what right the King of England had to the Crown of France, and also what puissance the three countries were of Flanders, Hainault, and Brabant, surely joined in one alliance. And he did so by his great wisdom and pleasant words, that all people that heard him praised him much, and said how he had nobly spoken, and by great experience. And thus he was greatly praised, and it was said that he was well worthy to govern the country of Flanders.

Modernized from Lord Berners' Translation of FROISSART
(1337-1410).

THE BATTLE OF CREÇY

1346

THE English, who were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose undauntedly up, and fell into their ranks. That of the Prince was the first to do so, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis, or harrow, and the men-at-arms in the rear.

The Earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, had posted themselves in good order on his wing to assist and succour the Prince, if necessary.

You must know, that the kings, dukes, earls, barons and lords of France did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the King of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, 'Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis.'

There were about fifteen thousand Genoese cross-
20 bowmen ; but they were quite fatigued, having marched
on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and
with their cross-bows.

They told the constable they were not in a fit con-
dition to do any great things that day in battle. The
25 Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, ' This is what one
gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when
there is any need for them.'

During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by
thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun ; and
30 before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the
air over all those battalions, making a loud noise.
Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone
very bright ; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces,
and the English in their backs.

When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and
35 approached the English, they set up a loud shout in
order to frighten them ; but they remained quite still,
and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up
a second shout, and advanced a little forward ; but
40 the English never moved. They hooted a third time,
advancing with their cross-bows presented, and began
to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step
forward, and shot their arrows with such force and
quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed.

When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced
45 their arms, heads, and through their armour, some of
them cut the strings of their cross-bows, others flung
them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated,
quite discomfited. The French had a large body of
50 men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support
the Genoese.

The King of France, seeing them thus fall back,
cried out, ' Kill me these scoundrels ; for they stop up
our road, without any reason.' You would then have
55 seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them,
killing all they could of these runaways.

The English continued shooting as vigorously and

quickly as before: some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and 60 fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives: these, advancing through the ranks of the 65 men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and, falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew many, at which the King of England was afterwards much exasperated. 70

The valiant King of Bohemia was slain there. He was called Charles of Luxemburg; for he was the son of the gallant King and Emperor, Henry of Luxemburg: having heard the order of the battle, he inquired where his son, the Lord Charles, was: his attendants 75 answered, that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. The King said to them: 'Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends and brethren at arms this day; therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike 80 one stroke with my sword.' The knights replied, they would directly lead him forward; and, in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, they fastened all the reins of their horses together, and put the King at their head, that he might gratify his wish, 85 and advanced towards the enemy.

The Lord Charles of Bohemia, who already signed his name as King of Germany, and bore the arms, had come in good order to the engagement; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the 90 French, he departed, and I do not well know what road he took.

The King, his father, had rode in among the enemy, and made good use of his sword; for he and his companions had fought most gallantly. They had advanced 95 so far that they were all slain; and on the morrow

they were found on the ground, with their horses all tied together.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, to fight with them ; as did the Earl of Flanders, in another part. These two lords, with their detachments, coasting, as it were, the archers, came to the Prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The King of France was eager to march to where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him. Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the Prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms ; upon which the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon an eminence near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, ' Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son are vigorously attacked by the French ; and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if their numbers should increase, they fear he will have too much to do.'

The King replied, ' Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself ? ' ' Nothing of the sort, thank God,' rejoined the knight ; ' but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help.' The King answered, ' Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me, not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life ; and say, that I command them to let the boy win his spurs ; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honour of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him.'

The knight returned to his lords, and related the

King's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

It is a certain fact, that Sir Godfrey Harcourt, who was in the Prince's battalion, having been told by some of the English that they had seen the banner of his brother engaged in the battle against him, was exceedingly anxious to save him ; but he was too late, for he was left dead on the field, and so was the Earl of Aumarle his nephew. 140

On the other hand, the Earls of Alençon and of Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners, and with their own people ; but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires that were attending on or accompanying them. 150

The Earl of Blois, nephew to the King of France, and the Duke of Lorraine his brother-in-law, with their troops, made a gallant defence ; but they were surrounded by a troop of English and Welsh, and slain in spite of their prowess. The Earl of St. Pol and the Earl of Auxerre were also killed, as well as many others. 155

Late after Vespers the King of France had not more about him than sixty men, every one included. Sir John of Hainault, who was of the number, had once remounted the King ; for his horse had been killed under him by an arrow : he said to the King, ' Sir, retreat whilst you have an opportunity, and do not expose yourself so simply : if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the conqueror.' After he had said this, he took the bridle of the King's horse, and led him off by force ; for he had before entreated of him to retire. 165

The King rode on, until he came to the castle of La Broyes, where he found the gates shut, for it was very dark. The King ordered the governor of it to be summoned : he came upon the battlements, and asked who it was that called at such an hour. The King answered, ' Open, open, Governor ; it is the fortune 170

175 of France.' The Governor, hearing the King's voice, immediately descended, opened the gate, and let down the bridge. The King and his company entered the castle; but he had only with him five barons—Sir John of Hainault, the Lord Charles of Montmorency, the
180 Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord of Aubigny, and the Lord of Montfort.

The King would not bury himself in such a place as that, but, having taken some refreshments, set out again with his attendants about midnight, and rode on,
185 under the direction of guides who were well acquainted with the country, until, about daybreak, he came to Amiens, where he halted.

This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of any one, but remained on the field, guarding
190 their position, and defending themselves against all who attacked them. The battle was ended at the hour of Vespers.

When, on this Saturday night, the English heard no more hooting or shouting, nor any more crying out
195 to particular lords, or their banners, they looked upon the field as their own, and their enemies as beaten.

They made great fires, and lighted torches because of the obscurity of the night. King Edward then
200 came down from his post, who all that day had not put on his helmet, and, with his whole battalion, advanced to the Prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his arms and kissed, and said, 'Sweet son, God give you good perseverance: you are my son, for most
205 loyally have you acquitted yourself this day: you are worthy to be a sovereign.' The Prince bowed down very low, and humbled himself, giving all honour to the King his father.

The English, during the night, made frequent
210 thanksgivings to the Lord for the happy issue of the day, and without rioting; for the King had forbidden all riot or noise.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF ST. ALBANS

1455

Unto my worshipful and well beloved cousin, John Paston, be this letter delivered in haste.

RIGHT worshipful and entirely well beloved Sir, I recommend me unto you, desiring heartily to hear of your welfare. Furthermore letting you wit, as for such tidings as we have here, these three lords be dead : the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumber- 5 land, and the Lord Clifford; and as for any other men of name I know none save only Wooton of Cambridgeshire. As for any other lords, many of them be hurt; and as for Feningly he liveth and fareth well, as far as I can inquire, &c. 10

And as for any great multitude of people that there was, as we can tell, there was at most slain six score. And as for the lords that were with the King, they and their men were pillaged and spoiled out of all their harness and horses; and as for what rule we shall have 15 yet, I wot not, save only that there be made new certain officers.

My Lord of York, Constable of England; my Lord of Warwick is made Captain of Calais; my Lord Bouchier is made Treasurer of England; and as yet 20 other tidings have I none.

And as for our Sovereign Lord, thanked be God he hath no great harm.

No more to you at this time, but I pray you send this letter to my Mistress Paston when you have seen 25 it; praying you to remember my sister Margaret against the time that she shall be made nun.

Written at Lambeth on Whitsunday, &c.

By your cousin,

JOHN CRANE. 30

Modernized from the *Paston Letters*.

15 harness] armour.

RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

1483

THE queen, who was particularly certified of the same night, that the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, and others of their party, whom she looked upon as her implacable enemies, had taken her son the king, and imprisoned her brother Rivers, and son Richard Grey, with other of her friends, in places remote and unknown, fell into a bitter passion of grief, and bewailed the destruction of her child and other friends, cursing the hour in which she credulously hearkened to the persuasions of her false friends, and by ordering her son's guards to be dismissed, had exposed him and her kindred to the malice and base designs of her enemies. But since to indulge herself in her just grief, and neglect a provision for her own and those children's safety which she had with her, would make her case worse than it was at present; therefore she resolved to lay aside her sorrow for the present, and get herself, the Duke of York, her second son, and her five daughters, with what goods were necessary for her use into the sanctuary at Westminster; and thereupon at midnight ordered her servants, and what help could be had, to remove them with all speed thither; where being received into the Abbot's lodgings, she and her children and all her company were immediately registered for sanctuary persons, and so looked upon themselves, as in an inviolable fortress against their enemies' power or malice. The Lord Hastings, who was chamberlain, was at the same time at Court, and though a conspirator with the lords, yet made a quite different interpretation of the lords' actions, because he being truly loyal, and heartily desiring the welfare of the king, believed, that they had no further intent, than to take him out of the government of the queen's kindred,

whose insolences were intolerable, and from whom he³⁵ himself in the late reign was often in danger of his life. He was therefore much pleased to see the queen and her friends in such a fright, and not doubting but the nation would be much better governed than before, and the king much happier in the hands of the ancient⁴⁰ nobility, rejoiced to see the downfall of the queen, and her relations, whose pride they had felt long enough in the late king's reign; but that he might give the nobility about the Court a true information of the lords' action, he dispatched a messenger the same night to⁴⁵ Dr. Rotherham, Archbishop of York, and then Lord Chancellor, who lived in York Place by Westminster, to assure him, 'That the lords' intentions were honourable, and for the nation's welfare; and though the imprisonment of the queen's kindred, and the queen's⁵⁰ fears, who was flying in great haste and confusion into sanctuary, had no good aspect; yet he should find that all things would in the end prove well.' The archbishop, who was awakened out of his first sleep by his servants, and something amazed at the sud-⁵⁵denness of the news, replied, 'Sayest thou, that all shall be well? I can't see what good can be expected from such demeanour. Pray tell him, that be it as well as it will, it will never be so well as we have seen it : ' and so he sent the messenger back⁶⁰ again to his master. But the archbishop was in too great a disturbance to return to his rest; and therefore immediately rose, and calling up all his servants, went with them armed to the queen at her palace, and carried the great seal along with him. He found all⁶⁵ things there in a tumult, the servants removing trunks and household stuff to carry them into the sanctuary: the queen he saw sitting upon the floor on mats, lamenting her own and her children's miseries and misfortunes. The archbishop, who was no ways⁷⁰ engaged in the conspiracy against her, much compassionated her case and grief; and endeavouring to comfort her, told her the message which he had

received from the Lord Hastings not an hour before,
 75 by which he was assured, that matters were nothing so
 bad as she imagined, that the king was in safe hands,
 and doubted not but all would be well. The queen,
 who had an invincible odium to Hastings, as soon as
 she heard his name, replied, 'That nothing was to be
 80 believed that came from him, being one of them that
 sought the destruction of herself and her blood.' The
 archbishop seeing her not thus to be comforted,
 assured her for himself, that he would be constant to
 her ; and if the lords should deal ill with the prince,
 85 and crown any other person king besides her son, he
 would on the morrow crown his brother the Duke of
 York, whom she had then in sanctuary with her ; 'And
 that, madam,' says he, 'you may be certain of my
 integrity, lo ! here I leave with you the great seal of
 90 England, the badge of regal power, without which
 nothing of moment in state affairs can be done. His
 father your husband gave it me, and I here return it to
 you, to keep it for his children, and secure their right ;
 and if I could give you any greater testimony of my
 95 loyalty, I would do it ;' and so he departed to his own
 house in the dawning of the morning, not considering
 what he had done in resigning the seal. The next
 day the city of London was in an uproar, and divers
 lords and gentleman took arms, and assembled great
 100 companies of citizens and others for their own defence,
 till they should see what the lords intended ; for the
 general report was, that what was done to the Lord
 Rivers, and the others with him, was but a blind to the
 people : the real design of the nobility was to keep
 105 the king from his coronation, and deprive him of his
 right ; and this they were the more confirmed in,
 because great numbers of the Duke of Gloucester's
 servants and friends were about the city and on the
 Thames, who examined all that passed, and kept any
 110 persons from taking sanctuary. In these tumults Arch-
 bishop Rotherham, fearing lest there should be a just
 occasion to show his authority, and troubled that he

had delivered up the great seal to the queen, to whom it did not belong, without the king's order, sent privately for the seal again and obtained it. In the meantime, the lord chamberlain Hastings, whose loyalty was not questioned, and who was supposed not to be ignorant of the lords' intentions, went into the city to appease the tumults, and calling the lords and gentlemen together who headed the commonalty, told them, ' That though the suddenness of the lords' actions was surprising, because the reasons were not generally known; yet he could assure them, that the Duke of Gloucester was true and faithful to his prince, of which he had given many undeniable proofs in his brother's reign, and would continue the same to his son: that the Lords Rivers and Grey, and the knights apprehended with them, were imprisoned for certain conspiracies plotted against the lives of the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, as would appear evidently at their trials, which was designed shortly to be had before all the lords of his majesty's council: that their taking arms in such a riotous and seditious manner would prove of very dangerous consequence to themselves, if they did not speedily lay them down, as they had without just reason or cause taken them up; and therefore he advised them to depart to their dwellings, and not pretend to judge or censure the actions of their superiors, who meant nothing but the common good, till they knew the truth of their designs, lest they themselves should be the only damages to the public, and hinder the king's coronation, which the lords were coming up to London to effect with all convenient speed.' With these words the chamberlain so pacified the discontents of the citizens, that all things were for the present at quiet.

By this time the lords, who seemed as zealous for the king's coronation as his uncle had been, and behaved themselves with such wonderful reverence and respect to the king, even from the time that he came into their hands, that he suspected no ill designs in them, were

upon their march to London, which caused the people to be the more easy, since they thought that now they should soon discern their intentions. By the way as they passed, the Duke of Gloucester assumed nothing upon the account of his birth or greatness, but demeaned himself as a dutiful subject; and that he might give a demonstration to the people of the treacherous and cruel designs of the Lord Rivers and the queen's friends against himself and the Duke of Buckingham, the duke's servants showed the barrels of harness which they had privily conveyed in their carriages to murder them; and though indeed some laughed at the weakness of the suggestion, because if they really intended to have so used them, their harness had better been on their backs than in barrels; yet they pretended they were seized before the plot was come fully to execution, and so aggravated matters, that the common people believed the truth of it, and cried out, 'That it would be a great charity to the nation to hang them.' When the king and dukes drew near the city of London, Edmund Shaw, goldsmith, then mayor, and William White and John Matthews, sheriffs, with all their brethren the aldermen in scarlet, and 500 commoners on horseback in purple-coloured gowns met them at Harnsey Park, and with great honour and reverence conducted him through the city to the Bishop of London's palace, near St. Paul's church, on the 4th of May.

In this solemn cavalcade the behaviour of the Duke of Gloucester to the king was very remarkable, for he rode bare-headed before him, and often with a loud voice said to the people, 'Behold your prince and sovereign;' giving them on all occasions such an example of reverence and duty as might teach them how to honour and respect their prince; by which actions he so won upon all the spectators, that they looked on the late misrepresentations of him as the effects of his enemies' malice, and he was on all hands accounted the best, as he was the first subject in the

kingdom. At the bishop's palace he did the king homage, and invited all the nobility to do the same; by which he put his loyalty out of dispute with the nobles, as he had done before with the commons. Within a few days after, a great council of the nobility met to settle the government, and choose a protector according to the usual custom in the minority of their kings, and the Duke of Gloucester was without the least contradiction appointed to manage that honourable station, not only as the king's uncle, and the next prince of the blood, and a person fit for that trust, as of eminent judgement and courage; but as one that was most loyal and loving to the king, and likely to prove the most faithful in that station.

King Edward, who was now under the sole care and government of his uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester, made protector by the nobility, and general approbation of the people, being displeased at the violent actions of the lords towards his mother's relations, whom not only continual converse, but nature had endeared to him, and seeing his mother and brother in sanctuary, as if she had feared the same hard usage, if not worse, was not contented with the present disposition of affairs; and though he being young could not help what was done, yet he could not willingly submit to it. The protector, who was a very sagacious person, and showed all readiness to satisfy the king's will, and discharge his station well, soon discerned the causes of the king's uneasiness, and considering how much the reasons of the king's grief reflected upon his reputation, as well as hindered his designs in bringing the king to his coronation (for why should the queen with her children continue in sanctuary, unless it were that she was jealous of some wrong and injury from him, who having the supreme power now in his hands could only hurt her? And what a lame ceremony would the coronation be, if the queen and the king's only brother bore not a part in it, but instead of that were deterred from it), he resolved to remove these

230 rubs in the way of his government and designs ; and to that end calling a council, he delivered himself to this purpose : ' Let me perish for ever if it be not my greatest, my continual care to promote the happiness and welfare of the king my nephew, and all my
235 brother's family ; being sensible, that not only the nation's, but my own ruin is the unavoidable consequence of their misfortunes : and therefore since it hath pleased you, who are the nobles of the land, and to whom it belongs chiefly to provide for the good
240 government of it in the minority of the king, to confer that weighty employment of ruling all upon myself, as I shall always look upon myself only as the king's and your deputy, so I shall, in all difficult matters of state, look upon you as my helpers and assistants, and
245 not dare to move one step without your council and advice, that so I may have your approbation in all I do, that it is for the good of the king and welfare of all. In the management of the station you have placed me in, I do find, that the queen's continuance in the
250 sanctuary with her children is such an invincible impediment in the execution of my place, that I cannot but propound the manifest inconveniences of it : and so much the rather, because I expected, that so good a settlement as your lordships had made in the last
255 council would have removed her womanish fears, and she would have returned to court to the contentment of his majesty and us all : but since she persists in her mischievous purposes, it is evident, that if fear drove her into the sanctuary, 'tis nothing but malice that
260 keeps her there ; for she, who is no impolitic woman, sees several unavoidable mischiefs redounding to the public and to his majesty by this her action, which had she not some ill designs she would carefully avoid. And first, what greater affront can be offered
265 to you of his majesty's council, than for the queen and children to remain in sanctuary ? Will not the people upon so unexpected a resolution make these inferences from it, that doubtless they are in very great danger,

and that you who are in power are her implacable enemies, since neither her son's authority, nor her own 270 and children's greatness, are sufficient to secure them, but they are forced to seek protection from the church, which is the asylum of the greatest criminals? And what an intolerable injury is this to you! But if you shall think fit to pass this wrong over, yet his majesty's 275 discontents are not to be overlooked, who wanting the company of his brother, with whom chiefly he uses to recreate himself, leads a melancholy and discontented life, which doubtless if not timely prevented may endanger his health; for the good state of the body 280 does not long last usually, when the mind is disturbed. Sorrow of mind drieth up the bones, especially in youth, and want of moderate recreation and suitable company begets a dulness and pensiveness, which brings diseases and distempers on the body, which 285 proves fatal. Wherefore since even kings themselves must have some company, and they are too great for their subjects generally, it seems necessary that his brother, who comes nearest an equality with him, should be sent for to him, that he may refresh himself 290 with him. And thus we may hope that the king will not only be satisfied and pleased, but we shall be freed from the ill opinion which certainly all foreign princes have of us; for as long as he continues in sanctuary, they will either censure us as cruel or tyrannical, or 295 deride us as impotent or weak. But besides, the coronation of the king being the main thing now in agitation, how can we proceed in it with any heart or earnestness, while the queen and Duke of York are in sanctuary? What sort of men shall we be thought, 300 who at the same time we crown one brother, so terrify the other, that he is forced to abide at the altar of the same church for his safety? Who can with satisfaction officiate at this great ceremony, while the Duke of York, whose place is next to the king, is absent from 305 it? It is therefore my opinion, these reasons and considerations being well weighed, that some honourable

and trusty person, who cannot be doubted to tender the king's wealth, and reputation of the council, and is
 310 in credit with the queen, be sent to her to demand the release of the Duke of York: and, for this office, I think no person better qualified than the most reverend father my lord Cardinal, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who may be the most prevailing mediator
 315 in this matter, if he pleases to take the trouble upon him, which of his great goodness, I do believe he will not refuse for the king's sake and ours, and the wealth of the young duke himself, the king's most honourable brother, and for the comfort of my sovereign lord himself, my most dearest nephew, considering that it will
 320 be a certain means to stop the mouths of our enemies abroad, and prevent the ill-constructions of censorious persons at home, and avoid the ill consequences which arise from it, both to his majesty, and the whole realm.

325 And though the cardinal may go no further in treating with the queen, than to persuade her by the best arguments of reason and necessity to yield to our desires, which his wisdom knows best how to use and apply; yet if she prove so obstinate and wilful, and
 330 will yield to no advice and counsel which he can give; then 'tis my opinion that we fetch the Duke of York out of that prison by force, and bring him into the king's company and presence; in which he will take such care of him, and give him such honourable treat-
 335 ment, that all the world shall perceive, to our honour and her reproach, that it was nothing but her frowardness and groundless suspicion, that first carried, and then kept him there. This is my judgement in this affair; but if any of you, my lords, are of contrary
 340 sentiments, and find me mistaken, I never was, nor by God's grace ever shall be so wedded to my own opinion, but I shall be ready to change it upon better reasons and grounds.'

When the protector had thus delivered his mind to
 345 the council, they all approved of his motion, as a thing

308 tender] attend to.

309 wealth] well-being.

good and reasonable in itself, and honourable both to
 the king, and the duke his brother, agreeing with him,
 that the Archbishop of Canterbury was the fittest
 person, in all respects, to be mediator between the
 queen and them; not doubting, but by his candour ³⁵⁰
 and wisdom this business might easily be effected, and
 the queen without more ado persuaded to deliver him.
 Nor did the archbishop at all refuse the office, which
 much became his station, being to compose a growing ³⁵⁵
 difference among persons of the greatest quality; but
 he with the lords spiritual present told the council
 with submission, That as he consented to the motion
 that the Duke of York should be brought to the king's
 presence out of the sanctuary by persuasions, and would ³⁶⁰
 himself do his best to effect it, since they had pleased
 to impose that task upon him; yet he could not by
 any means consent to that proposition, that if the
 queen refused to deliver him, he should be taken out
 of sanctuary by force; because it would be a thing not ³⁶⁵
 only ungrateful to the whole nation, but highly dis-
 pleasing to Almighty God to have the privilege of
 sanctuary broken, in that church, which, being at first
 consecrated by St. Peter, who came down above 500
 years ago in person accompanied with many angels by
 night to do it, has since been adorned with the privilege ³⁷⁰
 of a sanctuary by many popes and kings; and therefore
 as no bishop ever dare attempt the consecration of that
 church, so no prince has ever yet been so fierce and
 indelicate as to violate the privilege of it: and, God for-
 bid, that any man whatsoever shall at this time, or ³⁷⁵
 hereafter, upon any worldly advantages or reasons,
 attempt to infringe the immunities of that most holy
 place, that hath been the defence and safety of so
 many good men's lives.

SIR THOMAS MORE (1478-1535).

BOSWORTH FIELD

1485

THERE was a morass between the two armies, the earl left it on his right hand, by which he not only hindered king Richard's attacking him on that side, but had the sun in his back, and it shone full in the faces of his enemies. The usurper seeing his army
5 was approaching, ordered his trumpets to sound and the archers to let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen returned their shot, and when that dreadful storm was over, the foot joined and came to close fight. It was
10 then that the Lord Stanley came in to the earl's assistance. The Earl of Oxford fearing his men might be surrounded by the multitude of the enemy, commanded none should stir above ten foot from the standard: the soldiers presently closed their ranks and
15 ceased the combat, expecting further orders. King Richard's troops being jealous of some stratagem, stood still to observe them; and indeed they did not fight with a very good-will at all. The Earl of Oxford led his men again to the charge. The Duke of Norfolk, the
20 usurper's fast friend, changed the order of his battle, widened his first line, but closed and enlarged his second; and then renewed the combat. King Richard hearing the Earl of Richmond was not far off, attended with a few of his guards only, sought him amidst his
25 enemies, and having spied him, set spurs to his horse and ran towards him: the earl perceived him, and prepared to receive him as a man should his mortal foe. The king meeting with Sir William Brandon the earl's standard bearer in his way overthrew and slew
30 him. This knight was father of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, famous in the reign of Henry VIII. Richard then fought Sir John Cheyney, dismounted him, and forced his way up to the earl; who kept him off at sword's point till assistance came in, and he was
35 relieved by his followers. At the instant Sir William

Stanley, who had been as wary as the Lord Stanley his brother, joined the earl with three thousand chosen men, upon which King Richard's soldiers turned their backs and fled; himself fighting manfully in the midst of his enemies was slain. The Earl of Oxford made a terrible 40 slaughter in the van of the usurper's army. The Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Ferrars of Chartley, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and Sir Robert Brackenbury died on the spot, together with about a thousand of their men. The greatest part of those in the main body of 45 Richard's army watching their opportunity, while the van was hotly engaged with the earl's, left the field and departed every man to his home; having been by force taken from their habitations to fight for a prince whose government was odious to them. The Duke of Norfolk 50 was warned, by a distich in the metre of those times which was fixed on the gate of the house where he lodged, not to venture farther in the tyrant's quarrel; for he was betrayed, and all those that engaged with him would be ruined. The Rhymes were these: 55

Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold;
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.

But as John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, owed his advancement to the usurper, who made him a duke, he thought his own title to the honours he held would 60 be precarious, if Richard could not defend his crown; so he followed his fortune, and fell a victim to his ambition. Sir William Catesby a judge, who had been a main instrument of the usurper's tyranny, and several other offenders were taken, and two days 65 afterwards beheaded at Leicester. The Lord Viscount Lovell, Humphrey Stafford, esq., and Thomas Stafford his brother, made their escapes. Many gentlemen and private soldiers threw down their arms, submitted to the earl, and were graciously received. Among those 70 was Henry, Earl of Northumberland, who did not engage in the late battle, he and his men standing neuter; for which he was immediately taken into the

Earl of Richmond's favour and sworn of his privy
 75 council. Thomas, Earl of Surrey, was sent to the
 Tower, as having been more zealous than the rest in
 the tyrant's cause: however he was released soon after,
 and preferred to places of the greatest trust and
 honour. Earl Henry had scarce a hundred men killed
 80 on his part, and no person of quality besides Sir
 William Brandon. The engagement lasted in all
 about two hours, and happened on the 22nd day
 of August. The usurper there finished his evil course
 after he had reigned two years, two months and one
 85 day, reckoning from the time of his coronation, which
 was the day after his election. Had he lived with as
 much glory as he died, his character would have
 shone bright in the English annals. But though he
 wanted not personal bravery, yet that quality, as
 90 shining as it is, was sullied and obscured by his cruelty,
 and thirst of blood. He might have saved his life had
 not despair hurried him on to death. In the beginning
 of the battle, he perceived, by his men's fighting with an
 ill-will and others leaving him, that the day was lost.
 95 Some of his creatures advised him to fly, and brought
 him a swift horse to carry him off; but knowing how
 generally he was hated by the whole kingdom, and
 that his crimes were such as denied him all hopes of
 pardon, he thought the longer he lived his misery
 100 would be the longer, and that at last he should die
 with infamy; wherefore he rushed desperately into
 the thickest of the enemy, and met a more glorious
 fate than he deserved.

SIR THOMAS MORE (1478-1535).

PERKIN WARBECK

1483-99

THIS was Perkin Warbeck, whose adventures we
 shall now describe. For, first, the years agreed well.
 Secondly, he was a youth of fine favour and shape;

but more than that, he had such a crafty and bewitching fashion, both to move pity and to induce belief, as was 5 like a kind of fascination and enchantment to those that saw him, or heard him. Thirdly, he had been from his childhood such a wanderer, or (as the king called him) such a land-loper, as it was extreme hard to hunt out his nest and parents. Neither again could 10 any man, by company or conversing with him, be able to say or detect well what he was; he did so flit from place to place. Lastly, there was a circumstance (which is mentioned by one that wrote in the same time) that is very likely to have made somewhat to 15 the matter, which is, that King Edward IV was his godfather. Which, as it is somewhat suspicious, for a wanton prince to become gossip in so mean a house; and might make a man think that he might indeed have in him some base blood of the house of York; 20 so at the least (though that were not) it might give the occasion to the boy, in being called King Edward's godson, or perhaps in sport, King Edward's son, to entertain such thoughts into his head. For, tutor he had none (for aught that appears) as Lambert Simnel 25 had, until he came unto the Lady Margaret, who instructed him.

Thus therefore it came to pass there was a townsman of Tournai that had borne office in that town, whose name was John Osbeck, a convert Jew, married 30 to Catherine de Faro; whose business drew him to live for a time with his wife at London, in King Edward IV's days. During which time he had a son by her; and being known in court, the king either out of a religious nobleness, because he was a con- 35 vert, or upon some private acquaintance, did him the honour as to be godfather to his child, and named him Peter. But afterwards proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name, Peter-kin, or Perkin. For, as for the name 40 of Warbeck, it was given him when they did but guess at it, before examinations had been taken. But yet

he had been so much talked on by that name, as it stuck by him after his true name of Osbeck was known.

45 While he was a young child, his parents returned with him to Tournai. Then was he placed in a house of a kinsman of his, called John Stenbeck at Antwerp; and so roved up and down between Antwerp and Tournai, and other towns of Flanders, for a good

50 time; living much in English company, and having the English tongue perfect. In which time being grown a comely youth, he was brought by some of the espials of the Lady Margaret unto her presence. Who viewing him well, and seeing that he had a face

55 and personage, that would bear a noble fortune: and finding him otherwise of a fine spirit and winning behaviour, thought she had now found a curious piece of marble, to carve out an image of a Duke of York. She kept him by her a great while, but with

60 extreme secrecy. The while, she instructed him, by many cabinet conferences: First, in princely behaviour and gesture; teaching him how he should keep state, and yet with a modest sense of his misfortunes. Then she informed him of all the circumstances and particu-

65 lars that concerned the person of Richard, Duke of York, which he was to act: describing unto him the personages, lineaments, and features of the king and queen his pretended parents; and of his brother, and sisters, and divers others that were nearest him in his

70 childhood; together with all passages, some secret, some common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of King Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time, from the king's death, until he and his brother were committed to the Tower, as well

75 during the time he was abroad, as while he was in sanctuary. As for the times while he was in the Tower, and the manner of his brother's death, and his own escape; she knew they were things that a very few could control. And therefore she taught him only

80 to tell a smooth and likely tale of those matters; warning him not to vary from it. It was agreed like-

wise between them, what account he should give of his peregrination abroad; intermixing many things which were true, and such as they knew others could testify, for the credit of the rest; but still making 85 them hang together, with the part he was to play. She taught him likewise how to avoid sundry captious and tempting questions, which were like to be asked of him. But, in this she found him of himself so nimble and shifting, as she trusted much to his own wit and 90 readiness; and therefore laboured the less in it. Lastly, she raised his thoughts with some present rewards, and further promises; setting before him chiefly the glory and fortune of a crown, if things went well; and a sure refuge to her court, if the worst 95 should fall. After such time as she thought he was perfect in his lesson, she began to cast with herself from what coast this blazing star should first appear, and at what time it must be upon the horizon of Ireland; for there had the like meteor strong influence 100 before: the time of the apparition to be when the king should be engaged in a war with France. But well she knew that whatsoever should come from her would be held suspected. And therefore, if he should go out of Flanders immediately into Ireland, 105 she might be thought to have some hand in it. And besides, the time was not yet ripe; for that the two kings were then upon terms of peace. Therefore she wheeled about; and to put all suspicion afar off, and loath to keep him any longer by her (for that she 110 knew secrets are not long lived) she sent him unknown into Portugal, with the Lady Brampton, an English lady, that embarked for Portugal at that time; with some privado of her own, to have an eye upon him; and there he was to remain, and to expect her further 115 directions. In the meantime, she omitted not to prepare things for his better welcome and accepting, not only in the kingdom of Ireland, but in the court of France. He continued in Portugal about a year; and by that time, the king of England called his 120

114 privado] officer of inferior rank.

parliament (as hath been said) and declared open war against France. Now did the sign reign, and the constellation was come, under which Perkin would appear. And therefore he was straight sent unto by the
125 duchess to go for Ireland, according to the first designment. In Ireland he did arrive at the town of Cork. When he was come thither, his own tale was (when he made his confession afterwards) that the Irishmen, finding him in good clothes, came flocking about him,
130 and bare him down, that he was the Duke of Clarence, that had been there before: and after, that he was Richard III's base son: and lastly, that he was Richard, Duke of York, second son to Edward IV: but that he (for his part) renounced all these things,
135 and offered to swear upon the holy evangelists, that he was no such man: till at last they forced it upon him and bade him fear nothing, and so forth. But the truth is, that immediately upon his coming into Ireland, he took upon him the said person of the Duke
140 of York, and drew unto him accomplices, and partakers, by all the means he could devise; insomuch, as he wrote his letters unto the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, to come in to his aid, and be of his party; the originals of which letters are extant.

145 Somewhat before this time, the duchess had gained unto her a near servant of King Henry's own, one Stephen Frion, his secretary for the French tongue; an active man, but turbulent and discontented. This Frion had fled over to Charles the French king, and
150 put himself into his service, at such time as he had began to be in open enmity with the king. Now King Charles, when he understood of the person and attempts of Perkin (ready of himself to embrace all advantages against the king of England, instigated by
155 Frion, and formerly prepared by the Lady Margaret) forthwith dispatched one Lucas, and this Frion, in the nature of ambassadors to Perkin; to advertise him of the king's good inclination to him, and that he was resolved to aid him to recover his right against King

Henry, an usurper of England, and an enemy of 160
France; and wished him to come over unto him at
Paris. Perkin thought himself in heaven now that he
was invited by so great a king, in so honourable
a manner: and imparting unto his friends in Ireland
for their encouragement, how fortune called him, and 165
what great hopes he had, sailed presently into France.
When he was come to the court of France, the king
received him with great honour; saluted, and styled
him by the name of the Duke of York; lodged him,
and accommodated him in great state: and the better 170
to give him the representation and the countenance
of a prince, assigned him a guard for his person,
whereof the Lord Congresall was captain. The
courtiers likewise (though it be ill mocking with the
French) applied themselves to the king's bent, seeing 175
there was reason of state of it. At the same time
there repaired unto Perkin divers Englishmen of
quality: Sir George Nevile, Sir John Taylor, and
about one hundred more; and amongst the rest, this
Stephen Frion, of whom we spake; who followed his 180
fortune both then and for a long time after, and was
indeed his principal counsellor, and instrument in all
his proceedings. But all this, on the French king's
part, was but a trick; the better to bow King Henry
to a peace. And therefore upon the first grain of 185
incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at
Boulogne, Perkin was smoked away. Yet would not
the French king deliver him up to King Henry (as
he was laboured to do) for his honour's sake, but
warned him away and dismissed him. And Perkin 190
on his part was ready to be gone, doubting he might
be caught up underhand. He therefore took his way
into Flanders, unto the Duchess of Burgundy;
pretending, that having been variously tossed by
fortune, he directed his course thither, as to a safe 195
harbour: no ways taking knowledge that he had ever
been there before, but as if that had been his first
address. The duchess, on the other part, made it as

new and strange to see him ; pretending (at the first)
200 that she was taught and made wise by the example of
Lambert Simnel, how she did admit of any counter-
feit stuff ; though even in that (she said) she was not
fully satisfied. She pretended at the first (and that
was ever in the presence of others) to pose and sift
205 him, thereby to try whether he were indeed the very
Duke of York, or no. But seeming to receive full
satisfaction by his answers, she then feigned herself to
be transported with a kind of astonishment, mixed
of joy and wonder, at his miraculous deliverance ;
210 receiving him, as if he were risen from death to life ;
and inferring, that God, who had in such wonderful
manner preserved him from death, did likewise reserve
him for some great and prosperous fortune. As for
his dismissal out of France, they interpreted it not,
215 as if he were detected or neglected for a counterfeit
deceiver ; but contrariwise, that it did show manifestly
unto the world, that he was some great matter ; for
that it was his abandoning, that (in effect) made the
peace : being no more but the sacrificing of a poor
220 distressed prince unto the utility and ambition of two
mighty monarchs. Neither was Perkin for his part
wanting to himself, either in gracious or princely
behaviour, or in ready and apposite answers, or in
contenting and caressing those that did apply them-
225 selves unto him, or in pretty scorn and disdain to
those that seemed to doubt of him ; but in all things
did notably acquit himself : insomuch as it was
generally believed (as well amongst great persons, as
amongst the vulgar) that he was indeed Duke Richard.
230 Nay, himself, with long and continual counterfeiting,
and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almost
into the thing he seemed to be ; and from a liar to
a believer. The duchess therefore (as in a case out
of doubt) did him all princely honour, calling him
235 always by the name of her nephew, and giving him
the delicate title of the white rose of England ; and
appointed him a guard of thirty persons, halberdiers,

clad in a party-coloured livery of murrey and blue, to attend his person. Her court likewise, and generally the Dutch and strangers in their usage towards him, 240 expressed no less respect.

The news hereof came blazing and thundering over into England, that the Duke of York was sure alive. As for the name of Perkin Warbeck, it was not at that time come to light, but all the news ran upon 245 the Duke of York; that he had been entertained in Ireland, bought and sold in France, and was now plainly avowed and in great honour in Flanders. These fames took hold of divers; in some upon discontent, in some upon ambition, in some upon 250 levity and desire of change, and in some few upon conscience and belief, but in most upon simplicity; and in divers out of dependence upon some of the better sort, who did in secret favour and nourish these bruits. And it was not long, ere these rumours of novelty 255 had begotten others of scandal and murmur against the king and his government; taxing him for a great taxer of his people, and discountenancer of his nobility. The loss of Brittany and the peace with France were not forgotten. But chiefly they fell 260 upon the wrong that he did his queen, in that he did not reign in her right. Wherefore they said, that God had now brought to light a masculine-branch of the house of York, that would not be at his curtsy, howsoever he did depress his poor lady. And yet 265 (as it fareth in things which are current with the multitude, and which they affect) these fames grew so general, as the authors were lost in the generality of speakers. They being like running weeds, that have no certain root; or like footings up and down, 270 impossible to be traced. But after a while, these ill humours drew to an head, and settled secretly in some eminent persons; which were Sir William Stanley, lord chamberlain of the king's household, the Lord Fitzwalter, Sir Simon Mountfort, Sir Thomas 275

Thwaites. These entered into a secret conspiracy to favour Duke Richard's title. Nevertheless none engaged their fortunes in this business openly, but two; Sir Robert Clifford and Master William Barley, who sailed over into Flanders, sent indeed from the party of the conspirators here, to understand the truth of those things that passed there, and not without some help of money from hence; provisionally to be delivered, if they found and were satisfied that there was truth in these pretences. The person of Sir Robert Clifford (being a gentleman of fame and family) was extremely welcome to the Lady Margaret. Who after she had conference with him, brought him to the sight of Perkin, with whom he had often speech and discourse. So that in the end won either by the duchess to affect, or by Perkin to believe, he wrote back into England, that he knew the person of Richard, Duke of York, as well as he knew his own; and that this young man was undoubtedly he. By this means all things grew prepared to revolt and sedition here, and the conspiracy came to a correspondence between Flanders and England.

The king on his part was not asleep; but to arm or levy forces yet, he thought would but show fear, and do this idol too much worship. Nevertheless the ports he did shut up, or at least kept a watch on them, that none should pass to or fro that was suspected. But for the rest, he chose to work by countermine. His purposes were two: the one, to lay open the abuse; the other, to break the knot of the conspirators. To detect the abuse, there were but two ways: the first, to make it manifest to the world that the Duke of York was indeed murdered; the other to prove, that were he dead or alive, yet Perkin was a counterfeit. For the first, thus it stood. There were but four persons that could speak upon knowledge to the murder of the Duke of York: Sir James Tirrel (the employed man from King Richard), John Dighton, and Miles Forrest, his servant (the two

butchers or tormentors), and the priest of the Tower, 315
that buried them. Of which four, Miles Forrest, and
the priest were dead, and there remained alive only
Sir James Tirrel and John Dighton. These two the king
caused to be committed to the Tower, and examined
touching the manner of the death of the two innocent 320
princes. They agreed both in a tale (as the king gave
out), to this effect: that King Richard having directed
his warrant for the putting of them to death by Bracken-
bury, the lieutenant of the Tower, was by him refused.
Whereupon the king directed his warrant to Sir 325
James Tirrel, to receive the keys of the Tower from
the lieutenant (for the space of a night) for the king's
special service. That Sir James Tirrel accordingly
repaired to the Tower by night, attended by his two
servants aforementioned, whom he had chosen for that 330
purpose. That himself stood at the stair-foot, and
sent these two villains to execute the murder. That
they smothered them in their bed; and that done,
called up their master to see their naked bodies,
which they had laid forth. That they were buried 335
under the stairs, and some stones cast upon them.
That when the report was made to King Richard,
that his will was done, he gave Sir James Tirrel great
thanks, but took exception to the place of their burial,
being too base for them that were king's children. 340
Whereupon another night, by the king's warrant
renewed, their bodies were removed by the priest of
the Tower, and buried by him in some place, which,
by means of the priest's death soon after, could not
be known. Thus much was then delivered abroad, 345
to the effect of those examinations. But the king
nevertheless made no use of them in any of his
declarations; whereby (as it seems) those examina-
tions left the business somewhat perplexed. And as
for Sir James Tirrel, he was soon after beheaded in 350
the Tower-yard, for other matters of treason. But
John Dighton (who it seemeth spake best for the
king) was forthwith set at liberty, and was the

principal means of divulging this tradition. Therefore
355 this kind of proof being left so naked, the king used
the more diligence in the latter, for the tracing of
Perkin. To this purpose, he sent abroad into
several parts, and especially into Flanders, divers
secret and nimble scouts and spies; some feigning
360 themselves to fly over unto Perkin, and to adhere
unto him; and some under other pretences, to learn,
search, and discover all the circumstances and the
particulars of Perkin's parents, birth, persons, travels
up and down; and, in brief, to have a journal (as it
365 were) of his life and doings. He furnished these his
employed men liberally with money, to draw on and
reward intelligences: giving them also in charge, to
advertise continually what they found, and neverthe-
less still to go on. And ever as one advertisement
370 and discovery called up another, he employed other
new men, where the business did require it. Others
he employed in a more special nature and trust, to
be his pioneers in the main countermine. These
were directed to insinuate themselves into the
375 familiarity and confidence of the principal persons of
the party in Flanders, and so to learn what associates
they had, and correspondents, either here in England,
or abroad; and how far every one engaged, and
what new ones they meant afterwards to try, or
380 board. And as this for the persons; so for the
actions themselves, to discover to the bottom (as they
could) the utmost of Perkin and the conspirators,
their intentions, hopes, and practices. These latter
best-be-trust spies had some of them further in-
385 structions, to practise and draw off the best friends
and servants of Perkin, by making remonstrance to
them, how weakly his enterprise and hopes were
built, and with how prudent and potent a king they
had to deal; and to reconcile them to the king, with
390 promise of pardon, and good conditions of reward.
And (above the rest) to assail, sap, and work into the
constancy of Sir Robert Clifford, and to win him (if

they could), being the man that knew most of their secrets, and who being won away, would most appal and discourage the rest, and in a manner break the 395 knot.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, Viscount St. Albans (1561-1626).

WOLSEY

1471-1530

NOW will I declare unto you his order in going to Westminster Hall, daily in the term season. First, before his coming out of his privy chamber, he heard most commonly every day two masses in his privy closet; and there then said his daily service with 5 his chaplain: and as I heard his chaplain say, being a man of credence and of excellent learning, that the cardinal, what business or weighty matters soever he had in the day, he never went to his bed with any part of his divine service unsaid, yea not so much as 10 one collect; wherein I doubt not but he deceived the opinion of divers persons. And after mass he would return in his privy chamber again, and being advertised of the furniture of his chambers without with noble- 15 men, gentlemen, and other persons, would issue out into them, apparelled all in red, in the habit of a cardinal; which was either of fine scarlet, or else of crimson satin, taffety, damask, or caffa, the best that he could get for money: and upon his head a round pillion, with a noble of black velvet set to the same in 20 the inner side; he had also a tippet of fine sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar, and other confections against the pesti- 25 lent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered

18 caffa] silk stuff.

20 pillion] priest's cap.

with many suitors. There was also borne before him first, the great seal of England, and then his cardinal's hat, by a nobleman or some worthy gentleman, right solemnly, bareheaded. And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was attending his coming to await upon him to Westminster Hall as well noblemen and other worthy gentlemen, as noblemen and gentlemen of his own family; thus passing forth with two great crosses of silver borne before him; with also two great pillars of silver, and his pursuivant at arms with a great mace of silver gilt. Then his gentlemen ushers cried, and said: 'On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace!' Thus passed he down from his chamber through the hall; and when he came to the hall door, there was attendant for him his mule, trapped all together in crimson velvet, and gilt stirrups. When he was mounted, with his cross bearers, and pillar bearers, also upon great horses trapped with scarlet. Then marched he forward, with his train and furniture in manner as I have declared, having about him four footmen, with gilt poleaxes in their hands; and thus he went until he came to Westminster Hall door. And there alighted, and went after this manner, up through the hall into the chancery; howbeit he would most commonly stay awhile at a bar, made for him, a little beneath the chancery on the right hand, and there commune some time with the judges, and some time with other persons. And that done he would repair into the chancery, sitting there till eleven of the clock, hearing suitors, and determining of divers matters. And from thence, he would, divers times, go into the Star Chamber, as occasion did serve; where he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to their merits and deserts.

He used every Sunday to repair to the court, being then for the most part at Greenwich, in the term; with all his former order, taking his barge at his privy stairs, furnished with tall yeomen standing upon the

bayles, and all gentlemen being within with him ; and landed again at the Crane in the vintry. And from thence he rode upon his mule, with his crosses, his pillars, his hat, and the great seal, through Thames 70 Street, until he came to Billingsgate, or thereabout ; and there took his barge again, and rowed to Greenwich, where he was nobly received of the lords and chief officers of the king's house, as the treasurer and comptroller, with others ; and so conveyed to the 75 king's chamber : his crosses commonly standing, for the time of his abode in the court, on the one side of the king's cloth of estate. He being thus in the court, it was wonderly furnished with noblemen and gentlemen, much otherwise that it was before his coming. 80 And after dinner, among the lords, having some consultation with the king, or with the council, he would depart homeward with like state : and this order he used continually, as opportunity did serve.

Thus in great honour, triumph, and glory, he reigned 85 a long season, ruling all things within this realm appertaining unto the king, by his wisdom, and also all other weighty matters of foreign regions, with which the king of this realm had any occasion to intermeddle. All ambassadors of foreign potentates were 90 always dispatched by his discretion, to whom they had always access for their dispatch. His house was also always resorted and furnished with noblemen, gentlemen, and other persons, with going and coming in and out, feasting and banqueting all ambassadors divers 95 times, and other strangers right nobly.

G. CAVENDISH (1500-61).

SEA-FIGHT IN REIGN OF HENRY VIII

1512

THE king, ever remembering his wars, caused all his ships and galleys to be rigged and prepared, with all manner of ordnance and artillery meet for ships of

67 bayles] outer walls of the building.

war. And amongst all other, he decked the *Regent*
 5 a ship royal as chief ship of that name, and then
 caused soldiers meet for the same ships, to muster on
 Blackheath, and he appointed captains for that time,
 Sir Anthony Oughtred, Sir Edward Ichingham,
 William Sidney, and divers other gentlemen, which
 10 shortly shipped and came before the Isle of Wight,
 but in their passage a galley was lost by the negligence
 of the master.

The king ever desiring to see his navy together,
 rode to Portsmouth, and there he appointed captains
 15 for the *Regent*, Sir Thomas Knevet, master of his horse,
 and Sir John Carew of Devonshire. And to another
 ship royal, called the *Sovereign*, he appointed Sir
 Charles Brandon, and Sir Henry Guildford, and with
 them in the *Sovereign* were put nine of the tallest
 20 yeomen of the King's Guard, and many other gentle-
 men were made captains. The king made a great
 banquet to all the captains, and every one sware to
 another ever to defend, aid, and comfort one another
 without failing, and this they promised before the king,
 25 which committed them to God, and so with great noise
 of minstrelsy they took their ships, which were in
 number twenty-five of great burden, and well furnished
 of all things.

The French king hearing what damage the English-
 30 men had done in Brittany, strongly furnished his navy in
 the haven of Brest, to the number of thirty-nine sail,
 and for chief ordained a carrack of Brest, appertaining
 to the queen his wife, which was duchess and heiress
 of Brittany, called Cordelier, which was a strong ship
 35 furnished in all points, and so they set forward out of
 Brest, the tenth day of August, and came to Britain
 Bay, in which place the selfsame day, being the day
 of St. Laurence, the English Navy was arrived.

When the Englishmen perceived the French navy to
 40 be out of Brest haven, then the Lord Admiral was
 very joyous, then every man prepared according to his
 duty, the archers to shoot, the gunners to loose, the

men-of-arms to fight, the pages went to the topcastle with darts : thus all things being provided and set in order, the Englishmen approached toward the French- 45 men, which came fiercely forward, some leaving his anchor, some with his foresail only to take the most advantage ; and when they were in sight, they shot ordnance so terribly together, that all the sea-coast sounded of it. The Lord Admiral made with the 50 great ship of Dieppe and chased her still : Sir Henry Guildford and Sir Charles Brandon made with the great carrack of Brest, being in the *Sovereign*, and laid stem to stem to the carrack, but by negligence of the master, or else by smoke of the ordnance or other- 55 wise, the *Sovereign* was cast at the stern of the carrack, with which advantage the Frenchmen shouted for joy ; but when Sir Thomas Knevet, which was ready to have boarded the great ship of Dieppe, saw that the *Sovereign* had missed the carrack, which Sir Anthony 60 Oughtred chased hard at the stern, and bouged her in divers places, and set afire her powder as some say, but suddenly the *Regent* grappled with her along-board, and when they of the carrack perceived that they could not depart, they let slip an anchor, and so 65 with the stream the ships turned, and the carrack was on the weatherside, and the *Regent* on the lee side. The fight was very cruel, for the archers of the English part, and the crossbows of the French part did their uttermost : but for all that the Englishmen entered the 70 carrack, which seeing, a varlet gunner being desperate put fire in the gunpowder as others say, and set the whole ship on fire, the flame whereof set fire in the *Regent*, and so these two noble ships, which were so grappled together that they could not part, were con- 75 sumed by fire. The French navy perceiving this fled in all haste, some to Brest, and some to the isles adjoining. The Englishmen in manner dismayed sent out boats to help them in the *Regent*, but the fire was so great that in manner no man durst approach, saving 80 that by the *James* of Hull were certain Frenchmen

that could swim saved. This burning of the carrack was happy for the French navy, or else they had been better assailed of the Englishmen, which were so
 85 amazed with this chance, that they followed them not. The captain of this carrack was Sir Piers Morgan, and with him 900 men slain and dead: and with Sir Thomas Knevet and Sir John Carew were 700 men drowned and burnt, and that night all the Englishmen
 90 lay in Battrain Bay, for the French fleet was sparcked as you have heard.

The Lord Admiral called all the captains together, desiring them not to be abashed with this chance of war, for he thought now that this was the worst fortune
 95 of war that could happen to them, therefore to study how to be revenged, and so they concluded all to go to the sea, which they did, and on the coast of Brittany took many ships, and such as they could not carry away they set on fire, small and great, to a great num-
 100 ber on all the coast of Brittany, Normandy, and Picardy, and thus they kept the sea.

The King of England hearing of the loss of the *Regent* caused a great ship to be made, such another as was never seen before in England, and called it *Henry*
 105 *grace de Dieu*.

Modernized from the *Chronicles* of E. HALL (*d.* 1547).

SIR THOMAS MORE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

1523

AT this Parliament Cardinal Wolsey found himself much grieved with the burgesses thereof, for that nothing was so soon done or spoken therein, but that it was immediately blown abroad in every alehouse.
 5 It fortun'd at that Parliament a very great subsidy to be demanded, which the Cardinal fearing would not
 90 sparcked] scattered.

pass the Commons' House, determined for the furtherance thereof to be there present himself. Before whose coming after long debating there, whether it were better but with a few of his lords, as the most opinion 10 of the house was, or with his whole train royally to receive him there amongst them. 'Masters,' quoth Sir Thomas More, 'forasmuch as my Lord Cardinal lately, ye wot well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues for things uttered out of this house, it shall 15 not in my mind be amiss to receive him with all his pomp, with his maces, his pillars, his poleaxes, his crosses, his hat and the great seal too; to the intent that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may be the bolder from ourselves to lay the blame on those 20 that his grace bringeth hither with him.' Whereunto the house wholly agreeing, he was received accordingly. Where after he had in a solemn oration by many reasons proved how necessary it was the demand there moved to be granted, and further showed that 25 less would not serve to maintain the Prince's purpose, he seeing the company sitting still silent and thereunto nothing answering, and contrary to his expectation showing in themselves towards his request no towardness of inclination, said unto them: 'Masters, you 30 have many wise and learned men amongst you, and sith I am from the king's own person sent hither unto you for the preservation of yourselves and all the realm, I think it meet you give me some reasonable answer.' Whereat every man holding his peace, then 35 began he to speak to one Master Marney, afterward Lord Marney, 'How say you,' quoth he, 'Master Marney?' who making him no answer neither, he severally asked the same question of divers others accounted the wisest of the company: to whom when 40 none of them all would give so much as one word, being agreed before, as the custom was, to answer by their Speaker, 'Masters,' quoth the Cardinal, 'unless it be the manner of your house, as of likelihood it is, by the mouth of your Speaker, whom you have chosen 45

for trusty and wise, as indeed he is, in such cases to utter your minds, here is without doubt a marvellous obstinate silence,' and thereupon he required answer of Master Speaker. Who first reverently on his knees
50 excusing the silence of the house, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage able to amaze the wisest and best learned in a realm, and after by many probable arguments proving that for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the
55 ancient liberty of the house; in conclusion for himself showed that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except every of them could put into his one head all their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his grace
60 answer. Whereupon the cardinal, displeased with Sir Thomas More, that had not in this parliament in all things satisfied his desire, suddenly arose and departed.

And after the parliament ended, in his gallery at Whitehall in Westminster he uttered unto him all his
65 griefs, saying: 'Would to God you had been at Rome, Master More, when I made you Speaker.' 'Your grace not offended, so would I too, my lord,' quoth Sir Thomas More. And to wind such quarrels out of the cardinal's head, he began to talk of the gallery,
70 saying, 'I like this gallery of yours, my lord, much better than your gallery at Hampton Court.' Where-with so wisely broke he off the cardinal's displeasent talk, that the cardinal at that present, as it seemed,
75 wist not what more to say him; but, for the revenge-ment of his displeasure, counselled the king to send him ambassador to Spain, commending to his highness his wisdom, learning and meetness for that voyage. And, the difficulty of the cause considered, none was
80 there, he said, so well able to serve his grace therein. Which when the king had broken to Sir Thomas More, and that he had declared unto his grace how unfit a journey it was for him, the nature of the country, the disposition of his complexion so disagreeing together, that he should never be likely to do his

grace acceptable service there, knowing right well 85
that if his grace sent him thither he should send him
to his grave; but showing himself nevertheless ready
according to his duty, all were it with the loss of his
life, to fulfil his grace's pleasure in that behalf. The
king allowing well his answer, said unto 'him: 'It is 90
not our pleasure, Master More, to do you hurt, but to
do you good we would be glad: we therefore for this
purpose will devise upon some other, and employ your
service otherwise.' And such entire favour did the
king bear him, that he made him Chancellor of the 95
Duchy of Lancaster upon the death of Sir Richard
Wingfield who had that office before. And for the
pleasure he took in his company would his grace sud-
denly sometimes come home to his house at Chelsea to
be merry with him, whither, on a time, unlooked for 100
he came to dinner, and after dinner, in a fair garden of
his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding
his arm about his neck. As soon as his grace was
gone, I rejoicing thereat said to Sir Thomas More,
how happy he was whom the king had so familiarly 105
entertained, as I never had seen him do to any before,
except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw his grace walk
once with arm in arm. 'I thank our Lord, son,' quoth
he, 'I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and
I do believe he doth as singularly favour me as any 110
subject within this realm: howbeit, son Roper, I may
tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my
head would win him a castle in France (for then there
was war between us) it should not fail to go.'

W. ROPER (*d.* 1578).

SUPPRESSION OF TYNDALE'S BIBLE

1529

HERE is to be remembered, that at this present time, William Tyndale had newly translated and imprinted the New Testament in English, and the Bishop of

London, not pleased with the translation thereof,
 5 debated with himself, how he might compass and
 devise, to destroy that false and erroneous translation,
 as he said. And so it happened that one Augustine
 Packington, a mercer and merchant of London, and
 of a great honesty, the same time was in Antwerp,
 10 where the bishop then was, and this Packington was
 a man that highly favoured William Tyndale, but to
 the bishop utterly showed himself to the contrary.
 The bishop desirous to have his purpose brought to
 pass communed of the New Testaments, and how
 15 gladly he would buy them. Packington then hearing
 that he wished for, said unto the bishop, 'My lord, if it
 be your pleasure, I can in this matter do more I dare
 say, than most of the merchants of England that are
 here, for I know the Dutchmen and strangers, that
 20 have bought them of Tyndale, and have them here to
 sell, so that if it be your lordship's pleasure, to pay
 for them, for otherwise I cannot come by them, but I
 must disburse money for them I will then assure you,
 to have every book of them, that is imprinted and is
 25 here unsold.' The bishop, thinking that he had God by
 the toe, when in deed he had, as after he thought, the
 devil by the fist, said, 'Gentle Master Packington,
 do your diligence and get them, and with all my heart
 I will pay for them, whatsoever they cost you, for the
 30 books are erroneous and naughty, and I intend surely
 to destroy them all, and to burn them at Paul's Cross.'

Augustine Packington came to William Tyndale
 and said, 'William, I know thou art a poor man, and
 hast a heap of New Testaments, and books by thee,
 35 for the which thou hast both endangered thy friends,
 and beggared thyself, and I have now gotten thee
 a merchant, which with ready money shall dispatch
 thee of all that thou hast, if you think it so profitable
 for yourself.' 'Who is the merchant?' said Tyndale.
 40 'The Bishop of London,' said Packington. 'O that is
 because he will burn them,' said Tyndale. 'Yea Mary,'

quoth Packington. 'I am the gladder,' said Tyndale, 'for these two benefits shall come thereof: I shall get money of him for these books, to bring myself out of debt, and the whole world shall cry out upon the 45 burning of God's Word. And the overplus of the money that shall remain to me, shall make me more studious, to correct the said New Testament, and so newly to imprint the same once again, and I trust the second will much better like you, than ever did the 50 first.' And so forward went the bargain, the bishop had the books, Packington the thanks, and Tyndale had the money.

Afterward when more New Testaments were imprinted, they came thick and threefold into England, 55 the Bishop of London hearing that still there were so many New Testaments abroad, sent for Augustine Packington and said unto him, 'Sir, how cometh this, that there are so many New Testaments abroad, and you promised and assured me that you had bought 60 all?' Then said Packington, 'I promise you I bought all that then was to be had; but I perceive they have made more since, and it will never be better, as long as they have the letters and stamps, therefore it were best for your lordship to buy the stamps too, and then are 65 you sure.' The bishop smiled at him and said, 'Well, Packington, well,' and so ended this matter.

Shortly after, it fortun'd one George Constantine to be apprehended by Sir Thomas More, which then was Lord Chancellor of England, of suspicion of 70 certain heresies. And this Constantine being with More, after divers examinations of divers things, among other, Master More said in this wise to Constantine, 'Constantine, I would have thee plain with me in one thing that I will ask of thee, and I promise thee I will 75 show thee favour, in all the other things, whereof thou art accused to me. There is beyond the sea Tyndale, Joye, and a great many more of you, I know they cannot live without help; some sendeth them money and succoureth them, and thyself being one of them, 80

haddest part thereof, and therefore knowest from whence it came. I pray thee who be they that thus help them?' 'My lord,' quoth Constantine, 'will you that I shall tell you the truth?' 'Yea, I pray thee,'
 85 quoth my lord. 'Mary I will,' quoth Constantine. 'Truly,' quoth he, 'it is the Bishop of London that hath holpen us, for he hath bestowed among us a great deal of money in New Testaments to burn them, and that hath been and yet is our only succour and com-
 90 fort.' 'Now by my troth,' quoth More, 'I think even the same, and I said so much to the bishop, when he went about to buy them.'

Modernized from the *Chronicles* of E. HALL (*d.* 1547).

THE DIVORCE OF KATHARINE

1529

LONG was the desire, and greater was the hope on all sides, expecting the coming of the legation and commission from Rome, yet at length it came. And after the arrival of the Legate Campeggio with this
 5 solemn commission in England, he being sore vexed with the gout was constrained by force thereof to make a long journey or ever he came to London; who should have been most solemnly received at Blackheath, and so with great triumph conveyed to London; but
 10 his glory was such, that he would in nowise be entertained with any such pomp or vainglory, who suddenly came by water in a wherry to his own house without Temple Bar, called then Bath Place, which was furnished for him with all manner of stuff and imple-
 15 ments of my lord's provision; where he continued and lodged during his abode here in England.

Then, after some deliberation, his commission understood, read, and perceived, it was by the council determined, that the king and the queen his wife should
 20 be lodged at Bridewell. And that in the Black Friars

a certain place should be appointed, whereas the king and the queen might most conveniently repair to the court, there to be erected and kept for the disputation and determination of the king's case, whereas these two legates sat in judgement as notable judges; before 25 whom the king and the queen were duly cited and summoned to appear. . .

Ye shall understand . . . that there was a court erected in the Black Friars in London, where these two cardinals sat for judges. Now will I set you out the 30 manner and order of the court there. First, there was a court placed with tables, benches, and bars, like a consistory, a place judicial, for the judges to sit on. There was also a cloth of estate under the which sat the king; and the queen sat some distance beneath the 35 king: under the judges' feet sat the officers of the court. The chief scribe there was Dr. Stephens, who was after Bishop of Winchester; the apparitor was one Cooke, most commonly called Cooke of Winchester. Then sat there within the said court, directly before 40 the king and the judges, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Warham, and all the other bishops. Then at both the ends, with a bar made for them, the counsellors on both sides. The doctors for the king were Doctor Sampson, that was after Bishop of Chichester, 45 and Doctor Bell, who after was Bishop of Worcester, with divers others. The proctors on the king's part were Doctor Peter, who was after made the king's chief secretary, and Doctor Tregonell, and divers others. 50

Now on the other side stood the counsel for the queen, Doctor Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Doctor Standish, some time a Grey Friar, and then Bishop of St. Asaph in Wales, two notable clerks in divinity, and in especial the Bishop of Rochester, 55 a very godly man and a devout person, who after suffered death at Tower Hill; the which was greatly lamented through all the foreign Universities of Christendom. There was also another ancient doctor,

60 called, as I remember, Doctor Ridley, a very small person in stature, but surely a great and an excellent clerk in divinity.

The court being thus furnished and ordered, the judges commanded the crier to proclaim silence; then
 65 was the judges' commission, which they had of the Pope, published and read openly before all the audience there assembled. That done, the crier called the king, by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into the court, &c.' With that the king answered
 70 and said, 'Here, my lords!' Then he called also the queen, by the name of 'Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court, &c.'; who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where
 75 as she sat, and because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and assembly, to whom she said in effect, in broken English, as followeth:

80 'Sir,' quoth she, 'I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right, take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger
 85 born out of your dominion, I have here no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel; I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! Sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure? Have I designed against your will and
 90 pleasure; intending, as I perceive, to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness, that I have been to you a true, humble and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always
 95 well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much, I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved only for your sake, whether

I had cause or no; and whether they were my friends or my enemies. This twenty years I have been your true wife or more, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which hath been no default in me.

‘And when ye had me at the first, I take God to be my judge, I was a true maid without touch of man; and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause by the law that ye can allege against me, either of dishonesty or any other impediment to banish and put me from you, I am well content to depart to my great shame and dishonour; and if there be none, then here I most lowly beseech you let me remain in my former estate, and receive justice at your hands. The king your father was in the time of his reign of such estimation throughout the world for his excellent wisdom, that he was accounted and called of all men the second Solomon; and my father Ferdinand, King of Spain, who was esteemed to be one of the wittiest princes that reigned in Spain, many years before, were both wise and excellent kings in wisdom and princely behaviour. It is not therefore to be doubted, but that they elected and gathered as wise counsellors about them as to their high discretions was thought meet. Also, as me seemeth, there was in those days as wise, as well learned men, and men of as good judgement as be at this present in both realms, who thought then the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Therefore it is a wonder to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty. And cause me to stand to the order and judgement of this new court, wherein ye may do me much wrong, if ye intend any cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, having no indifferent counsel, but such as be assigned me, with whose wisdom and learning I am not acquainted. Ye must consider that they cannot be indifferent counsellors for my part which be your sub-

jects, and taken out of your own council before, wherein they be made privy, and dare not, for your displeasure, disobey your will and intent, being once
 140 made privy thereto. Therefore I most humbly require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is the just judge, to spare me the extremity of this new court, until I may be advertised what way and order my friends in Spain will advise me to take.
 145 And if ye will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, your pleasure then be fulfilled, and to God I commit my cause !'

And with that she rose up, making a low curtsy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many
 150 supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place ; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her General Receiver, called Master Griffith. And the king being advertised of her departure, com-
 155 manded the crier to call her again, who called her by the name of ' Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court, &c.' With that quoth Master Griffith, ' Madam, ye be called again.' ' On, on,' quoth she, ' it maketh no matter, for it is no indifferent court for me,
 160 therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways.' And thus she departed out of that court, without any farther answer at that time, or at any other, nor would never appear at any other court after.

G. CAVENDISH (1500-61).

SIR THOMAS MORE AND THE KING'S SUPREMACY

1534

NOT long after came to him the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, with Master Secretary, and certain other of the privy council, at two several times by all policies possible procuring him

either precisely to confess the supremacy, or precisely 5
to deny it, whereunto . . . they could never bring
him. Shortly thereupon Master Rich, afterward
Lord Rich, then newly made the King's Solicitor, Sir
Richard Southwell, and one Master Palmer, servant
to the Secretary, were sent to Sir Thomas More into 10
the Tower to fetch away his books from him. And
while Sir Richard Southwell and Mr. Palmer were
busy in the trussing up of his books, Mr. Rich,
pretending friendly talk with him, among other things
of a set course, as it seemed, said thus unto him: 'For- 15
asmuch as it is well known, Master More, that you are
a man both wise and well learned as well in the laws
of the realm as otherwise, I pray you therefore, Sir,
let me be so bold, as of good will, to put unto you this
case. Admit there were, Sir,' quoth he, 'an act of 20
parliament that the realm should take me for king,
would not you, Mr. More, take me for king?' 'Yes,
Sir,' quoth Sir Thomas More, 'that would I.' 'I put
the case further,' quoth Mr. Rich, 'that there were an
act of parliament that all the realm should take me for 25
pope, would not you then, Master More, take me for
pope?' 'For answer,' quoth Sir Thomas More, 'to
your first case, the parliament may well, Master Rich,
meddle with the state of temporal princes, but to
make answer to your other case, I will put you this 30
case: suppose the parliament would make a law that
God should not be God, would you then, Master Rich,
say that God were not God?' 'No, Sir,' quoth he,
'that would I not; sith no parliament may make any
such law.' 'No more', said Sir Thomas More (as 35
Master Rich reported of him) 'could the parliament
make the king supreme head of the church.' Upon
whose only report was Sir Thomas More indicted of
high treason on the Statute to deny the King to be
Supreme Head of the Church, into which indictment 40
were put these heinous words, *maliciously, traitorously,*
and *diabolically*.

When Sir Thomas More was brought from the

Tower to Westminster Hall to answer to the indictment, and at the King's Bench bar there before the judges arraigned, he openly told them that he would upon that indictment have abiden in law, but that he thereby should have been driven to confess of himself the matter indeed, that was the denial of the king's supremacy, which he protested was untrue. Wherefore he thereunto pleaded not guilty, and so reserved unto himself advantage to be taken of the body of the matter after verdict to avoid that indictment: and moreover added, that if those only odious terms, *maliciously, traitorously, and diabolically*, were put out of the indictment, he saw therein nothing justly to charge him. And for proof to the jury that Sir Thomas More was guilty of this treason, Master Rich was called forth to give evidence unto them upon his oath, as he did: against whom thus sworn, Sir Thomas More began in this wise to say: 'If I were a man, my lords, that did not regard an oath I needed not as it is well known, in this place, and at this time, nor in this case to stand here as an accused person. And if this oath of yours, Master Rich, be true, then I pray that I never see God in the face, which I would not say, were it otherwise, to win the whole world.' Then recited he to the court the discourse of all their communication in the Tower according to the truth, and said: 'In good faith, Master Rich, I am sorrier for your perjury than for mine own peril, and you shall understand that neither I nor no man else, to my knowledge, ever took you to be a man of such credit as in any matter of importance I or any other would at any time vouchsafe to communicate with you. And I, as you know, of no small while have been acquainted with you and your conversation, who have known you from your youth hitherto, for we long dwelled together in one parish. Whereas yourself can tell (I am sorry you compel me so to say) you were esteemed very light of your tongue, a great dicer, and of no commendable fame. And so in your house at

the Temple, where hath been your chief bringing up, were you likewise accounted. Can it therefore seem likely unto your honourable lordships that I would in 85 so weighty a cause so unadvisedly overshoot myself as to trust Master Rich (a man of me always reputed of so little truth, as your lordships have heard) so far above my sovereign lord the king, or any of his noble counsellors, that I would unto him utter the secrets 90 of my conscience touching the king's supremacy, the special point and only mark at my hands so long sought for? A thing which I never did, nor never would, after the statute thereof made, reveal unto the king's highness himself or to any of his honourable 95 counsellors, as it is not unknown unto your honours, at sundry and several times sent from his grace's own person to the Tower unto me for none other purpose. Can this in your judgement, my lords, seem likely to be true? And if I had so done indeed, my lords, as 100 Master Rich hath sworn, seeing it was spoken but in familiar secret talk, nothing affirming, and only in putting of cases, without other displeasent circumstances, it cannot justly be taken to be spoken *maliciously*: and where there is no malice, there can 105 be no offence. And over this I can never think, my lords, that so many worthy bishops, so many honourable personages, and many other worshipful, virtuous, wise and well learned men as at the making of that law were in the parliament assembled, ever meant to 110 have any man punished by death in whom there could be found no malice, taking *malitia* for *malevolentia*: for if *malitia* be generally taken for sin, no man is there then that can excuse himself. *Quia si dixerimus quod peccatum non habemus, nosmet ipsos 115 seducemus, et veritas in nobis non est.* And only this word *maliciously* is in the statute material, as this term *forcibly* is in the statute of *forcible entries*, by

87 of me. i.e. by me.

114 *Quia*, &c. 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'

which statute if a man enter peaceably, and put not his
120 adversary out *forcibly*, it is no offence, but if he put
him out *forcibly*, then by that statute it is an offence,
and so shall he be punished by this term *forcibly*.
Besides this, the manifold goodness of the king's high-
ness himself, that hath been so many ways my singular
125 good lord, and gracious sovereign, and that hath so
dearly loved and trusted me, even at my very first
coming into his noble service, with the dignity of his
honourable Privy Council vouchsafing to admit me, and
to offices of great credit and worship most liberally
130 advanced me; and finally with that weighty room of
his grace's high chancellor, the like whereof he never
did to temporal man before, next to his own royal
person the highest officer in this whole realm, so far
above my qualities or merits able and meet therefore
135 of his own incomparable benignity honoured and
exalted me, by the space of twenty years and more,
showing his continual favour toward me, and, until, at
mine own poor suit, it pleased his highness giving me
licence with his majesty's favour to bestow the resi-
140 due of my life for the provision of my soul in the
service of God, and of his special goodness thereof to
discharge and unburthen me, most benignly heaped
honours continually more and more upon me; all this
his highness' goodness, I say, so long thus bountifully
145 extended towards me, were in my mind, my Lords,
matter sufficient to convince this slanderous surmise
by this man so wrongfully imagined against me.'
Master Rich, seeing himself so disproved, and his
credit so foully defaced, caused Sir Richard Southwell
150 and Master Palmer, who at the time of their communi-
cation were in the chamber, to be sworn what words
had passed betwixt them. Whereupon Master Palmer
upon his deposition said, that he was so busy about
trussing up Sir Thomas More's books into a sack that
155 he took no heed to their talk. Sir Richard Southwell
likewise said upon his deposition, that because he
was appointed only to look to the conveyance of those

books he gave no ear to them. After this were there many other reasons, not now in my remembrance, by Sir Thomas More in his own defence alleged to the discredit of Master Rich's foresaid evidence, and proof of the clearness of his own conscience; all which notwithstanding, the jury found him guilty. 160

And incontinent upon their verdict the Lord Chancellor, for that matter chief commissioner, beginning to proceed in judgement against him, Sir Thomas More said unto him, 'My Lord, when I was toward the law, the manner in such case was to ask the prisoner before judgement what he could say why judgement should not be given against him'. Whereupon the Lord Chancellor, staying his judgement wherein he had partly proceeded, demanded of him what he was able to say to the contrary. Who then in this sort most humbly made answer: 'Forasmuch, my Lord,' quoth he, 'as this indictment is grounded upon an act of parliament directly repugnant to the laws of God and His holy church, the supreme government of which, or any part thereof, may no temporal prince presume by any law to take upon him, as rightfully belonging to the See of Rome, a spiritual pre-eminence by the mouth of our Saviour himself, personally present upon the earth, only to St. Peter and his successors, bishops of the same See, by special prerogative granted; it is therefore in law, amongst Christian men, insufficient to charge any Christian.' And for proof thereof, like as amongst divers other reasons and authorities, he declared that this realm, being but a member and small part of the church, might not make a particular law disagreeable with the general law of Christ's universal Catholic Church, no more than the City of London, being but one poor member in respect of the whole realm, might make a law against an act of parliament to bind the whole realm: so further showed he, that it was contrary both to the laws and statutes of this our land yet unrepealed, as they might evidently perceive in Magna 175 180 185 190 195

Carta, *Quod Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit, et habeat omnia jura sua integra, et libertates suas illasas*, and also contrary to that sacred oath which the king's highness himself, and every other Christian prince
 200 always with great solemnity, received at their coronations. Alleging moreover, that no more might this realm of England refuse obedience to the See of Rome, than might the child refuse obedience to his natural
 205 father. For, as St. Paul said to the Corinthians, '*I have regenerated you, my children in Christ*,' so might St. Gregory, pope of Rome (of whom, by St. Augustine his messenger, we first received the Christian
 210 faith), of us Englishmen truly say, 'You are my children, because I have under Christ given to you everlasting salvation (a far higher and better inheritance than any carnal father can leave to his child), and by generation have made you spiritual children in
 215 Christ.' Then was it by the Lord Chancellor thereunto answered: That, seeing all the bishops, universities, and best learned men of the realm had to this act agreed, it was much marvelled that he alone against
 220 them all would so stiffly stick thereat, and so vehemently argue thereagainst. To that Sir Thomas More replied, saying: 'If the number of bishops and universities be so material as your lordship seemeth to take it, then see I little cause, my lord, why that
 225 thing in my conscience should make any change. For I nothing doubt but that, though not in this realm, yet in Christendom about, of these learned bishops and virtuous men that are yet alive, they be not the fewer part that be of my mind therein. But if I should
 230 speak of those that already be dead, of whom many be now holy saints in heaven, I am very sure it is the far, far greater part of them that all the while they lived thought in this case that way that I now think; and therefore am I not bound, my lord, to conform

197 *Quod*, &c. 'That the English Church shall be free, and shall keep its own privileges intact, and its rights unimpaired.'

my conscience to the council of one realm, against the general council of Christendom.'

Now when Sir Thomas More for the avoiding of ²³⁵ the indictment had taken as many exceptions as he thought meet, and many more reasons than I can now remember alleged, the Lord Chancellor, loth to have the burden of the judgement wholly to depend upon himself, there openly asked the advice of the Lord ²⁴⁰ FitzJames, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and joined in commission with him, whether this indictment were sufficient or not. Who, like a wise man answered, 'My Lords all, by St. Julian' (that was ever his oath), 'I must needs confess that if the act ²⁴⁵ of parliament be not unlawful, then is the indictment in my conscience not insufficient.' Whereupon the Lord Chancellor said to the rest of the Lords: 'Lo, my Lords, lo! you hear what my Lord Chief Justice saith,' and so immediately gave judgement against him. ²⁵⁰ After which ended, the commissioners yet further courteously offered him, if he had anything else to allege for his defence, to grant him favourable audience. Who answered, 'More have I not to say, my Lords, but that like as the blessed apostle St. Paul, as we ²⁵⁵ read in the Acts of the Apostles, was present and consented to the death of St. Stephen, and kept their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven, and shall continue there friends for ever: so I verily trust, and shall ²⁶⁰ therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here in earth been judges to my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation.' Thus much touching Sir Thomas More's arraignment, being not ²⁶⁵ there present myself, have I by the credible report of the Right Worshipful Sir Anthony Saintleger, and partly of Richard Heywood, and John Webb, gentlemen, with others of good credit at the hearing thereof present themselves, as far forth as my poor wit and ²⁷⁰ memory would serve me, here truly rehearsed unto you.

Now, after his arraignment, departed he from the bar to the Tower again, led by Sir William Kingston, a tall, strong, and comely knight, Constable of the Tower, and his very dear friend. Who when he had brought him from Westminster to the Old Swan towards the Tower, there with a heavy heart, the tears running down his cheeks, bade him farewell. Sir Thomas More, seeing him so sorrowful, comforted him with as good words as he could, saying, 'Good Master Kingston, trouble not yourself, but be of good cheer: for I will pray for you and my good lady your wife, that we may meet in heaven together, where we shall be merry for ever and ever.'

W. ROPER (*d.* 1578).

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE

1536

THE inhabitants of the North parts being at that time very ignorant and rude, knowing not what true religion meant, but altogether nose-led in superstition and popery, and also by means of certain abbots and ignorant priests not a little stirred and provoked for the suppression of certain monasteries, and for the extirpation and abolishing of the Bishop of Rome, saying, 'See friends, now is taken from us four of the seven sacraments, and shortly ye shall lose the other three also, and thus the faith of Holy Church shall utterly be suppressed and abolished;' and therefore suddenly they spread abroad and raised great and shameful slanders only to move the people to sedition and rebellion, and to kindle in the people hateful and malicious minds against the King's Majesty and the magistrates of the realm, saying: 'Let us fully bend ourselves to the maintenance of religion, and rather than to suffer it thus to decay, even to die in the field.'

5 for] on account of.

And amongst them also were too many even of the nobility that did not a little provoke and stir up the ignorant and rude people the more stiffly to rebel and stand therein, faithfully promising them both aid and succour against the King and their own native country, like foolish and wicked men, thinking by their so doing to have done God high pleasure and service. There were also certain other malicious and busy persons who added oil, as the adage saith, to the furnace. These made open clamours in every place where opportunity served, that Christian religion should be utterly violate, despised, and set aside, and that rather than so, it behoved and was the part of every true Christian man to defend it even to the death, and not to admit and suffer by any means the faith, in the which their forefathers so long and so many thousand years have lived and continued, now to be subverted and destroyed. Among these were many priests which deceived also the people with many false fables and venomous lies and imaginations, which could never enter nor take place in the heart of any good man, nor faithful subject, saying that all manner of prayer and fasting and all God's service should utterly be destroyed and taken away; that no man should marry a wife or be partaker of the sacraments; or at length should eat a piece of roast meat; but he should for the same first pay unto the King a certain sum of money, and that they should be brought in more bondage and in a more wicked manner of life, than the Saracens be under the great Turk. With these and such other like errors and slanderous tales, the people thus instructed, or as I may trulier speak, deceived and mocked, being light of credit, incontinent to the help and maintenance of religion once established and confirmed, they stiffly and stoutly did conspire and agree; and in a part of Lincolnshire, first they assembled and shortly after, joined into an Army, being, as it was supposed of men apt and fit for the war, in number about twenty thousand.

Against these traitorous rebels, with all the haste and speed that might be (after he heard thereof) the
60 King's Royal Majesty, in his own proper person, furnished with a goodly and warlike Army, lacking nothing that to such a company should appertain, marched toward them. But these rebels hearing that His Majesty was present with his power and Army
65 Royal, feared what would follow of this matter, and such as were noblemen and gentlemen, that before favoured them began to withdraw themselves, so that they were destitute of captains; and at the last they in writing made certain petitions to the King's Majesty,
70 professing that they never intended hurt toward his royal person.

But see even within six days following, was the King truly certified that there was a new insurrection made by the Northern men, which had assembled them-
75 selves into a huge and great army of warlike men and well appointed both with captains, horse, harness, and artillery to the number of 40,000 men, which had encamped themselves in Yorkshire. And these men had each of them to other bound themselves by their
80 oath to be faithful and obedient to his captain. They also declared by their proclamations solemnly made, that this their insurrection should extend no farther but only to the maintenance and defence of the faith of Christ and deliverance of Holy Church sore decayed
85 and oppressed, and also for the furtherance as well of private as public matters in the realm touching the wealth of all the King's poor subjects. They named this their seditious and traitorous voyage an Holy and Blessed Pilgrimage. They had also certain banners
90 in the field whereupon was painted Christ hanging on the Cross on the one side, and a chalice with a painted cake in it on the other side, with divers other banners of like hypocrisy and feigned sanctity. The soldiers also had a certain cognizance or badge, embroidered
95 or set upon the sleeves of their coats, which was the similitude of the five wounds of Christ, and in the

midst thereof was written the name of our Lord, and this the rebellious garrison of Satan, with his false and counterfeited signs of holiness, set forth and decked themselves, only to delude and deceive the simple and ignorant people. 100

After that the King's Highness was credibly certified of this new insurrection, he making no delay in so weighty a matter, caused with all speed the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Shrewsbury with other, accompanied with his mighty and Royal Army, which was of great power and strength forthwith to set upon the rebels. But when these noble captains and counsellors approached the rebels and perceived their number and saw how they were bent to battle, they practised with great policy to have pacified all without blood-shedding, but the Northern men were so stiff-necked that they would in no wise stoop, but stoutly stood and maintained their wicked enterprise, wherefore the nobles abovesaid, perceiving and seeing none other way to pacify these wretched rebels, agreed upon a battle. The battle was appointed, and the day was assigned; but, see, the same night, which was the night before the day of the battle appointed, fell a small rain, nothing to speak of; but yet as it were by a great miracle of God, the water which was but a very small ford, and that men in manner the day before might have gone dryshod over, suddenly rose of such a height, deepness, and breadth that the like no man that there did inhabit could tell that ever they saw it so before: so that the day, even when the hour of battle should come, it was impossible for the one army to come at the other. 110 115 120 125

After this appointment made between both the armies (disappointed at it is to be thought only by God, Who extended His great mercy and had compassion on the great number of innocent persons, that in that deadly slaughter had like to have been murdered) could take no place; then by the great wisdom and policy of the said captains, a communi- 130 135

cation was had, and a pardon of the King's Majesty obtained, for all the captains and chief doers of this insurrection, and they promised that such things as they found themselves aggrieved withal they should
 140 gently be heard, and their reasonable petitions granted, and that their articles should be presented to the King's Majesty, that by His Highness' authority, and wisdom of his Council, all things should be brought to good order and conclusion. And with this order every
 145 man quietly departed, and those which before were bent as hot as fire to fight, being let thereof by God, went now peaceably to their houses, and were as cold as water.

And this Christmas the King by his messengers and
 150 heralds sent down into the North his general pardons to all capital offenders: and shortly after came Aske to London and so to the Court to the King: this Aske was the chief captain of the last rebellion in the North, and now both pardoned of the King, and his Grace
 155 received him into his favour, and gave unto him apparel and great rewards, but as after ye shall perceive Aske enjoyed not the King his new friend's kindness a year and a day, and pity it was that he had any favour at all, for there lived not a verier wretch,
 160 as well in person as in conditions and deeds, specially against his anointed governor and sovereign Lord.

In the latter end of this year, the Lord Darcy, Aske, Sir Robert Constable, Sir John Bulmer and his wife, Sir Thomas Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland,
 165 Sir Stephen Hamilton, Nicholas Tempest, esq., William Lumley, son to the Lord Lumley, began again to conspire, although they before had every one of them their pardons, and now they were all taken and brought to the Tower of London.

Modernized from the *Chronicles* of E. HALL (*d.* 1547).

THE EXECUTION OF THOMAS CROMWELL

1540

THE 19th day of July, Thomas, Lord Cromwell, late made Earl of Essex, as before you have heard, being in the Council Chamber, was suddenly apprehended and committed to the Tower of London. The which many lamented, but more rejoiced, and specially such 5 as either had been religious men, or favoured religious persons, for they banqueted and triumphed together that night, many wishing that that day had been seven years before, and some, fearing lest he should escape, although he were imprisoned, could not be merry. 10 Others who knew nothing but truth of him both lamented him and heartily prayed for him. But this is true that of certain of the clergy he was detestably hated, and specially of such as had borne swinge and by his means were put from it: for indeed he was 15 a man that in all his doings seemed not to favour any kind of popery, nor could not abide the snuffling pride of some prelates; which undoubtedly, whatsoever else was the cause of his death, did shorten his life, and procured the end that he was brought unto, 20 which was that the 19th day of the said month he was attainted by Parliament, and never came to his answer, which law many reported he was the cause of the making; but the truth thereof I know not. The articles, for which he died, appeareth in the Record, 25 where his attainder is written, which are too long to be here rehearsed, but to conclude he was there attainted of heresy and high treason. And the 28th day of July was brought to the scaffold on the Tower Hill, where he said these words following: 30

'I am come hither to die, and not to purge myself, as may happen some think that I will, for if I should so do, I were a very wretch and miser. I am by the

law condemned to die, and thank my Lord God that
 35 hath appointed me this death for mine offence. For
 since the time that I have had years of discretion
 I have lived a sinner, and offended my Lord God, for
 the which I ask Him heartily forgiveness. And it is not
 unknown to many of you, that I have been a great
 40 traveller in this world, and being but of a base degree
 was called to high estate, and since the time I came
 thereunto I have offended my Prince, for the which
 I ask him heartily forgiveness, and beseech you all to
 pray to God with me that he will forgive me. O
 45 Father, forgive me. O Son, forgive me. O Holy Ghost,
 forgive me. O three Persons in One God, forgive me.
 And now I pray you that be here, to bear me record,
 I die in the Catholic Faith, not doubting in any article
 of my faith, no nor doubting in any sacrament of the
 50 Church. Many hath slandered me, and reported that
 I have been a bearer of such as hath maintained evil
 opinions, which is untrue; but I confess that like as
 God by His Holy Spirit doth instruct us in the truth,
 so the Devil is ready to seduce us, and I have been
 55 seduced; but bear me witness that I die in the
 Catholic Faith of the Holy Church. And I heartily
 desire you to pray for the King's Grace, that he may
 long live with you in health and prosperity. And
 after him that his son Prince Edward, that goodly imp,
 60 may long reign over you. And once again I desire
 you to pray for me, that so long as life remaineth in
 this flesh I waver nothing in my faith.' And then
 made he his prayer, which was long, but not so long,
 as both godly and learned, and after, committed his
 65 soul into the hands of God, and so patiently suffered
 the stroke of the axe, by a ragged and butcherly miser
 which very ungoodly performed the office.

Modernized from the *Chronicles* of E. HALL (*d.* 1547).

59 imp] stock, offshoot.

MARTYRDOM OF RIDLEY AND LATIMER

1555

ALL things finished, Dr. Brooks called the bailiffs, delivering to them Master Ridley with this charge, to keep him safely from any man speaking with him, and that he should be brought to the place of execution when they were commanded. 5

On the night before he suffered, his beard was washed and his legs ; and as he sat at supper, at the house of Mr. Irish, his keeper, he invited his hostess, and the rest at the table, to his marriage : for, said he, to-morrow I must be married, and so showed himself 10 to be as merry as ever he had been before. And wishing his sister at his marriage, he asked his brother sitting at the table, whether she could find in her heart to be there or no. He answered, ' Yea, with all her heart.' At which word he said he was glad to 15 hear of her so much therein. At this talk Mrs. Irish wept. But Dr. Ridley comforted her, saying, ' O Mrs. Irish, you love me not, I see well enough ; for in that you weep, it doth appear you will not be at my marriage, neither are content therewith. Indeed you 20 are not so much my friend as I thought you had been. But quiet yourself, though my breakfast shall be somewhat sharp and painful, yet I am sure my supper will be more pleasant and sweet.'

When they arose from the table, his brother offered 25 to stay all night with him. But he said, ' No, no, that you shall not. For I intend, God willing, to go to bed and to sleep as quietly to-night as ever I did.' On this his brother departed, exhorting him to be of good cheer, and so take his cross quietly, for his reward was 30 great in heaven.

Upon the north side of the town, in the ditch over against Balliol College, the place of execution was appointed ; and for fear of any tumult that might arise,

35 to let the burning of them, the Lord Williams was
 commanded, by the Queen's letters, and the house-
 holders of the city, to be there assistant, sufficiently
 appointed. And when everything was in readiness,
 the prisoners were brought forth by the mayor and
 40 bailiffs. Master Ridley had a fair black gown furred,
 and faced with foins, such as he was wont to wear,
 being bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred likewise
 about his neck, a velvet nightcap upon his head, and
 a corner cap upon the same, going in a pair of slippers
 45 to the stake, and going between the mayor and an
 alderman, &c. After him came Master Latimer, in
 a poor Bristol frieze frock all worn, with his buttoned
 cap, and a kerchief on his head, all ready to the fire,
 a new long shroud hanging over his hose down to the
 50 feet: which at the first sight stirred men's hearts to rue
 upon them, beholding on the one side the honour they
 sometime had, and on the other the calamity whereunto
 they were fallen.

Dr. Ridley, as he passed toward Bocardo, looked
 55 up where Dr. Cranmer did lie, hoping to have seen
 him at the glass-window, and to have spoken to him.
 But then Cranmer was busy with Friar Soto and his
 fellows, disputing together, so that he could not see
 him, through that occasion. Then Ridley, looking back,
 60 espied Master Latimer coming after, unto whom he
 said, 'Oh, be ye there?' 'Yea,' said Latimer, 'have
 after as fast as I can follow.' So he, following
 a pretty way off, at length they came both to the
 stake, the one after the other, where first Dr. Ridley
 65 entering the place, marvellous earnestly holding up
 both his hands, looked towards heaven. Then shortly
 after espying Latimer, with a wondrous cheerful look
 he ran to him, embraced, and kissed him; and, as they
 that stood near reported, comforted him, saying, 'Be
 70 of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the
 fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.'

With that went he to the stake, kneeled down by it,

kissed it, and effectually prayed; and behind him Master Latimer kneeled, as earnestly calling upon God as he. After they arose, the one talked with the other a little while, till they which were appointed to see the execution removed themselves out of the sun. What they said I can learn of no man. 75

Then Dr. Smith (of whose recantation in King Edward's time ye have heard) began his sermon to them upon this text of St. Paul, in 1 Cor. xiii, 'If I yield my body to the fire to be burned, and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby.' Wherein he alleged, that the goodness of the cause, and not the order of death, maketh the holiness of the person. His sermon scarcely lasted a quarter of an hour. 85

Dr. Ridley said to Master Latimer, 'Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?' Latimer said, 'Begin you first, I pray you.' 'I will,' said Ridley. Then, the wicked sermon being ended, they both kneeled down upon their knees towards my Lord Williams of Thame, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, who sat upon a form thereby, unto whom Master Ridley said, 'I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words.' And whilst my lord bent his head to the mayor and Vice-Chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether he might give him leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr. Marshal, Vice-Chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said, 'Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty so to do, but also the benefit of a subject; that is, have your life.' 'Not otherwise?' asked Ridley. 'No,' quoth Dr. Marshal. 'Therefore if you will not so do, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts.' 'Well,' quoth Ridley, 'so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his known truth. God's will be done in me!' And with that he rose up, and said with a loud 110

voice, 'Well, then, I commit our cause to Almighty God, Which shall indifferently judge all.' To whose saying Master Latimer added his old posy—'Well!
 115 there is nothing hid but it shall be opened.' And he said he could answer Smith well enough, if he might be suffered.

Incontinently they were commanded to make them ready, which they with all meekness obeyed. Dr.
 120 Ridley took his gown and his tippet, and gave to his brother-in-law, Master Shippside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by
 125 the sergeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel he also gave away; other the bailiffs took. He gave away besides, divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping, as to Sir Henry Lee he gave a new groat; and to
 130 divers of my Lord Williams's gentlemen, some napkins, some nutmegs, and rases of ginger; his dial, and such other things as he had about him, to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the points off his hose, and happy was he who could get the
 135 least trifle of him.

Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other array, which was very simple; and being stripped to his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that
 140 were there present as one could well see. Then Master Ridley, standing as yet in his truss, said to his brother, 'It were best for me to go in my truss still.' 'No,' quoth his brother, 'it will put you to more pain; and the truss will do a poor man good.' Whereunto Ridley
 145 said, 'Be it, in the name of God,' and so unlaced himself. Then, being in his shirt, he stood upon the fore-said stone, and held up his hand and said, 'O heavenly Father, I give unto Thee most hearty thanks, for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee, even

unto death. I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy 150
upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from
all her enemies.' Then the smith took a chain of iron,
and brought the same about both their middles: and
as he was knocking in a staple, Dr. Ridley took the
chain in his hand, and shook the same, for it did gird 155
in his middle, and looking aside to the smith said,
'Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have
its course.' Then the smith's brother did bring him
a bag of gunpowder, and would have tied the same
about his neck. Dr. Ridley asked what it was; and 160
on being told it was gunpowder, he said, 'I will take
it to be sent of God. And have you any for my
brother?' meaning Latimer. 'Yea, sir, that I have,'
said the man. 'Then give it unto him betime,'
said Ridley, 'lest ye come too late.' So the man 165
carried of the same gunpowder unto Master Latimer.

In the meantime Dr. Ridley spake unto my Lord
Williams, and said, 'My lord, I must be a suitor unto
your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and
specially in the cause of my poor sister. I have made 170
a supplication to the queen in their behalf. I beseech
your lordship, for Christ's sake, to be a mean to her
grace for them. My brother here hath the supplica-
tion, and will resort to your lordship to certify you
hereof. There is nothing in all the world troubleth 175
my conscience, I praise God, this only excepted.
Whilst I was in the see of London, divers poor men
took leases of me, and agreed with me for the same.
Now I hear that the bishop who occupieth the same
room will not allow my grants unto them made; but, 180
contrary to all law and conscience, hath taken from
them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy
the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for
them: you shall do a good deed, and God will reward
you.'

185
Then they brought a lighted faggot, and laid the
same down at Ridley's feet; upon which Latimer said,
'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man.

We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace,
 190 in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' And
 so the fire being given unto them, when Dr. Ridley
 saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with
 a wonderful loud voice, 'In manus tuas, Domine,
 commendo spiritum meum: Domine recipe spiritum
 195 meum.' And after repeated this latter part often
 in English, 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' Master
 Latimer cried as vehemently, on the other side,
 'O Father of heaven, receive my soul!' who received
 the flame as it were embracing it. After that he had
 200 stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed
 them a little in the fire, he soon died (as it appeareth)
 with very little pain or none. And thus much
 concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of
 God, Master Latimer, for whose laborious travails,
 205 fruitful life, and constant death, the whole realm hath
 cause to give great thanks to Almighty God.

J. FOXE (1516-87).

193 *In manus tuas, &c.* 'Into thy hands,' &c.

THE GOLDEN HIND IN THE PACIFIC

1578

WE continuing our course, fell the 29th of November
 with an island called La Mocha, where we cast anchor;
 and our General, hoising out our boat, went with ten
 of our company to shore. Where we found people,
 5 whom the cruel and extreme dealings of the Spaniards
 have forced, for their own safety and liberty, to flee
 from the main, and to fortify themselves in this island.
 We being on land, the people came down to us to the
 water-side with show of great courtesy, bringing to
 10 us potatoes, roots, and two very fat sheep; which our
 General received, and gave them other things for them,
 and had promise to have water there. But the next
 day, repairing again to the shore, and sending two
 men a-land with barrels to fill water, the people taking

3 *General.* i.e. Drake.

3 hoising] hoisting.

them for Spaniards (to whom they use to show no 15
 favour if they take them) laid violent hands on them,
 and, as we think, slew them. Our General seeing
 this, stayed here no longer, but weighed anchor, and
 set sail towards the coast of Chili. And drawing
 towards it, we met near to the shore an Indian in a 20
 canoe who, thinking us to have been Spaniards, came
 to us and told us, that at a place called Santiago, there
 was a great Spanish ship laden from the kingdom of
 Peru; for which good news our General gave him
 divers trifles. Whereof he was glad, and went along 25
 with us and brought us to the place, which is called
 the port of Valparaiso. When we came thither we
 found, indeed, the ship riding at anchor, having in her
 eight Spaniards and three negroes; who, thinking us
 to have been Spaniards, and their friends, welcomed 30
 us with a drum, and made ready a botija of wine of
 Chili to drink to us. But as soon as we were entered,
 one of our company called Thomas Moon began
 to lay about him, and struck one of the Spaniards,
 and said unto him, *Abaxo, perro!* that is in English, 35
 'Go down, dog!' One of these Spaniards, seeing
 persons of that quality in those seas, all to crossed and
 blessed himself. But, to be short, we stowed them
 under hatches, all save one Spaniard, who suddenly
 and desperately leapt overboard into the sea, and 40
 swam ashore to the town of Santiago, to give them
 warning of our arrival.

They of the town, being not above nine households,
 presently fled away and abandoned the town. Our
 General manned his boat and the Spanish ship's boat, 45
 and went to the town; and, being come to it, we
 rifled it, and came to a small chapel, which we entered,
 and found therein a silver chalice, two cruets, and one
 altar-cloth, the spoil whereof our General gave to
 Master Fletcher, his minister. We found also in 50
 this town a warehouse stored with wine of Chili and
 many boards of cedar-wood; all which wine we

brought away with us, and certain of the boards to burn for firewood. And so, being come aboard, we departed the haven, having first set all the Spaniards on land, saving one John Griego, a Greek born, whom our General carried with him as pilot to bring him into the haven of Lima.

When we were at sea our General rifled the ship, and found in her good store of the wine of Chili, and 25,000 *pesos* of very pure and fine gold of Valdivia, amounting in value to 37,000 ducats of Spanish money, and above. So, going on our course, we arrived next at a place called Coquimbo, where our General sent fourteen of his men on land to fetch water. But they were espied by the Spaniards, who came with 300 horsemen and 200 footmen, and slew one of our men with a piece. The rest came aboard in safety, and the Spaniards departed. We went on shore again and buried our man, and the Spaniards came down again with a flag of truce; but we set sail, and would not trust them. From hence we went to a certain port called Tarapaca; where, being landed, we found by the sea-side a Spaniard lying asleep, who had lying by him thirteen bars of silver, which weighed 4,000 ducats Spanish. We took the silver and left the man. Not far from hence, going on land for fresh water, we met with a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving eight *llamas* or sheep of Peru, which are as big as asses; every of which sheep had on his back two bags of leather, each bag containing 50 lb. weight of fine silver. So that, bringing both the sheep and their burthen to the ships, we found in all the bags eight hundredweight of silver.

Herehence we sailed to a place called Arica; and, being entered the port, we found there three small barks, which we rifled, and found in one of them fifty-seven wedges of silver, each of them weighing about 20 lb. weight, and every of these wedges were of the fashion and bigness of a brickbat. In all these three barks we found not one person. For they,

mistrusting no strangers, were all gone a-land to the town, which consisteth of about twenty houses; which we would have ransacked if our company had been better and more in number. But our General, contented with the spoil of the ships, left the town and put off again to sea, and set sail for Lima, and, by the way, met with a small bark, which he boarded, and found in her good store of linen cloth. Whereof taking some quantity, he let her go.

To Lima we came the 13th of February; and, being entered the haven, we found there about twelve sail of ships lying fast moored at an anchor, having all their sails carried on shore; for the masters and merchants were here most secure, having never been assaulted by enemies, and at this time feared the approach of none such as we were. Our General rifled these ships, and found in one of them a chest full of reals of plate, and good store of silks and linen cloth; and took the chest into his own ship, and good store of the silks and linen. In which ship he had news of another ship called the *Cacafuego*, which was gone towards Payta, and that the same ship was laden with treasure. Whereupon we stayed no longer here, but, cutting all the cables of the ships in the haven, we let them drive whither they would, either to sea or to the shore; and with all speed we followed the *Cacafuego* toward Payta, thinking there to have found her. But before we arrived there she was gone from thence towards Panama; whom our General still pursued, and by the way met with a bark laden with ropes and tackle for ships, which he boarded and searched, and found in her 80 lb. weight of gold, and a crucifix of gold with goodly great emeralds set in it, which he took, and some of the cordage also for his own ship. From hence we departed, still following the *Cacafuego*; and our General promised our company that whosoever should first descry her should have his chain of gold for his good news. It fortun'd that John Drake, going

105 secure]free of care; heedless. 108 real]Spanish silver coin.

130 up into the top, descried her about three of the clock. And about six of the clock we came to her and boarded her, and shot at her three pieces of ordnance, and strake down her mizen; and, being entered, we found in her great riches, as jewels and precious stones, thirteen
 135 chests full of reals of plate, fourscore pound weight of gold, and six-and-twenty ton of silver. The place where we took this prize was called Cape de San Francisco, about 150 leagues [south] from Panama. The pilot's name of this ship was *Francisco*; and amongst
 140 other plate that our General found in this ship he found two very fair gilt bowls of silver, which were the pilot's. To whom our General said, 'Señor Pilot, you have here two silver cups, but I must needs have one of them;' which the pilot, because he could not otherwise
 145 choose, yielded unto, and gave the other to the steward of our General's ships. When this pilot departed from us, his boy said thus unto our General; 'Captain, our ship shall be called no more the *Cacafuego*, but the *Cacaplata*, and your ship shall be called the *Cacafuego*.'
 150 Which pretty speech of the pilot's boy ministered matter of laughter to us, both then and long after. When our General had done what he would with this *Cacafuego*, he cast her off, and we went on our course still towards the west; and not long after met with a
 155 ship laden with linen cloth and fine China dishes of white earth, and great store of China silks, of all which things we took as we listed. The owner himself of this ship was in her, who was a Spanish gentleman, from whom our General took a falcon of gold, with
 160 a great emerald in the breast thereof; and the pilot of the ship he took also with him, and so cast the ship off.

This pilot brought us to the haven of Guatulco, the town whereof, as he told us, had but seventeen Spaniards in it. As soon as we were entered this
 165 haven, we landed, and went presently to the town and to the town-house; where we found a judge sitting in judgement, being associated with three other officers,

165 presently] immediately.

upon three negroes that had conspired the burning of the town. Both which judges and prisoners we took, and brought them a-shipboard, and caused the chief judge to write his letter to the town to command all the townsmen to avoid, that we might safely water there. Which being done, and they departed, we ransacked the town; and in one house we found a pot, of the quantity of a bushel, full of reals of plate, which we brought to our ship. And here one Thomas Moon, one of our company, took a Spanish gentleman as he was flying out of the town; and, searching him, he found a chain of gold about him, and other jewels, which he took, and so let him go. At this place our General, among other Spaniards, set ashore his Portugal pilot which he took at the islands of Cape Verde out of a ship of St. Mary port, of Portugal. And having set them ashore we departed hence, and sailed to the island of Canno; where our General landed, and brought to shore his own ship, and discharged her, mended and graved her, and furnished our ship with water and wood sufficiently.

And while we were here we espied a ship and set sail after her, and took her, and found in her two pilots and a Spanish governor, going for the islands of the Philipinas. We searched the ship, and took some of her merchandises, and so let her go. Our General at this place and time, thinking himself, both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and prince in general, sufficiently satisfied and revenged; and supposing that her Majesty at his return would rest contented with this service, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coast, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his country.

He thought it not good to return by the Straits, for two special causes: the one, lest the Spaniards should there wait and attend for him in great number and strength, whose hands, he, being left but one ship, could

not possibly escape. The other cause was the dangerous situation of the mouth of the Straits in the South Sea ; where continual storms reigning and blustering, as he
 210 found by experience, besides the shoals and sands upon the coast, he thought it not a good course to adventure that way. He resolved, therefore, to avoid these hazards, to go forward to the Islands of the Malucos, and therehence to sail the course of the Portugals by
 215 the Cape of Buena Esperanza.

[Narrative by Francis Pretty.]
 R. HAKLUYT (? 1553-1616).

EDMUND CAMPION, MARTYR

1581

EDMUND CAMPION was born in London, where he had his first education in Christchurch Hospital. From whence he was sent to Oxford, where he was brought up in St. John's College, being very much
 5 beloved for his excellent qualifications by Sir Thomas White, of worthy memory, the founder of that house, at whose burial he made an excellent oration in Latin, having made the like before in English at the funeral of my Lady Dudley, late wife of the Earl of Leicester ;
 10 where, after he had passed with great applause through all exercises, degrees, and offices as the University yieldeth to men of his condition, by the importunate persuasions of some of his friends that were desirous of his worldly honour and advancement,
 15 he suffered himself to be made deacon after their new fashion.

But for all that, our Lord mercifully withheld him from that ambitious course which is the gulf in which many great wits have perished in these days. There-
 20 fore, having spent some more time in study, and travelled into Ireland (the history of which country he wrote truly and eloquently), hearing that there was

a seminary not long before begun in Douai, he went over thither (where, under the conduct of Dr. Allen, first President of the College, he applied himself with 25 great diligence as well to the study of divinity as to the acquiring the knowledge of God and himself, the true science of the saints); and after many exercises, done both in the house and in the public schools, he proceeded Bachelor of Divinity, to his great commend- 30 ation, and the honour of our nation.

At last he happily landed at Dover the day after Midsummer, 1580, being, by God's great goodness, delivered out of the searchers' and officers' hands, who detained him with them on suspicion for some 35 hours, upon deliberation to have sent him to the Council. Coming therefore to London, he preached there his first sermon upon St. Peter and St. Paul's Day, at which I myself was present, where he had a full audience, and that of persons of distinction. 40 But afterwards, both there and in sundry other parts of the realm, far greater through the fame and experience of his manifold virtues and great eloquence and learning, many Protestants of good nature being at sundry times to hear him; who ever afterwards con- 45 temned their vulgar pulpit-men in comparison of him. . . . At length, after he had laboured in God's harvest near thirteen months, being betrayed by one George Eliot, after long search and much ado, by God's permission he fell into the persecutors' hands, 50 the 17th of July, 1581, being found in a secret closet in a Catholic gentleman and confessor's house, called Mr. Yates of Lyford, two godly priests, Mr. Ford and Mr. Collington, being with him, all lying, when the enemy discovered them, upon a bed, their faces and 55 hands lifted up to Heaven. He offered his two companions in the search, that if they thought that all that ado was for him, and that he yielding himself up might acquit them, he would give himself up; but they would not suffer this in any wise, but hearing 60 one another's confessions, expected God's goodwill

together, every one having penance enjoined, to say three times, 'Thy will be done, O Lord! and, St. John Baptist, pray for me!' Which blessed saint they particularly invoked, for that Father Campion was delivered, as he took it, out of the searchers' hands at Dover by the intercession of that holy prophet, his special patron.

Father Campion, being now in the power of the traitor Eliot and the officers, and made a show and matter of mockery to the unwise multitude and the ungodly of all sorts, showed such remarkable modesty, mildness, patience, and Christian humility in all his speeches and actions, that the good were exceedingly edified and the enemies much astonished. After he had been two days in the custody of the Sheriff of Berkshire, he was carried with the rest, as well priests as gentlemen and others apprehended in that place, towards London. At Abingdon, among others, divers scholars of Oxford came to see the man so famous, of which being told by one Mr. Lydcot, he said he was very glad, himself being once of that university, and asked whether they would hear a sermon. There, at dinner, Eliot said to him, 'Mr. Campion, you look cheerfully upon everybody but me; I know you are angry with me in your heart for this work.' 'God forgive thee, Eliot,' said he, 'for so judging of me; I forgive thee, and in token thereof I drink to thee; yea, and if thou wilt repent and come to confession, I will absolve thee; *but large penance thou must have.*'

On his way to London, besides the tying of his legs under his horse and binding his arms behind him, which was done to the others also, the Council appointed a paper to be set upon his hat, with great capital letters; CAMPION THE SEDITIOUS JESUIT; and gave orders, that they should stay at Colebrook a good part, of Friday and all the night, that thence they might bring him and his companions upon Saturday in triumph through the city, and the whole length thereof, especially through such places

where, by reason of the markets of that day, the greatest concourse of the common people was; whom in such matters their policy seeks most to please; which was executed accordingly, all London, almost, beholding the spectacle; the mob gazing, and with 105
delight beholding the novelty; but the wiser sort lamenting to see our country fallen to such barbarous iniquity as to abuse in this manner a religious man so honourable in all nations for his learning, and of so innocent a life. So that day, which was the 22nd of 110
July, he was delivered up to the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Here, besides the ordinary miseries incident to that kind of imprisonment, doubled by the inhuman dealing and deep hatred to Catholics of the chief officer of the 115
place, after sundry examinations, terrors, and threats by the Lord Chancellor and others of the Council and Commission, he was divers times racked, to force out of him, by intolerable torments, whose houses he had frequented, by whom he was relieved, 120
whom he had reconciled, when, which way, for what purpose, and by what commission, he came into the realm; how, where, and by whom he printed and dispersed his books, and such like.

At his first racking, they went no further with him; 125
but afterwards, when they saw he could not be won to condescend somewhat at least in religion, which was the thing they most desired, they thought good to forge matter of treason against him, and framed their demands accordingly; about which he was so cruelly 130
torn and rent upon the torture the two last times, that he told a friend of his that found means to speak with him, that he thought they meant to make him away in that manner. Before he went to the rack, he used to fall down at the rack-house door upon both knees 135
to commend himself to God's mercy; and upon the rack he called continually upon God, repeating often the holy name of Jesus. He most charitably forgave his tormentors, and the causers thereof. His keeper

140 asking him the next day how he felt his hands and feet, he answered, '*not ill, because not at all.*'

The enemies, not contented with this and many other accustomed ways of torture, secretly, as it is said, used towards him to afflict his body, added
 145 a thousand devices and slanderous reports to wrong him in his fame, opening all the mouths of the ministers to bark against him; sometimes publishing that there was great hope he would become a Protestant; sometimes, that he had been at Church and service;
 150 another while, that he had uttered upon the rack all that ever he knew; yea, sometimes, that he had therefore killed himself in prison; which, no doubt, they would have further avouched, if he had died by racking, as it was very like he should have done. . . .

155 The 14th day of November, 1581, he and seven others were brought from the Tower to the King's Bench Bar, and a bill of their indictment was read in the hearing of Father Campion and the rest, how that in the 22nd year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady
 160 the Queen, on the last day of May, in the parts beyond the seas, they had practised the Queen's deposition and death, and the stirring up of rebellion within, and invasion of the realm from abroad, and such-like stuff. Whereupon he was arraigned with the others, and
 165 commanded, as custom is in such cases, to hold up his hand; but both his arms being pitifully benumbed by his often cruel racking before, and he having them wrapped in a furred cuff, he was not able to lift his hand so high as the rest did, and as was required of him;
 170 but one of his companions, kissing his hand so abused for the confession of Christ, took off his cuff, and so he lifted up his arm as high as he could, and pleaded *not guilty*, as all the rest did. 'I protest,' said he, 'before God and His holy angels, before heaven and earth,
 175 before the world and this Bar whereat I stand, which is but a small resemblance of the terrible judgement of the next life, that I am not guilty of any part of the

treason contained in the indictment, or of any other treason whatsoever.' Then lifting up his voice, he added, 'Is it possible to find twelve men so wicked 180 and void of all conscience in this city or land that will find us guilty together of this one crime, divers of us never meeting, or knowing one the other, before our bringing to this Bar?' . . .

But it was Father Campion that especially was 185 designed to die, and for his sake the rest ; and therefore no defence could serve. And the poor jury did that which they understood was looked for at their hands, and brought them in all guilty—Mr. Popham, the Attorney-General, having plainly signified to them 190 that it was the Queen's will it should be so. 'The most unjust verdict', says my author, 'that ever I think was given up in this land, whereat already not only England, but all the Christian world, doth wonder, and which our posterity shall lament and be ashamed of.' 195 Upon this sentence followed that all these holy men should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, as in cases of high treason, and so that doleful day was spent. Father Campion and his happy associates rejoiced in God, using divers holy speeches of Scripture, to their 200 own comfort and the great edification of others, and so were sent back to their prisons again, where, being laid up in irons for the rest of their time, they expected God's mercy and the Queen's pleasure.' . . .

On the morning of the 1st of December, he was 205 brought to Mr. Sherwine and Mr. Brian, who were to be his companions in death, who waited for him in the Coleharbour Prison ; and after mutual embraces, they were all three led out to the hurdles prepared for them, Father Campion saluting the people at his 210 coming out with these words, 'God save you all ! God bless you, and make you all good Catholics !' 'They were drawn from the Tower to Tyburn,' says my author, 'there to be martyred for the Catholic faith and religion.' 215

Father Campion was alone on one hurdle, and the

other two together on another, all molested by ministers and others calling upon them by the way for their subversion, and by some also, as opportunity
220 served, comforted; and Father Campion especially consulted by one in some cases of conscience and religion, and the mire wherewith he was all spattered most courteously wiped off his face.

When they were come to the place of execution,
225 where divers of Her Majesty's Honourable Council, with many other persons of honour, besides an infinite multitude of people, attended their coming, Father Campion was first brought up into the cart, where, after some small pause, he began to speak upon that
230 text of St. Paul, 1 Cor. iv. 9, 'We are made a spectacle to the world,' &c., but was interrupted by Sir Francis Knowles and the Sheriffs urging him to confess his treason against her Majesty, and to acknowledge himself guilty. To whom he answered, 'For the treason
235 which has been laid to my charge and I am come here to suffer for, I desire you all to bear witness with me that thereof I am altogether innocent.'

Whereupon answer was made to him by one of the Council, that he might not seem to deny the objections
240 against him, having been proved by sufficient evidence. 'Well, my lord,' said he, 'I am a Catholic man and a priest. In that faith have I lived, and in that faith do I intend to die; and if you esteem my religion treason, then am I guilty; as for any other
245 treason I never committed, God is my judge; but you have now what you desire. I beseech you to have patience, and suffer me to speak a word or two for discharge of my conscience.' But not being suffered to go forward, he was forced to speak only to that
250 point which they most urged, protesting that he was innocent of all treason and conspiracy, desiring credit to be given to his answers as to the last answer made upon his death and soul; adding that the jury might easily be deceived, &c., but that he forgave all as he
255 desired to be forgiven; desiring all them to forgive

him whose names he had confessed on the rack (for, upon the Commissioners' oaths that no harm should come unto them, he uttered some persons with whom he had been).

Further, he declared the meaning of a letter sent by ²⁶⁰ himself, in time of his imprisonment, to Mr. Pound, a prisoner then also in the Tower, in which he wrote that he would not disclose the secrets of some houses where he had been entertained; affirming upon his soul that the secrets he meant in that letter were not, ²⁶⁵ as it was misconstrued by the enemy, treason or conspiracy, or any matter else against her Majesty or the State, but saying of mass, hearing confessions, preaching, and such-like duties and functions of priesthood. This he protested to be true as he would answer ²⁷⁰ before God.

They pressed him to declare his opinion of Pius Quintus his bull concerning the excommunication of the Queen. To which demand he gave no answer. Then they asked whether he renounced the Pope. ²⁷⁵ He answered he was a Catholic. Whereupon one inferred, saying, 'In your Catholicism' (I noted the term) 'all treason is contained.' In fine, preparing himself to drink his last draught of Christ's cup, he was interrupted in his prayer by a minister, willing ²⁸⁰ him to say some prayer with him; unto whom, looking back with a mild countenance, he meekly replied, 'You and I are not one in religion, only I desire them of the household of faith to pray with me, and in my agony to say one creed' (for a signification that he died for ²⁸⁵ the confession of the Catholic faith therein contained).

Some one else called to him to pray in English, to whom he answered that he would pray in a language that he well understood. At the upshot of this conflict he was willed to ask the Queen's forgiveness, and to ²⁹⁰ pray for her. He meekly answered, 'Wherein have I offended her? In this I am innocent: this is my last speech: in this give me credit: I have and do pray for her.' Then the Lord Charles Howard asked of him

295 for which Queen he prayed, whether for Elizabeth the Queen? To whom he answered, 'Yea, for Elizabeth, your Queen and my Queen.' And the cart being drawn away, he meekly and sweetly yielded his soul into his Saviour, protesting that he died a perfect
300 Catholic.

From *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*.
BISHOP CHALLONER (1691-1781).

SIR HUMFREY GILBERT'S END

1583

I WILL hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General. And as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion and entreaty of his friends could
5 nothing avail to divert him of a wilful resolution of going through in his frigate; which was overcharged upon the decks with fights, nettings, and small artillery, too cumbersome for so small a boat that was to pass through the ocean sea at that season of the
10 year, when by course we might expect much storm of foul weather. Whereof, indeed, we had enough.

But when he was entreated by the captain, master, and other his well-willers of the *Hind* not to venture in the frigate, this was his answer: 'I will not forsake
15 my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.' And in very truth he was urged to be so over hard by hard reports given of him that he was afraid of the sea; albeit this was rather rashness than advised resolution, to prefer the
20 wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life. Seeing he would not bend to reason, he had provision out of the *Hind*, such as was wanting aboard his frigate. And so we committed him to God's protection, and set him aboard his pinnace, we being
25 more than 300 leagues onward of our way home.

By that time we had brought the Islands of Azores

south of us ; yet we then keeping much to the north, until we had got into the height and elevation of England, we met with very foul weather and terrible seas, breaking short and high, pyramid-wise. The reason whereof seemed to proceed either of hilly grounds high and low within the sea, as we see hills and vales upon the land, upon which the seas do mount and fall, or else the cause proceedeth of diversity of winds, shifting often in sundry points, all which having power to move the great ocean, which again is not presently settled, so many seas do encounter together, as there had been diversity of winds. Howsoever it cometh to pass, men which all their lifetime had occupied the sea never saw more outrageous seas. We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call *Castor* and *Pollux*. But we had only one, which they take an evil sign of more tempest ; the same is usual in storms.

Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered ; and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hind*, so oft as we did approach within hearing, ' We are as near to heaven by sea as by land ! ' Reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us, in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried, ' the General was cast away, ' which was too true. For in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night, and ever after until we arrived upon the coast of England ; omitting no small sail at sea, unto which we gave not the tokens between us agreed upon to have perfect knowledge of each other, if we should at any time be separated.

In great torment of weather and peril of drowning it pleased God to send safe home the *Golden Hind*, which arrived in Falmouth the 22nd of September, being Sunday, not without as great danger escaped in
 70 a flaw coming from the south-east, with such thick mist that we could not discern land to put in right with the haven. From Falmouth we went to Dartmouth, and lay there at anchor before the Range, while the captain went a-land to inquire if there had
 75 been any news of the frigate, which, sailing well, might happily have been before us; also to certify Sir John Gilbert, brother unto the General, of our hard success, whom the captain desired, while his men were yet aboard him, and were witnesses of all
 80 occurrences in that voyage, it might please him to take the examination of every person particularly, in discharge of his and their faithful endeavour. Sir John Gilbert refused so to do, holding himself satisfied with the report made by the captain, and not altogether
 85 despairing of his brother's safety, offered friendship and courtesy to the captain and his company, requiring to have his bark brought into the harbour; in furtherance whereof a boat was sent to help to tow her in.

Nevertheless, when the captain returned aboard his
 90 ship, he found his men bent to depart every man to his home; and then the wind serving to proceed higher upon the coast, they demanded money to carry them home, some to London, others to Harwich, and elsewhere, if the bark should be carried into Dartmouth
 95 and they discharged so far from home, or else to take benefit of the wind, then serving to draw nearer home, which should be a less charge unto the captain, and great ease unto the men, having else far to go. Reason accompanied with necessity persuaded the
 100 captain, who sent his lawful excuse and cause of this sudden departure unto Sir John Gilbert, by the boat of Dartmouth, and from thence the *Golden Hind* departed and took harbour at Weymouth.

Thus have I delivered the contents of the enterprise and last action of Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, ¹⁰⁵ faithfully, for so much as I thought meet to be published; wherein may always appear, though he be extinguished, some sparks of his virtues, he remaining firm and resolute in a purpose by all pretence honest and godly, as was this, to discover, possess, ¹¹⁰ and to reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of America not actually possessed by Christians, and most rightly appertaining unto the crown of England.

[Narrative of Captain Hayes of the *Golden Hind*.]
R. HAKLUYT (? 1553-1616).

MARTYRDOM OF MARGARET CLITHEROW

1586

[Margaret Clitherow, 'the Pearl of York,' when put on her trial refused to plead for fear of involving her relatives. She was therefore sentenced to be pressed to death—*peine forte et dure*.]

ABOUT eight of the clock the Sheriffs came to her, and she being ready expecting them, having trimmed up her head with new inkle, and carrying on her arm the new habit of linen with inkle strings, which she had prepared to bind her hands, went cheerfully to ⁵ her marriage, as she called it, dealing her alms in the street, which was so full of people that she could scarce pass by them. She went barefoot and bare-legged, her gown loose about her. Fawcett, the Sheriff, made haste and said, 'Come away, Mrs. ¹⁰ Clitherow.' The martyr answered merrily, 'Good Master Sheriff, let me deal my poor alms before I now go, for my time is but short.' They marvelled all to see her joyful countenance.

The place of execution was the Tolbooth, six or ¹⁵

seven yards' distance from the prison. There were present at her martyrdom the two Sheriffs of York, Fawcett and Gibson, Frost, a minister, Fox, Mr. Cheeke's kinsman, with another of his men, the four
20 sergeants which had hired certain beggars to do the murder, three or four men, and four women.

The martyr coming to the place, kneeled her down, and prayed to herself. The tormentors bade her pray with them, and they would pray with her. The
25 martyr denied, and said, 'I will not pray with you, and you shall not pray with me; neither will I say Amen to your prayers, nor shall you to mine.' Then they willed her to pray for the Queen's Majesty. The martyr began in this order. First, in the
30 hearing of them all, she prayed for the Catholic Church, then for the Pope's Holiness, Cardinals, and other Fathers which have charge of souls, and then for all Christian princes. At which words the tormentors interrupted her, and willed her not to put
35 her Majesty among that company; yet the martyr proceeded in this order; 'And especially for Elizabeth, Queen of England, that God move her in the Catholic faith, and that after this mortal life she may receive the joys of Heaven. For I wish as much good,'
40 quoth she, 'to her Majesty's soul as to mine own.' Sheriff Gibson, abhorring the cruel fact, stood weeping at the door. Then said Fawcett, 'Mrs. Clitherow, you must remember and confess that you die for treason.' The martyr answered, 'No, no,
45 Mr. Sheriff; I die for the love of my Lord Jesu;' which last words she spake with a loud voice. Then Fawcett commanded her to put off her apparel, 'For you must die,' said he, 'naked, as judgement was given and pronounced against you.'

50 The women took off her clothes and put upon her the long habit of linen. Then very quietly she laid her down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief, the linen habit being placed over her as far as it could reach, all the rest of her body being

naked. The door was laid upon her, her hands she 55
joined towards her face. Then the Sheriff said,
'Nay, you must have your hands bound.' The
martyr put forth both her hands over the door still
joined. Then two sergeants parted them, and with
the inkle strings which she had prepared for that 60
purpose, bound them to two posts, so that her body
and her arms made a perfect cross. They willed her
again to ask the Queen's Majesty's forgiveness and to
pray for her. The martyr said she had prayed for
her. They also willed her to ask her husband's 65
forgiveness. The martyr said, 'If ever I have
offended him, but for my conscience, I ask him
forgiveness.'

After this they laid weight upon her, which, when
she first felt, she said, 'Jesu! Jesu! Jesu! have mercy 70
upon me!' which were the last words which she was
heard to speak.

She was in dying one quarter of an hour. A
sharp stone, as much as a man's fist, was put under
her back; upon her was laid a quantity of seven or 75
eight hundredweight at the least, which, breaking her
ribs, caused them to burst forth of the skin.

Thus most gloriously this gracious martyr over-
came her enemies, passing from this mortal life with
marvellous triumph into the peaceable city of God, 80
there to receive a worthy crown of endless immortality
and joy. This was at nine of the clock and she
continued in the press until three in the afternoon.

J. MUSH (1551-?1612).

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

1603

AFTER that all things were quieted and the border
in safety, towards the end of five years that I had
been warden there, having little to do, I resolved

upon a journey to Court, to see my friends and
5 renew my acquaintance there. I took my journey
about the end of the year.

When I came to Court, I found the Queen ill-
disposed, and she kept her inner lodging. Yet she,
hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in
10 one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon
her cushions. She called me to her. I kissed her
hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to
see her in safety and health, which I wished might
long continue.

15 She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard; and
said 'No, Robin, I am not well!' and then discoursed
with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had
been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and, in
her discourse, she fetched not so few as forty or fifty
20 great sighs.

I was grieved, at the first, to see her in this plight;
for, in all my lifetime before, I never knew her fetch
a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded.
Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many tears and
25 sighs; manifesting her innocence that she never gave
consent to the death of that Queen.

I used the best words I could to persuade her from
this melancholy humour; but I found, by her, it was too
deep-rooted in her heart; and hardly to be removed.
30 This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave
command that the great closet should be prepared
for her to go to chapel the next morning.

The next day, all things being in a readiness, we
long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one
35 of the grooms came out, and bade make ready for the
private closet; for she would not go to the great.

There we stayed long for her coming; but at last
she had cushions laid for her in the privy chamber,
hard by the closet door, and there she heard service.

40 From that day forwards, she grew worse and worse.
She remained upon her cushions four days and nights

6 end of the year. i. e. March, 1603.

at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed.

I, hearing that neither her physicians, nor none about her, could persuade her to take any course for her safety, feared her death would soon after ensue. I could not but think in what a wretched estate I should be left, most of my livelihood depending on her life. And hereupon I bethought myself with what grace and favour I was ever received by the King of Scots, whensoever I was sent to him. I did assure myself it was neither unjust, nor dishonest, for me to do for myself, if God, at that time, should call her to His mercy. Hereupon I wrote to the King of Scots, knowing him to be the right heir to the Crown of England, and certified him in what state her Majesty was. I desired him not to stir from Edinburgh; and if, of that sickness she should die, I would be the first man that should bring him news of it.

The Queen grew worse and worse, because she would be so, none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed. My Lord Admiral was sent for; who (by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife) had absented himself some fortnight from Court.

What by fair means, what by force, he got her to bed. There was no hope of her recovery, because she refused all remedies.

On Wednesday, the 23rd of March, she grew speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her Council: and by putting her hand to her head when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her.

About six at night she made signs for the Archbishop and her chaplains to come to her. At which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees full of tears, to see that heavy sight.

Her Majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed and the other without.

The Bishop kneeled down by her, and examined

her first of her faith: and she so punctually answered all his several questions by lifting up her eyes, and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all beholders.

85 Then the good man told her plainly what she was; and what she was to come to: and though she had been long a great Queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of Kings.

90 After this, he began to pray; and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her.

The Queen made a sign with her hand. My sister
95 Scroope, knowing her meaning, told the Bishop the Queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half-hour after; and then thought to have left her. The second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer.

100 He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health; which he uttered with that fervency of spirit as the Queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat; and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end.

105 By this time it grew late, and every one departed: all but her women that attended her.

This that I heard with my ears, and did see with my eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth upon the faith of a Christian; because
110 I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady.

I went to my lodging, and left word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call me, if that night it was thought she would die; and gave the porter an angel
115 to let me in at any time when I called.

Between one and two of the clock on Thursday morning, he that I left in the cofferer's chamber brought me word, 'The Queen was dead.' I rose, and made all haste to the gate to get in. There I was

answered, I could not enter : the Lords of the Council ¹²⁰ having been with him and commanded him that none should go in or out, but by warrant from them.

At the very instant, one of the Council, the Comptroller, asked, Whether I was at the gate. I said 'Yes.' He said, If I pleased, he would let me in. ¹²⁵ I desired to know how the Queen was. He answered 'Pretty well.' I bade him 'Good night.'

He replied and said, 'Sir, if you will come in, I will give you my word and credit you shall go out again at your own pleasure.' ¹³⁰

Upon his word I entered the gate, and came up to the cofferer's chamber, where I found all the ladies weeping bitterly.

He led me from thence to the Privy Chamber; where all the Council was assembled. There I was caught hold of, and assured I should not go for Scotland till their pleasures were further known. ¹³⁵

I told them, 'I came of purpose, to that end.'

From thence, they all went to the Secretary's chamber, and, as they went, they gave a special ¹⁴⁰ command to the porters that none should go out at the gates but such servants as they should send to prepare their coaches and horses for London.

Thus was I left, in the midst of the Court, to think my own thoughts till they had done counsel. I went ¹⁴⁵ to my brother's chamber, who was in bed, having been over-watched many nights before.

I got him up with all speed; and when the Council's men were going out of the gate, my brother thrust to the gate. ¹⁵⁰

The porter, knowing him to be a great officer, let him out. I pressed after him, and was stayed by the porter.

My brother said angrily to the porter, 'Let him out, I will answer for him!' Whereupon I was suffered to pass, which I was not a little glad of. ¹⁵⁵

I got to horse, and rode to the Knight Marshal's lodging by Charing Cross, and there stayed till the Lords came to Whitehall Garden.

I stayed there till it was nine o'clock in the morning ;
 160 and hearing that all the Lords were in the Old Orchard at Whitehall, I sent the marshal to tell them that I had stayed all that while to know their pleasures ; and that I would attend them, if they would command me any service.

165 They were very glad when they heard I was not gone, and desired the marshal to send for me ; and I should, with all speed, be dispatched for Scotland.

The marshal believed them, and sent Sir Arthur Savage for me. I made haste to them. One of the
 170 Council, my lord of Banbury that now is, whispered the marshal in the ear, and told him, if I came they would stay me, and send some other in my stead.

The marshal got from them, and met me coming to them, between the two gates. He bade me, 'Be
 175 gone !' for he had learned for certain that if I came to them they would betray me.

I returned, and took horse between nine and ten o'clock ; and that night rode to Doncaster.

The Friday night, I came to my own house at
 180 Widdrington, and presently took order with my deputies to see the borders kept in quiet ; which they had much to do : and gave order the next morning, the King of Scotland should be proclaimed King of England ; and at Morpeth and Alnwick.

185 Very early on Saturday I took horse for Edinburgh and came to Norham, about twelve at noon. So that I might well have been with the King at supper time ; but I got a great fall by the way, and my horse, with one of his heels, gave me a great blow
 190 on the head, that made me shed much blood. It made me so weak that I was forced to ride a soft pace after : so that the King was newly gone to bed by the time I knocked at the gate.

I was quickly let in, and carried up to the King's
 195 chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of 'England, Scotland, France, and Ireland'. He gave me his hand to kiss, and bade me welcome.

After he had long discoursed of the manner of the Queen's sickness, and of her death, he asked what letters I had from the Council.

I told him, 'None': and acquainted him how narrowly I escaped from them. And yet I brought him a blue ring from a lady that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported.

He took it, and looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough. I know by this you are a true messenger.'

Then he committed me to the charge of my Lord Home, and gave straight command that I should want nothing.

He sent for his surgeons to attend me, and when I kissed his hand at my departure, he said to me these gracious words: 'I know you have lost a near kinswoman and a loving mistress; but take here my hand, I will be as good a master to you and will requite you this service with honour and reward.'

So I left him that night, and went with my Lord Home to my lodging, where I had all things fitting for so weary a man as I was. After my head was dressed I took leave of my lord, and many others that attended me, and went to my rest.

The next morning, by ten o'clock, my Lord Home was sent to me from the King, to know how I had rested: and withal said that his Majesty commanded him to know of me what it was that I desired most that he should do for me: bade me ask, and it shall be granted.

I desired my lord to say to his Majesty from me that I had no reason to importune him for any suit; for that I had not, as yet, done him any service; but my humble request to his Majesty was to admit me a Gentleman of his Bedchamber; and hereafter I knew, if his Majesty saw me worthy, I should not want to taste of his bounty.

My lord returned this answer, that he sent me word back, with all his heart, I should have my request.

And the next time I came to Court, which was

some four days after at night, I was called into his Bedchamber, and there, by my Lord of Richmond, in his presence, I was sworn one of the Gentlemen of
 240 his Bedchamber: and presently I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed till he was in bed.

After this there came, daily, gentlemen and noblemen from our Court: and the King set down a fixed day for his departure towards London.

245 Upon the report of the Queen's death, the East Border broke forth into great unruliness: insomuch as many complaints came to the King thereof. I was desirous to go to appease them; but I was so weak and ill of my head, that I was not able to undertake
 250 such a journey; but I offered that I would send my two deputies, that should appease the trouble and make them quiet; which was by them, shortly after, effected.

Now was I to begin a new world: for by the King's coming to the Crown I was to lose the best part
 255 of my living. For my Office of Wardenry ceased; and I lost the pay of forty horse, which were not so little, both as £1,000 per annum.

Most of the great ones in Court envied my happiness when they heard I was sworn of the King's
 260 Bedchamber; and in Scotland I had no acquaintance. I only relied on God and the King. The one never left me; the other, shortly after his coming to London, deceived my expectation, and adhered to those that sought my ruin.

SIR ROBERT CAREY (? 1561-1639).

OF THE STUARTS GENERALLY

1603

I SAY, moreover, there is much in blood, in descent; and the hereditary principle is by no means nothing. Strong races will last you many centuries; will carry some lineaments of their Founder across the confusions
 5 of a long tract of Time. Do we not see, in these very

days, a kind of Nassauism visible in this or the other Prince of Orange; a Bourbon physiognomy and eupeptic toughness of fibre in this or the other king of the French? Great King Races, before they die out, give many signs of greatness; and especially while they are dying out, give tragic signs. The last Vasa of Sweden,—it was melancholy to see how he had the long solemn visage of a Charles Twelfth, or of a Gustavus Adolphus, Lion of the North; something of the stateliness, the veracity, the lofty obstinacy, proud sense of honour, which had marked his hero-fathers: only the faculty, the insight and energy had been forgotten. Tragical enough. The outer physiognomy, the *case* of a true king and Vasa still there; but no king or Vasa within it:—wherefore the poor *case* had to be sent on its travels, as we know!

In Breadalbane Castle there is, or was, and in many Granger Print-books there still is, the Portraiture of a Stuart worth looking at. It is the Fourth James; he who rushed upon his death at Flodden. A brave enough, kingly face, beautiful and stern; his long black hair flowing down in rough floods; carelessly dashed on his head, the Highland cap with its feather: a really royal-looking man. You will note too, in his aspect, that singular dash of tragic, of Gypsy black, still visible in his distant Grandson, Charles Second, and lower. In the English Solomon, in the Royal Martyr, in the Royal Pretender, you find the same bodeful and dark physiognomic element, now more, now less developed. They were all of one blood and bone; the same tragic element in their character and destiny, as well as in their faces. They descended all from Elizabeth Muir of Rowallan, and were a royal kind of men,—but, at their best, not royal enough.

The Poet King, the First of the Scotch Jameses; in him, still visibly to all of us, the world had assurance of a man. Of his melodious written Poems, I say nothing; for a certain eternal rhythm and melody looked through the whole being of the man;

45 struggling to unfold itself as an Acted Poem, much properer for a king. I find him a right brave man, the born enemy of all unveracities and dissonances; to whom oppressors, thieves, quacks, and every sort of scoundrels were an abomination. He made enemies; 50 infallibly enough, extensively enough. A hungry sanguinary pack of Earls, and such like, broke in upon him in Perth Monastery, and fiercely tore him down,—as vicious dogs do, when their collars and leashes are not strong enough; when, alas, perhaps they have 55 long been in the habit of ‘*eating* leather’, which, says the proverb, dogs should never be taught to *eat*.

There is another James, he that did *Christ's Kirk* and the *Gaberlunzie* Song, in whom, had he never done more, some pulse of a royal heart were traceable 60 to me. This man, too, had rhythmic virtue in him; an eye to see through the ‘*clothes of things*’; a genial heart, broad, manful, sympathetic, a laugh like an earthquake! And beautiful Mary, surely she, too, was a high kind of woman; with haughty energies, 65 most flashing, fitful discernments, generousities; too fitful all, though most gracefully elaborated: the born daughter of heroes,—but sore involved in Papistries, French coquetries, poor woman: and had the dash of Gypsy tragic in her, I doubt not; and was seductive 70 enough to several, instead of being divinely beautiful to all. Considering her grand rude task in this world, and her beautiful, totally inadequate faculty for doing it, and stern destiny for not doing it,—even Dryasdust has felt that there was seldom anything more tragical; 75 and has expressed and still expresses the same in his peculiar way.

So many inadequate heroes: not heroic enough! It is no child's play, governing Nations. Nations are sometimes rather tragical to govern. When your 80 Nation is at a new epoch of development, and struggling to unfold itself from Papistry to Protestantism, from Image-worship to God-worship, from torpid, slumberous Hearsay to wakeful terror-struck

and terrible Sincerity, and your Royal Race, perhaps, is on the downward hand, nearly bankrupt of heroism, 85 verging towards extinction, and knows nothing of wakeful Nations and their meaning,—yes, then there will arise very tragic complexities; and Dryasdust will again have work cut out for him.

These poor Royal Stuarts who came of Elizabeth 90 Muir, and by the hereditary principle, without forethought of *theirs*, were sent to be Chief Governors here: may we not call them 'fateful'? The Fates said to them: Be Kings, of talent, but not of talent enough. Kings of a deep, inarticulate People, in whose heart is 95 kindled fire of Heaven, which shall be unintelligible, and incredible to you. Take these heroic qualities, this dash of Gypsy black. Let there run in your quick blood a pruriency of appetite, a proud impatience,—alas, an unveracity, a heat and a darkness, 100 and therewith try to govern England in the Age of Puritanism. That, we have computed, will be tragedy enough, for England and you.

T. CARLYLE (1795-1881).

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

1620

REASONS FOR MIGRATING TO AMERICA.

1. *Governor Winslow's account.*

I PERSUADE myself, never people upon earth lived more lovingly, and parted more sweetly than we, the Church at Leyden, did. Not rashly, in a distracted humour; but, upon joint and serious deliberation, often seeking the mind of God by fasting and prayer: 5 whose gracious presence we not only found with us; but His blessing upon us from that time to this instant (1646): to the indignation of our adversaries, the admiration of strangers, and the exceeding

10 consolation of ourselves, to see such effects of our prayers and tears before our pilgrimage here be ended. And therefore briefly take notice of the true cause of it.

'Tis true that that poor persecuted Flock of Christ, 15 by the malice and power of the late Hierarchy were driven to Leyden in Holland, there to bear witness, in their practice, to the kingly office of Jesus Christ in His Church : and there lived together ten years under the United States, with much peace and liberty.

20 But our Reverend Pastor, Master John Robinson of late memory ; and our grave Elder, Master William Brewster, now (1646) both at rest with the Lord ; considering, amongst many other inconveniences :

How hard the country was, where we lived. How 25 many spent their estate in it ; and were forced to return for England.

How grievous to live from under the protection of the State of England. How like we were to lose our language, and our name, of English. How little good 30 we did, or were like to do to the Dutch in reforming the Sabbath. How unable there, to give such education to our children as we ourselves had received.

They, I say, out of their Christian care of the Flock of Christ committed to them, conceived : If God 35 would be pleased to discover some place unto us, though in America ; and give us so much favour with the King and State of England as to have their protection there, where we might enjoy the like liberty ; and where, the Lord favouring our endeavours by His 40 blessing, we might exemplarily show our tender countrymen, by our example, no less burdened than ourselves, where they might live and comfortably subsist ; and enjoy the like liberties with ourselves, being freed from antichristian bondage ; keep their 45 names and nation ; and not only be a means to enlarge the dominions of our State, but the Church of Christ also.

2. *Governor Bradford's account.*

After they had lived in this city some eleven or twelve years—which is the more observable, being the whole time of the famous truce between that State (*Holland*) and the Spaniards—and sundry of them were taken away by death; and many others began to be well stricken in years: the grave Mistress, Experience, having taught them many things; those prudent Governors (*Robinson and Brewster*), with sundry of the sagest members, began both deeply to apprehend their present dangers; and wisely to foresee the future and think of timely remedy.

In the agitation of their thoughts, and much discourse of things hereabout, at length they began to incline to this conclusion—of removal to some other place. Not out of any newfangledness, or other such-like giddy humour; by which men are oftentimes transported to their great hurt and danger: but for sundry weighty and solid reasons; some of the chief of which I will here briefly touch:

And first, they saw, and found by experience, the hardness of the place (*Leyden*) and country (*Holland*) to be such as few, in comparison, would come to them; and fewer that would bide it out, and continue with them. For many that came to them, and many more that desired to be with them, could not endure that great labour and hard fare; with other inconveniences, which they underwent, and were contented with. But though they loved their persons, approved their Cause, and honoured their sufferings: yet they left them, as it were weeping, as Orpah did her mother-in-law Naomi; or as those Romans did Cato in Utica, who desired to be excused and borne with, though they could not all be Catos. For many, though they desired to enjoy the Ordinances of God in their purity and the liberty of the Gospel with them; yet, alas, they admitted of bondage with danger of conscience, rather than to endure these hardships. Yea, some

85 preferred and chose the prisons in England ; rather
 than this liberty in Holland, with these afflictions.
 But it was thought that if a better and easier place of
 living could be had, it would draw many ; and take
 away these discouragements. Yea, their Pastor would
 90 often say, That many of those that both wrote and
 preached now against them ; if they were in a place
 where they might have liberty and live comfortably,
 they would then practise as they did.

Secondly : They saw that though the people
 95 generally bore all these difficulties very cheerfully and
 with a resolute courage, being in the best and strength
 of their years ; yet old age began to steal on many of
 them, and their great and continual labours with other
 crosses and sorrows hastened it before the time : so as
 100 it was not only probably thought, but apparently seen,
 that, within a few years more, they would be in danger
 to scatter, by necessities pressing them ; or sink under
 their burdens ; or both. And therefore according to
 the Divine proverb, that ' a wise man seeth the plague
 105 when it cometh, and hideth himself ' ; so they, like
 skilful and beaten soldiers, were fearful either to be
 entrapped or surrounded by their enemies, so as they
 should neither be able to fight, nor fly. And there-
 fore thought it better to dislodge betimes to some
 110 place of better advantage, and less danger ; if any such
 could be found.

Thirdly : As necessity was a taskmaster over them,
 so they were forced to be such not only to their
 servants ; but, in a sort, to their dearest children : the
 115 which, as it did not a little wound the tender parts of
 many a loving father and mother, so it produced like-
 wise sundry sad and sorrowful effects. For many of
 their children (that were of best dispositions and
 gracious inclinations ; having learnt to bear the yoke
 120 in their youth, and willing to bear part of their parents'
 burden) were, often times, so oppressed with their
 heavy labours that, though their minds were free and

willing, yet their bodies bowed under the weight of the same, and became decrepit in their early youth; the vigour of Nature being consumed in the very bud¹²⁵ as it were. But that which was more lamentable and of all sorrows most heavy to be borne, was that many of their children (by these occasions; and the great licentiousness of youth in that country, and the manifold temptations of the place) were drawn away by¹³⁰ evil examples into extravagant and dangerous courses; getting the reins off their necks, and departing from their parents. Some became soldiers. Others took upon them far voyages by sea: and other some, worse courses, tending to dissoluteness and the danger of¹³⁵ their souls; to the great grief of their parents, and dishonour of God. So that they saw their posterity would be in danger to degenerate and be corrupted.

Lastly, and which was not least, a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation,¹⁴⁰ or at least, to make some way thereunto, for the propagating and advancing the Gospel of the Kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world; yea, though they should be but even as stepping stones unto others, for the performing of so great a work.¹⁴⁵

The place they had thoughts on was some of those vast and unpeopled countries of America, which are fruitful and fit for habitation: being devoid of all civil inhabitants; where there are only savage and brutish men, which range up and down little otherwise than¹⁵⁰ the wild beasts of the same.

These, and some other like reasons moved them to undertake this resolution of their removal: the which they afterwards prosecuted with so great difficulties.

GOVERNOR BRADFORD (1590-1657).

THE EARLY LIFE OF NEW ENGLAND

1621

LOVING AND OLD FRIEND.—Although I received no letter from you by this ship, yet, forasmuch as I know you expect the performance of my promise, I have therefore, at this time, sent unto you accordingly; 5 referring you, for further satisfaction, to our more large Relations. . . .

You shall understand, that in this little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-houses; and four for the use of the
10 Plantation: and have made preparation for divers others.

We set, last Spring, some twenty acres of Indian corn; and sowed some six acres of barley and pease: and, according to the manner of the Indians, we
15 manured our ground with herrings, or rather shads which we have in great abundance, and take with great ease at our doors.

Our corn did prove well, and, God be praised! we had a good increase of Indian corn; and our barley
20 indifferently good: but our pease not worth the gathering; for we feared they were too late sown. They came up very well, and blossomed: but the sun parched them in the blossom.

Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor (William
25 Bradford) sent four men on fowling; that so we might, after a more special manner, rejoice together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labours. They four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the Company almost a week. At
30 which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms; many of the Indians coming amongst us.

And, amongst the rest, their greatest King, Massasoyt, with some ninety men; whom for three days

we entertained and feasted. And they went out, and killed five deer: which they brought to the 35 Plantation; and bestowed on our Governor, and upon the Captain (Miles Standish) and others.

And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we often wish you partakers 40 of our plenty.

We have found the Indians very faithful in their Covenant of Peace with us; very loving and ready to pleasure us. We often go to them; and they come to us. Some of us have been fifty miles by land in 45 the country with them: the occasions and relations whereof you shall understand by our general and more full Declaration of such things as are worth the noting.

Yea, it hath pleased God so to possess the Indians 50 with a fear of us, and love unto us, that not only the greatest King amongst them, called Massasoit; but also all the princes and peoples round about us, have either made suit unto us, or been glad of any occasion to make peace with us: so that seven of them at 55 once have sent their messengers to us to that end. Yea, an isle at sea, which we never saw, hath also, together with the former, yielded willingly to be under the protection, and subjects to, our Sovereign Lord King James. So that there is now great peace amongst the 60 Indians themselves, which was not formerly; neither would have been but for us: and we, for our parts, walk as peaceably and safely in the wood as in the highways in England. We entertain them familiarly in our houses; and they, as friendly, bestowing their 65 venison on us.

They are a people without any religion, or knowledge of any God; yet very trusty, quick of apprehension, ripe witted, and just. The men and women go naked; only a skin about their middles. 70

For the temper of the air here, it agreeth well with that in England: and if there be any difference at all,

this is somewhat hotter in summer. Some think it to be colder in winter : but I cannot, out of experience, so
 75 say. The air is very clear ; and not foggy, as hath been reported. I never, in my life, remember a more seasonable year than we have here enjoyed : and if we have once but kine, horses, and sheep ; I make no question but men might live as contented here as in
 80 any part of the world.

For fish and fowl, we have great abundance. Fresh cod, in the summer, is but coarse meat with us. Our Bay is full of lobsters all the summer ; and affordeth variety of other fish. In September, we can take
 85 a hogshhead of eels in a night, with small labour ; and can dig them out of their beds. All the winter, we have mussels and clams at our doors. Oysters we have none near : but we can have them brought by the Indians, when we will. All the Spring time, the
 90 earth sendeth forth naturally very good sallet herbs. Here are grapes, white and red, and very sweet and strong also ; strawberries, gooseberries, raspas, &c. ; plums of three sorts, white, black, and red, being almost as good as a damson : abundance of roses, red,
 95 white, and damask ; single, but very sweet indeed.

The country wanteth only industrious men to employ. For it would grieve your hearts if you (as I) had seen so many miles together, by goodly rivers, uninhabited : and withal to consider these parts of the world,
 100 wherein you live, to be even greatly burdened with abundance of people.

These things I thought good to let you understand ; being the truth of things, as near as I could experimentally take knowledge of ; and that you might, on
 105 our behalf, give God thanks, who hath dealt so favourably with us.

Our supply of men from you came the 9th of November 1621. Putting in at Cape Cod, some eight or ten leagues from us ; the Indians, that dwell thereabout,
 110 were they who were owners of the corn which we

90 sallet] salad.

92 raspas] raspberries.

found in caves : for which we have given them full content, and are in great league with them : they sent us word, There was a ship near unto them, but thought it to be a Frenchman, and indeed, for ourselves, we expected not a friend so soon. 115

But when we perceived she made for our Bay, the Governør (William Bradford) commanded a great piece to be shot off, to call home such as were abroad at work. Whereupon every man, yea, boy that could handle a gun, was ready ; with full resolution that, if she were an enemy, we would stand, in our just defence, not fearing them. But God provided for us better than we supposed. 120

These came all in health unto us ; not any being sick by the way, otherwise than by sea sickness : and so continue at this time, by the blessing of God. 125

When it pleaseth God, we are settled ; and fitted for the fishing business and other trading : I doubt not but, by the blessing of God, the gain will give content to all. In the meantime, that we have gotten, we have sent by this ship ; and though it be not much, yet it will witness for us that we have not been idle ; considering the smallness of our number all this summer. We hope the Merchants will accept of it ; and be encouraged to furnish us with things needful for further employment : which will also encourage us to put forth ourselves to the uttermost. 130

Now because I expect your coming unto us with others of our friends ; whose company we much desire : I thought good to advertise you of a few things needful. 135

Be careful to have a very good Bread-room, to put your biscuits in. Let your casks for beer and water be iron-bound, for the first tier, if not more. Let not your meat be dry salted. None can better do it than the sailors. Let your meal be so hard trod in your cask that you shall need an adze or hatchet to work it out with. Trust not too much on us for corn at this time : for, by reason of this last company that came 145

150 depending wholly upon us, we shall have little enough
 till Harvest. Be careful to come by some of your
 meal to spend by the way. It will much refresh you.
 Build your cabins as open as you can ; and bring good
 store of clothes and bedding with you. Bring every
 155 man a musket, or fowling piece. Let your piece be
 long in the barrel ; and fear not the weight of it, for
 most of our shooting is from stands. Bring juice of
 lemons ; and take it fasting. It is of good use. For
 hot waters, Aniseed Water is the best ; but use it
 160 sparingly. If you bring anything for comfort in the
 country ; butter, or sallet oil, or both, are very good.
 Our Indian corn, even the coarsest, maketh as pleasant
 meat as rice : therefore spare that, unless to spend by
 the way. Bring paper and linseed oil, for your win-
 165 dows ; with cotton yarn for your lamps. Let your
 shot be most for big fowls ; and bring store of powder
 and shot.

I forbear further to write for the present ; hoping
 to see you by the next return. So I take my leave ;
 170 commending you to the Lord, for a safe conduct
 unto us :

Resting in Him

Plymouth, in New England, Your loving friend,
 this 11th December E. W.

175

1621.

E. WINSLOW (1595-1655).

JENNY GEDDES

1637

POOR old Edinburgh, it lies there on its hill-face
 between its Castle and Holyrood, extremely dim to us
 at this two centuries' distance ; and yet the indispu-
 table fact of it burns for us with a strange illuminative-
 5 ness small but unquenchable as the light of stars.
 Indisputably enough, old Edinburgh is there ; poor
 old Scotland wholly, my old respected Mother !

Smoke-cloud hangs over old Edinburgh—for, ever since Æneas Sylvius's time and earlier, the people have had the art, very strange to Æneas, of burning ¹⁰ a certain sort of black stones, and Edinburgh with its chimneys is called 'Auld Reekie' by the country people. Smoke-cloud very visible to the imagination: who knows what they are doing under it! Dryasdust with his thousand Tomes is dumb as the Bass Rock, ¹⁵ nay, dumber, his Tomes are as the cackle of the thousand flocks of geese that inhabit there, and with deafening noise tell us nothing. The mirror of the Firth with its Inchkeiths, Inchcolms and silent isles, gleams beautiful on us; old Edinburgh rises yonder ²⁰ climbing aloft to its Castle precipice; from the rocks of Pettycur where the Third Alexander broke his neck, from all the Fife heights, from far and wide on every hand, you can see the sky windows of it glitter in the sun, a city set on a hill. But what are they ²⁵ doing there; what are they thinking, saying, meaning there? O Dryasdust!—The gallows stands on the Borough Muir; visible, one sign of civilization; and men do plough and reap, and weave cloth, and felt bonnets, otherwise they could not live. There are ³⁰ about a million of them, as I guess, actually living in this land; notable in several respects to mankind.

They have a broad Norse speech these people; full of picturesqueness, humour, emphasis, sly, deep meaning. A broad rugged Norse character, equal to other ³⁵ audacities than pirating and sea-kingship: and for the last thousand years, in spite of Dryasdust's goose-babble, have not been idle. They have tamed the wild bisons into peaceable herds of black cattle; the wolves are all dead long since; the shaggy forests felled; ⁴⁰ fields, now green, now red, lie beautiful in the sunshine; huts and stone-and-mortar houses spot for ages this once desert land. Gentle and simple are there, hunters with Lincoln coats and hawk on fist, and flat-soled hodden-grey ploughmen and herdsmen. They have ⁴⁵

45 hodden] coarse woollen cloth.

made kings this people, and clothed them long since in bright-dyed silk or velvet with pearls and plumages, with gold and constitutional privileges and adornments. Kings? Nay, they have made Priests of various kinds, and know how to reverence them, and actually worship with them. For they are of deep heart; equal to still deeper than Norse Mythologies, and the gilt Temple of Upsala has for a thousand years lain quite behind them and beneath them. The Nation that can produce a Knox and listen to him is worth something! They have made actual Priests, and will even get High-priests—though after long circuits I think, and in quite other guise than the Laud simulacra who are not worth naming here. This is the people of Scotland, and Edinburgh is the capital of it; whom this little red-faced man with the querulous voice, small chin and horse-shoe mouth, with the black triangle and white tippets on him, has come to favour with a religion. He, in his black triangle and Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, will do it—if so please Heaven.

Who knows, or will ever know, what the Edinburgh population were saying while the printing of Laud's Service Book went on? For long it threatened; the Scotch simulacra (of Bishops) were themselves very shy of it, but the little red-faced man, whose motto is 'thorough', drove it on. And so, after various postponements, now on Sunday the 23rd day of July, 1637, the feat is to be done; Edinburgh after generations of abeyance shall again see a day of religion.

'The times are noisy,' says Goethe, 'and again the times sink dumb!' How dumb is all this Edinburgh, are the million and odd articulate-speaking voices and hearts of Scotland of that year 1637! Their speech and speculation has all condensed itself, as is usual, has sunk undistinguished into the great Bog of Lindsey. He were a Shakespeare and more, that could give us, in due miniature, any emblem of the speech and thought of Scotland during that year. No Shakespeare was there; only Dryasdust was

there; and it is now grown silent enough. The ⁸⁵
 boding of fifty years is now to realize itself, the thing
 that we greatly feared has come upon us. The heart
 of this Scotland pauses aghast. A land purged of
 Idolatry shall again become Idolatrous?—Really, O
 modern reader, it is worth taking thought of. Idolatry, ⁹⁰
 which means use of symbols that are no longer symbols,
 is it not, in the Church and out of the Church, verily
 the heaviest human calamity? In the Church, and out
 of the Church, for all human life is either a worship or
 it is a chimera, Idolatry may be defined as the topstone ⁹⁵
 of human miseries and degradations; it is the public
 apotheosis and solemn sanctioning of human unvera-
 city, whereby all misery and degradation physical and
 spiritual, temporal and eternal, first becomes rightly
 possible; the deliverance from it rightly impossible. ¹⁰⁰
 Admit honestly that you are naked, there is some
 chance that by industry and energy you may acquire
 a coat; clothe yourself in cobwebs, and say with your
 teeth rattling, ‘How comfortable am I,’ there is no
 chance of ever being clothed, there is no wish for or ¹⁰⁵
 belief in the possibility of ever being better clothed.
 Men say with the drop at their nose, and teeth playing
 castanets (as you may hear them anywhere in these
 sad days), ‘How comfortable are we!’

With Jenny Geddes it has fared as with Pompey and ¹¹⁰
 others: there remains the shadow of her name. As
 Hercules represents whole generations of Heraclides
 and their work; as Marat in our compressive imagina-
 tion did all the Reign of Terror; so Jenny is the rascal
 multitude, by whom this transaction in the High ¹¹⁵
 Church was done. Her name is not mentioned for
 twenty-five or thirty years afterwards in any book;
 nevertheless it remains lively to this day in the mouth
 of Scottish tradition, and a Poet Burns, in such
 mocking apotheosis as is permitted us in these poor ¹²⁰
 days, calls his mare Jenny Geddes. Good Jenny, I
 delight to fancy her as a pious humble woman, to whom,
 as in that greatest Gospel is the rule, the Highest had

come down. In her kerchief or simple snood, in her
 125 checkered plaid and poor stuff-gown she is infinitely
 respectable to me; reads that Bible which she has in
 her hand, a poor bound Bible with brass clasps, and
 sits upon a folding stool. It is the belief of Jenny
 that God's grace is in store for her, or God's eternal
 130 judgement, according as she behave well or behave ill:
 respectable Jenny!

Dim through the pages of Dryasdust we notice
 conclaves of Scottish Puritans, dignitaries, nobles,
 honourable women, taking earnest counsel on the
 135 matter; meeting for conference in Edinburgh and
 elsewhere. The old Duchess of Hamilton, says Dry-
 asdust, rode about with a pair of pistols in her saddle.
 Like enough; with pistols in her saddle, and a variety
 of thoughts in her mind. Dim, owlish Dryasdust, as
 140 is his way in such cases, imputes the whole phenomenon
 to those conclaves: it was all a wooden puppet-play,
 constructed and contrived by those higher personages,
 the wires all fitted on, the figures all whittled and
 dressed, the programme all schemed out;—and then
 145 some Duchess of Hamilton pulled the master-wire, and
 a dramatic representation was given. Disastrous
 Dryasdust, is human life dead, then? Art thou
 entirely an owl, and tenebrific ray of darkness, then?—
 Enough, the 23rd morning of July, 1637, has risen
 150 over Edinburgh city; a silent Sabbath morning, not
 to be a silent day and evening; the dissatisfaction of
 long years will perhaps give itself voice to-day. But
 the Bailies and Officialities are getting towards St.
 Giles's Church, and many mortals with speculation in
 155 their eyes; right reverend Sydsersf is there, and Dean
 Hanna, &c., all in due rochets and pontificals; the
 miscellaneous audience sits waiting, nothing heard but
 here and there the creaking of some belated foot,
 slight coughing of some weak throat, and generally
 160 in all pauses, an irregular chorus of sighs. Dismal
 enough. They are going to worship here it would
 seem?

See, the Dean enters, a man irrecognizable to us at the distance of 200 years, recognizable only as an aggregate of tippets and rochet, with a Laud's Prayer Book in his hand. At sight of Dean Hanna in this guise, imagination hears a strange rustle in the St. Giles's audience; sees Jenny Geddes's lips compress themselves, her nose become more aquiline; and the general rustle as our Dean mounts the reading-desk sink into silence as of death. One can fancy the Dean's heart palpitating somewhat. Opening the Prayer Book he breaks the silence.—Hm-hm-hum! ever louder hums the audience, each taking courage and example from the other, the hum mounting in rapid geometric progression, till it breaks out into interjections, castings-in, as we call them, of a most emphatic sort. Some do make responses; inserted probably by Sydserf or Lindsay, as 'clackers' are in the first night of a play. Hired 'clackers' if so be they may save the play from being damned. Hired clackers,—or any not uncharitable soul to reinforce a poor Clerk in these circumstances? Service cannot be heard; the Dean growing redder and redder in the face reads on; inaudible for hums, for growls, for open obstreperous anger of all men. Jenny Geddes (it appears from Dryasdust) has risen to her feet, many persons have risen. A hired clacker, close at Jenny's back endeavouring to make the response, her righteous soul able to stand it no longer, she flames into wrath and articulation with tongue and palm; and exclaimed, says Dryasdust, smiting the young man heartily on alternate temples, 'Thou foul thief, wilt thou sing a Mass at my lug?' What a shrill sharp arrow of the soul! We have had long battles with the Mass; black nightmares of the Devil like to choke us into Death eternal; and they are gone and going, and we are awake to God's eternal sunlight, and the Devil's nightmare is to return? All women, all men and children feel with Jenny. The tumult rises tenfold. 'Out, away, off, off!'—So that Lindsay in

regular pontificals is obliged himself to mount into the Pulpit. Poseidon in the tempest raises his serene head, to calm all billows. 'Let us read the Collect of the day.' 'Collect? Collect?' cry many. 'Let us read'—reiterates he. 'Deil colick the wame o' thee!' cries Jenny, all clear flaming, regardless of the Devil and his angels; and hurls her stool at the Bishop's head. The Bishop ducking adroitly avoids the missile. But now, as when a light-spark falls on fire-damp, it is all one flame, this smoking element of madness and sheer riot; and stools, walking-sticks, whatsoever missile and vociferation can be snatched, fly converging towards one point,—which no Bishop, unless he be a cast-metal one from Birmingham, can pretend to stand. Official Bailies with their beefeaters rush down distracted, conjure with outspread hands, menace, push, they and their beefeaters, who I hope, have Lochaber axes, or at least good truncheons,—gradually with confused effort drive out the rascal multitude, leaving only the hired clackers or charitable men bent to reinforce a weak clerical. The rascal multitude patter on the windows, vociferate, shriek, and howl: the Collect of the day cannot too soon terminate; I wish even we had the Bishop well home.

Imaginative readers can conceive the rest. How the riot spread over Edinburgh, over broad Scotland at large; the element, getting ready for years, being all so inflammable; no man, or hardly any man except Lindsay and his clackers, having any real desire to suppress it. How pious lairds and lords and clergy, many a pious Scottish man, flocked in from all sides to Edinburgh, if only to hear the news,—and did hear several things, and did see this one thing. What a multitude they are, what a temper they are of!

Jenny is a Deborah in Israel.

T. CARLYLE (1795-1881).

THE ATTAINDER OF STRAFFORD

1641

1. *The Earl of Strafford's letter to the King.*

MAY it please your Sacred Majesty,

It has been my greatest grief in all these troubles, to be taken as a person who should endeavour to represent and set things amiss between your Majesty and your people, and to give counsels tending to the 5
disquiet of the three Kingdoms.

Most true it is, that, (this mine own private condition considered) it had been a great madness, since through your gracious favour, I was so provided, as not to expect in any kind to mend my fortune or please my 10
mind more than by resting where your bounteous hands had placed me.

Nay, it is most mightily mistaken; for unto your Majesty it is well known, my poor and humble advices concluded still in this; that your Majesty and your 15
people could never be happy, till there were a right understanding betwixt you and them; and that no other means were left to effect this happiness, but by the counsel and assent of your Parliament; or to prevent the growing evils of this State, but by 20
an entire putting yourself in this last resort, upon the loyalty and good affections of your English subjects.

Yet such is my misfortune, that this truth findeth little credit; yea, the contrary seemeth generally to be 25
believed, and myself reputed as one who endeavoured to make a separation between you and your people. Under a heavier censor than this I am persuaded no gentleman can suffer. Now, I understand the minds of men are more and more incensed against me, 30
notwithstanding your Majesty hath declared, that, in your princely opinion, I am not guilty of treason,

15 still] ever.

M

and that you are not satisfied in your conscience to pass the Bill.

35 This brings me in a very great strait; there is before me the ruin of my children and family, hitherto untouched in all the branches of it, with any foul crime; here are before me the many ills which may befall your sacred person, and the whole kingdom,
40 should yourself and Parliament part less satisfied one with the other, than is necessary for the preservation both of King and people. Here are before me the things most valued, most feared by mortal men—Life or Death.

45 To say, Sir, that there hath not been a strife in me, were to make me less man, than, God knows, my infirmities make me; and to call a destruction upon myself, and young children, where the intentions of my heart, at least, have been innocent of this great
50 offence, may be believed, will find no easy consent from flesh and blood.

But, with much sadness, I am come to a resolution of that, which I take to be best becoming me, and to look upon it as that which is most principal in itself,
55 which doubtless is the prosperity of your sacred person and the Commonwealth, things infinitely before any private man's interest.

And therefore in few words, as I put myself wholly upon the honour and justice of my Peers, so clearly, as
60 to wish your Majesty might please to have spared that Declaration of yours on Saturday last, and entirely to have left me to their Lordships; so now, to set your Majesty's conscience at liberty, I do most humbly beseech your Majesty, for prevention of evils which
65 may happen by your refusal to pass this Bill, and, by this means, to remove (praised be God) I cannot say this accursed, but I confess, this unfortunate thing, forth of the way towards that blessed agreement, which God, I trust, shall ever establish between you
70 and your Subjects.

Sir, my consent shall more acquit you herein to

God, than all the world can do besides. To a willing man there is no injury done; and as, by God's grace, I forgive all the world with a calmness and meekness of infinite contentment to my dislodging soul, so, Sir, 75 to you I can give the life of this world, with all the cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favours; and only beg, that in your goodness you would vouchsafe to cast your gracious regard upon my poor son and his three sisters, less 80 or more, and no otherwise than as their (in present) unfortunate Father may hereafter appear more or less guilty of this Death.

God long preserve your Majesty,
Your Majesty's most faithful and humble 85
Subject and Servant,

Tower, May 4th, 1641. STRAFFORD.

T. WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD (1593-1641).

2. *The King's letter to the Lords.*

MY LORDS,

I did yesterday satisfy the Justice of the Kingdom by passing the Bill of Attainder against the Earl of 90 Strafford. But mercy being as inherent and inseparable to a King as justice, I desire in some measure to show that likewise, by suffering that unfortunate man to fulfil the natural course of his life in close imprisonment; yet so, that if he ever make the least offer to escape; 95 or offer directly or indirectly to meddle in any sort of public business, especially with me, either by message or letter, it shall cost him his life without further process. This, if it may be done without the discontentment of my people, will be an unspeakable 100 contentment to me.

To which end, as in the first place, I by this Letter do earnestly desire your approbation, and to endear it the more, have chosen him to carry it, who is of all your House most dear unto me. So I desire that by 105

104 *him.* The bearer was the Prince of Wales.

conference you will endeavour to give the House of Commons contentment likewise, assuring you that the exercise of mercy is no more pleasing to me, than to see both Houses of Parliament consent for my sake,
 110 that I should moderate the severity of the law in so important a case.

I will not say that your complying with me in this my intended mercy, shall make me more willing, but certainly it will make me more cheerful in granting
 115 your just grievances.

But if no less than his life can satisfy my people, I must say *Fiat Justitia*. Thus again recommending the consideration of my intentions to you, I rest

Your unalterable

120

And affectionate friend,

CHARLES R.

If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday.

LORD FALKLAND

1643

HE had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he was not without appetite of danger; and therefore upon any occasion of action he always engaged his person in those
 5 troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him a strange cheerfulness and companiableness, without at all affecting the execution that was then principally to
 10 be attended, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it where it was not, by resistance, necessary: insomuch that at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great
 15 peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom it may be others were

7 *Fiat Justitia*. i. e. let justice be done.

more fierce for their having thrown them away: insomuch as a man might think he came into the field only out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, and before he came to age, he went into the Low Countries with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it, from which he was converted by the complete inactivity of that summer: and so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north; and then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor, (which supposition and conclusion, generally sunk into the minds of most men, prevented the looking after many advantages which might then have been laid hold of,) he resisted those indispositions, *et in luctu bellum inter remedia erat*. But after the King's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he, who had been so exactly unreserved and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and

44 *in luctu*, &c. In his grief war was one of the alleviations.
52 vacant to] free to attend to.

less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had intended before always with more neatness and industry and expense than is usual to so great a mind, he was not now only incurious but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick and sharp and severe, that there wanted not some men (who were strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free.

The truth is, as he was of a most incomparable gentleness, application, and even a demissness and submission to good and worthy and entire men, so he was naturally (which could not but be more evident in his place, which objected him to another conversation and intermixture than his own election had done) *adversus malos injucundus*, and was so ill a dissembler of his dislike and disinclination to ill men that it was not possible for such not to discern it. There was once in the House of Commons such a declared acceptance of the good service an eminent member had done to them, and, as they said, to the whole kingdom, that it was moved, he being present, that the Speaker might in the name of the whole House give him thanks, and then that every member might, as a testimony of his particular acknowledgment, stir or move his hat towards him; the which (though not ordered) when very many did, the lord Falkland, (who believed the service itself not to be of that moment, and that an honourable and generous person could not have stooped to it for any recompense,) instead of moving his hat, stretched both his arms out and clasped his hands together upon the crown of his hat, and held it close down to his head; that all men

59 incurious] not particular.

61 place] office.

72 *injucundus*] severe.

might see how odious that flattery was to him, and the 90
very approbation of the person, though at that time
most popular.

When there was any overture or hope of peace he
would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly
solicitous to press anything which he thought might 95
promote it; and sitting amongst his friends, often,
after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with
a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace*,
Peace, and would passionately profess that the very
agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and 100
desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his
sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.
This made some think, or pretend to think, that he was
so much enamoured on peace that he would have been
glad the King should have bought it at any price; 105
which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man
that was himself the most punctual and precise in every
circumstance, that might reflect upon conscience or
honour, could have wished the King to have committed
a trespass against either. And yet this senseless 110
scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he
used it for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit;
for at the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friends
passionately reprehended him for exposing his person
unnecessarily to danger, (as he delighted to visit the 115
trenches and nearest approaches, and to discover what
the enemy did,) as being so much beside the duty of
his place that it might be understood against it, he
would say merrily, that his office could not take away
the privileges of his age, and that a Secretary in war 120
might be present at the greatest secret of danger; but
withal alleged seriously that it concerned him to be
more active in enterprises of hazard than other men,
that all might see that his impatiency for peace pro-
ceeded not from pusillanimity or fear to adventure 125
his own person.

In the morning before the battle, as always upon

107 punctual] particular.

action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the lord Byron's regiment, who was then
 130 advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning, till when there was some
 135 hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business
 140 of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence: and whosoever leads such a life need not care upon how short warning it be taken from him.

LORD CLARENDON (1609-74).

THE SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE

1645

*[In the House of Commons, on Wednesday 9th December, 1644, all sitting in Grand Committee, there was a general silence for a good space of time, one looking upon the other to see who would break the
 5 ice, in regard to this delicate point of getting our Essexes and Manchesters softly ousted from the Army; a very delicate point indeed;—when Lieutenant-General Cromwell stood up, and spake shortly to this effect:]*

10 IT is now a time to speak, or for ever hold the tongue. The important occasion now, is no less than To save a Nation, out of a bleeding, nay almost dying condition: which the long continuance of this War hath already brought it into; so that without a more speedy,
 15 vigorous and effectual prosecution of the War,—casting off all lingering proceedings like those of soldiers-of-fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war,—we

shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of Parliament.

For what do the enemy say? Nay, what do many²⁰ say that were friends at the beginning of the Parliament? Even this, That the Members of both Houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in Parliament, what by power in the Army, will perpetually continue²⁵ themselves in grandeur, and not permit the War speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This that I speak here to our own faces, is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any. I know the worth³⁰ of those Commanders, Members of both Houses, who are yet in power: but if I may speak my conscience without reflection upon any, I do conceive if the Army be not put into another method, and the War more vigorously prosecuted, the People can bear³⁵ the War no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable Peace.

But this I would recommend to your prudence, Not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any Commander-in-Chief upon any occasion whatsoever;⁴⁰ for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs. Therefore waiving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy; which is most necessary. And I hope we⁴⁵ have such true English hearts, and zealous affections towards the general weal of our Mother Country, as no Members of either House will scruple to *deny* themselves, and their own private interests, for the public good; nor account it to be a dishonour done⁵⁰ to them, whatever the Parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter.

[This Self-denying Ordinance had to pass; it and the New Model wholly; by the steps indicated below. Essex was gratified by a splendid Pension,—very⁵⁵ little of it ever actually paid; for indeed he died

some two years after : Manchester was put on the Committee of Both Kingdoms : the Parliament had its New-Model Army, and soon saw an entirely new
60 epoch in its affairs.]

T. CARLYLE (1795-1881).

NASEBY

1645

[Here is Cromwell's Letter, written from Harborough, or 'Haverbrowe' as he calls it, that same night ; after the hot Battle and hot chase were over. The original, printed long since in Rushworth, still
5 lies in the British Museum,—with ' a strong steady signature ', which one could look at with interest. ' The Letter consists of two leaves ; much worn, and now supported by pasting ; red seal much defaced ; is addressed on the second leaf : ']

10 For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament : These.

Harborough, 14th June, 1645.

SIR,

Being commanded by you to this service, I think
15 myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Harborough ; and quartered about six miles from him. This day we
20 marched towards him. He drew out to meet us ; both Armies engaged. We, after three hours' fight very doubtful, at last routed his Army ; killed and took about 5,000,—very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about 200 carriages,
25 all he had ; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demi-culverins, and I think the rest sackers. We pursued the Enemy

from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

Sir, this is none other but the hand of God ; and to ³⁰ Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honour : and the best commendation I can give him is, That I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. ³⁵ Which is an honest and a thriving way :—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty ; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish ⁴⁰ this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is 45

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

T. CARLYLE (1795-1881).

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I

1649

‘ I SHALL be very little heard of anybody here ; I shall therefore speak a word unto you here ’ (directing himself to Colonel Tomlinson).

‘ Indeed I could hold my peace very well, if I did not think that holding my peace would make some ⁵ men think that I did submit to the guilt as well as to the Parliament. But I think it is my duty, to God first, and to my country, for to clear myself, both as an honest man, a good King, and a good Christian.

I shall begin first with my innocence. 10

In truth, I think it not very needful of me to insist long upon this ; for all the world knows that I never did begin a war first with the two Houses of Parlia-

ment, and I call God to witness, to Whom I must
 15 shortly make an account, that I never did intend for to
 encroach upon their privileges; they began upon me;
 it is the Militia they began upon; they confessed that
 the Militia was mine, but they thought it fit for to
 have it from me. And, to be short, if anybody will
 20 look to the Dates of Commissions, of their Commissions
 and mine, and likewise to the Declarations, they will
 see clearly that they began these unhappy troubles,
 not I. So that as to the guilt of these enormous
 crimes that are laid against me, I hope in God that God
 25 will clear me of it. I will not (I am in charity)—God
 forbid that I should lay it on the two Houses of Parlia-
 ment; there is no necessity of either: I hope they are
 free of this guilt. For I do believe that ill instruments
 between them and me have been the chief cause of all
 30 this bloodshed: so that by way of speaking, as I find
 myself clear of this, I hope and pray God that they
 may too. Yet for all this, God forbid that I should be
 so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgements
 are just upon me; many times He does pay justice by
 35 an unjust Sentence; that is ordinary. I will only say
 this, that an unjust Sentence that I suffered to take
 effect, is punished now by an unjust Sentence upon
 me. That is, so far I have said, to show you that I am
 an innocent man.

40 Now for to show you that I am a good Christian.

I hope there is a good man that will bear me witness
 that I have forgiven all the world, and even those in
 particular that have been the chief causers of my
 death. Who they are, God knows, I do not desire to
 45 know, I pray God forgive them. But this is not all,
 my charity must go further. I wish that they may
 repent; for indeed they have committed a great sin in
 that particular; I pray God with St. Stephen, that
 this be not laid to their charge. Nay, not only so,
 50 but that they may take the right way to the peace of
 the kingdom. For my charity commands me not only

35 *unjust Sentence.* The attainder of Strafford.

to forgive particular men, but my charity commands me to endeavour to the last gasp, the peace of the kingdom. So, Sirs, I do wish with all my soul, (and I do hope there is some here will carry it further) that they may endeavour the peace of the kingdom. 55

You must give God his due, by regulating rightly his Church according to his Scripture, which is now out of order. For to set you in a way particularly, now I cannot, but only this, a National Synod, freely called, freely debating among themselves, must settle this, when that every opinion is freely and clearly heard. 60

For the King, indeed I will not (Then turning to a gentleman that touched the axe he said, 'Hurt not the axe, that may hurt me.') For the King, the laws of the Land will clearly instruct you for that; therefore, because it concerns my own particular, I only give you a touch of it. 65

For the People; and truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whosoever; but I must tell you that their liberty and freedom consists in having of Government those Laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not for having share in Government, Sir; that is nothing pertaining to them: a Subject and a Sovereign are clear different things. And therefore until they do that, I mean, that you do put the people in that liberty, as I say, certainly they will never enjoy themselves. Sirs, it was for this that now I am come here: if I would have given way to an arbitrary way, for to have all Laws changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come here; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge) that I am the Martyr of the people. 75 80 85

In truth, Sirs, I shall not hold you much longer; for I will only say this to you, that, in truth, I could have desired some little time longer, because that

I would have put this that I have said in little more
90 order, and a little better digested than I have done,
and therefore I hope you will excuse me.

I have delivered my conscience; I pray God that
you do take those courses that are best for the good
of the kingdom, and your own salvation.'

95 Then the bishop said, 'Though it be very well known
what your Majesty's affections are to the Protestant
Religion, yet it may be expected that you should say
somewhat for the world's satisfaction in that particular.'

Whereupon the King replied, 'I thank you very
100 heartily, my Lord, for that I had almost forgotten it.'

In truth, Sirs, my conscience in religion, I think,
is very well known to all the world; and therefore
I declare before you all, that I die a Christian accord-
ing to the profession of the Church of England, as
105 I found it left me by my father; and this honest man,
I think, will witness it.'

Then turning to the officers, he said, 'Sirs, excuse
me for this same, I have a good cause, and I have
a gracious God, I will say no more.'

110 Then to Colonel Hacker he said, 'Take care that
they do not put me to pain.'

But a gentleman coming near the axe, the King
said, 'Take heed of the axe, pray take heed of
the axe.'

115 And to the executioner he said, 'I shall say but
very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands' . .

Then he called to the bishop for his cap, and
having put it on, asked the executioner, 'Does my
hair trouble you?'

120 Who desired him to put it all under his cap; which,
as he was doing, by the help of the bishop and the
executioner, he turned to the bishop, and said, 'I have
a good cause, and a gracious God on my side.'

The bishop said, 'There is but one stage more;
125 which, though turbulent and troublesome, yet it is
a very short one; you may consider it will soon carry
you a very great way; it will carry you from earth to

heaven, and there you shall find joy, the prize you hasten to, a crown of glory.'

The King, 'I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.'

[Bishop.] 'You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown. A good exchange!'

Then having said a few words to himself, as he stood with hands and eyes lift up, immediately stooping down, he laid his neck upon the block, and the executioner again putting his hair under his cap, His Majesty thinking he had been going to strike, bade him 'Stay for the sign.'

After a very short pause, His Majesty stretching forth his hands, the executioner severed his head from his body. Which being held up and showed to the people, was with his body put into a coffin covered with velvet, and carried into his lodgings.

His blood was taken up by divers persons for different ends: by some as trophies of their villany, by others as relics of a martyr, and in some has had the same effect, by the blessing of God, which was often found in his sacred touch when living.

Being embalmed and laid in a coffin of lead, to be seen for some days by the people, at length, upon Wednesday, the 7th of February, it was delivered to four of his servants, Herbert, Mildmay, Preston, and Foyner, who, with some others, in mourning equipage, attended the hearse that night to Windsor, and placed it in the room which was formerly the King's bed-chamber.

Next day it was removed into the Dean's Hall, which was hung with black and made dark, and lights were set burning round the hearse. About three in the afternoon, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, and the Bishop of London (others that were sent to, refusing that last service to the best of Princes) came thither with two votes passed that morning, whereby

the ordering of the King's burial was committed to the Duke, provided that the expenses thereof exceeded not five hundred pounds. This order they showed to
170 Colonel Whichcot, the Governor of the Castle, desiring the interment might be in St. George's Chapel, and according to the form of the Common Prayer. The latter request the Governor denied, saying, that it was improbable the Parliament would
175 permit the use of what they had so solemnly abolished, and therein destroy their own Act.

The Lords replied that there was a difference between destroying their own Act and dispensing with it, and that no power so binds its own hands as
180 to disable itself in some cases. But all prevailed not.

The Governor had caused an ordinary grave to be digged in the body of the Church of Windsor, for the interment of the corpse ; which the Lords disdain-
185 ing, found means, by the direction of an honest man, one of the old knights, to use an artifice to discover a vault in the middle of the choir, by the hollow sound they might perceive in knocking with a staff upon that place ; that so it might seem to be their
190 own accidental finding out, and no person receive blame for the discovery. This place they caused to be opened, and entering, saw one large coffin of lead in the middle of the vault, covered with a velvet pall, and a letter on one side (supposed to be Henry VIII
195 and his beloved Queen Jane Seymour), on the other side was room left for another (probably intended for Queen Katharine Parr, who survived him) where they thought fit to lay the King.

Hither the hearse was borne by the Officers of the
200 Garrison, the four Lords bearing up the corners of the velvet-pall, and the Bishop of London following. And in this manner was this great King, upon Friday the 9th of February, about three in the afternoon, silently and without any other solemnity than of sighs and
205 tears, committed to the earth, the velvet-pall being

thrown into the vault over the coffin, to which was fastened an inscription in lead of these words :

KING CHARLES, 1648.

Extract from paper mentioned in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* (published 1715).

1648 Old Style. The year till 1751 began on March 1st.

DEATH OF MONTROSE

1650

THE Marquis of Montrose. and the rest of the prisoners, were the next day, or soon after, delivered to David Lesley, who was come up with his forces, and had now nothing left to do but to carry them in triumph to Edinburgh; whither notice was quickly 5 sent of their great victory; which was received there with wonderful joy and acclamation. David Lesley treated the Marquis with great insolence, and for some days carried him in the same clothes, and habit, in which he was taken; but at last permitted him to 10 buy better. His behaviour was, in the whole time, such as became a great man; his countenance serene and cheerful, as one that was superior to all those reproaches, which they had prepared the people to pour out upon him in all the places through which he 15 was to pass.

When he came to one of the gates of Edinburgh, he was met by some of the magistrates, to whom he was delivered, and by them presently put into a new cart, purposely made, in which there was a high chair, or 20 bench, upon which he sat, that the people might have a full view of him, being bound with a cord drawn over his breast and shoulders, and fastened through holes made in the cart. When he was in this posture, the hangman took off his hat, and rode himself before 25 the cart in his livery, and with his bonnet on; the other officers, who were taken prisoners with him,

walking two and two before the cart ; the streets and windows being full of people to behold the triumph
30 over a person whose name had made them tremble some few years before, and into whose hands the magistrates of that place had, upon their knees, delivered the keys of that city. In this manner he was carried to the common gaol, where he was received
35 and treated as a common malefactor. Within two days after, he was brought before the Parliament, where the Earl of Loudoun, the Chancellor, made a very bitter and virulent declamation against him : told him, he had broken all the covenants by which
40 that whole nation stood obliged ; and had impiously rebelled against God, the king, and the kingdom ; that he had committed many horrible murders, treasons, and impieties, for all which he was now brought to suffer condign punishment ; with all
45 those insolent reproaches upon his person, and his actions, which the liberty of that place gave him to use.

Permission was then given to him to speak ; and without the least trouble in his countenance, or disorder, upon all the indignities he had suffered, he told
50 them, since the king had owned them so far as to treat with them, he had appeared before them with reverence, and bareheaded, which otherwise he would not have done : that he had done nothing of which he was ashamed, or had cause to repent ; that the first
55 Covenant he had taken, and complied with it, and with them who took it, as long as the ends for which it was ordained were observed ; but when he discovered, which was now evident to all the world, that private and particular men designed to satisfy their own
60 ambition and interest, instead of considering the public benefit ; and that, under the pretence of reforming some errors in religion, they resolved to abridge and take away the king's just power, and lawful authority, he had withdrawn himself from that engagement :
65 that for the League and Covenant, he had never taken it, and therefore could not break it : and it was now

too apparent to the whole Christian world, what monstrous mischiefs it had produced: that when, under colour of it, an army from Scotland had invaded England in assistance of the rebellion that was then 70
against their lawful king, he had, by his Majesty's command, received a commission from him to raise forces in Scotland, that he might thereby divert them from the other odious prosecution: that he had executed that commission with the obedience and 75
duty he owed to the king; and, in all the circumstances of it, had proceeded like a gentleman; and had never suffered any blood to be shed but in the heat of the battle; and that he saw many persons there whose lives he had saved: that when the king commanded 80
him, he laid down his arms, and withdrew out of the kingdom; which they could not have compelled him to have done. He said, he was now again entered into the kingdom by his Majesty's command, and with his authority: and what success soever it might have 85
pleased God to have given him, he would also have obeyed any commands he should have received from him. He advised them to consider well of the consequence before they proceeded against him, and that all his actions might be examined, and judged by the 90
laws of the land, or those of nations.

As soon as he had ended his discourse, he was ordered to withdraw; and, after a short space, was again brought in; and told by the Chancellor, that he was, on the morrow, being the one and twentieth 95
of May, 1650, to be carried to Edinburgh cross, and there to be hanged upon a gallows thirty foot high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edinburgh Tolbooth; his legs and arms 100
to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the Kirk should take off his excommunication; and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial. He desired, that he 105

might say something to them ; but was not suffered, and so was carried back to prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came
110 presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable ; pronounced his damnation ; and assured him, that the judgement he was the next day to undergo, was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards. After many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the Kirk
115 upon his repentance, and to pray with him ; but he too well understood the form of their common prayer, in those cases, to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations against the persons of those they prayed
120 against (' Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to hearken to the voice of Thy Kirk,' and the like charitable expressions), and therefore he desired them
125 to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions. He told them, that they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people ; and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to. He told
130 them, he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be, than he could have been to have had his picture hang in the king's bed-chamber : that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom,
135 that he heartily wished that he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered.

The next day they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence, with all the inhumanity imaginable ; and he bore it with all the courage
140 and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last king, exceedingly commended the justice, and goodness, and under-

standing of the present king; and prayed, that they might not betray him as they had done his father. When he had ended all he had meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions, whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it; and said, he was pleased that it should be there; and was prouder of wearing it, than ever he had been of the Garter; and so renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

Soon after, the officers who had been taken with him, Sir William Urry, Sir Francis Hay, and many others, of as good families as any in the kingdom, were executed, to the number of thirty or forty, in several quarters of the kingdom; many of them being suffered to be beheaded. There was one whom they thought fit to save, one Colonel Whitford; who, when he was brought to die, said he knew the reason why he was put to death; which was only because he had killed Dorislaus at the Hague; who was one of those who had joined in the murder of the last king. One of the magistratés, who were present to see the execution, caused it to be suspended, till he presently informed the council what the man had said; and they thought fit to avoid the reproach; and so preserved the gentleman; who was not before known to have had a hand in that action.

Thus died the gallant Marquis of Montrose, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage, as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms, and other preparations for war, as have been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had

exercised the highest charges under the king in that
 185 kingdom, and had been allied to the Crown itself. He
 was of very good parts, which were improved by
 a good education : he had always a great emulation,
 or rather a great contempt of the Marquis of Argyle
 (as he was too apt to contemn those he did not love), who
 190 wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very
 extraordinary man, having all other good talents in
 a very great degree. Montrose was in his nature
 fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise
 for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceed-
 195 ingly affected those which seemed desperate to other
 men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself which
 other men were not acquainted with, which made him
 live more easily towards those who were, or were
 willing to be, inferior to him (towards whom he exer-
 200 cised wonderful civility and generosity), than with his
 superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and
 suspected those who did not concur with him in the
 way, not to mean so well as he. He was not with-
 out vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he
 205 well deserved to have his memory preserved, and
 celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the
 age in which he lived.

LORD CLARENDON (1609-74).

THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLE

1661

THUS I have gone through the actings of the first
 session of this parliament with relation to public
 affairs. It was a mad roaring time, full of extrava-
 gance ; and no wonder it was so, when the men of
 5 affairs were almost perpetually drunk. I shall in the
 next place give an account of the attainders passed
 in it.

The first and chief of these was of the Marquis of
 2 *parliament.* i. e. of Scotland.

Argyle. He was indicted at the king's suit for a great many facts, that were reduced to three heads. 10
The first was of his public actings during the war, of which many instances were given; such as his being concerned in the delivering up of the king to the English at Newcastle, his opposing the engagement in the year [16]48, and his heading the rising in the 15
west in opposition to the committee of estates: in this, and many other steps made during the war, he was esteemed the principal actor, and so ought to be made the greatest example for terrifying others. The second head consisted of many murders and other 20
barbarities committed by his officers, during the war, on many of the king's party; chiefly those who had served under the Marquis of Montrose, many of them being murdered in cold blood. The third head consisted of some articles of his concurrence with 25
Cromwell and the usurpers, in opposition to those who appeared for the king in the Highlands; his being one of his parliament, and assisting in proclaiming him protector, with a great many particulars into which his compliance was branched out. He had counsel 30
assigned him, who performed their part very well.

The substance of his defence was, that during the late wars he was but one among a great many more: he had always acted by authority of parliament, and according to the instructions that were given him, 35
as oft as he was sent on any expedition or negotiation. As to all things done before the year [16]41, the late king had buried them in an act of oblivion then passed, as the present king had also done in the year [16]51: so he did not think he was bound to answer 40
to any particulars before that time. For the second head, he was at London when most of the barbarities set out in it were committed: nor did it appear that he gave any orders about them. It was well known that great outrages had been committed by the 45
Macdonalds, and he believed his people, when they had the better of them, had taken cruel revenges.

This was to be imputed to the heat of the time, and to the tempers of the people, who had been much provoked by the burning his whole country, and by much blood that was shed. And as to many stories laid to the charge of his men, he knew some of them were mere forgeries, and others were aggravated much beyond the truth: but, what truth soever might be in them, he could not be answerable but for what was done by himself or by his orders. As to the third head, of his compliance with the usurpation, he had stood out till the nation was quite conquered: and in that case it was the received opinion both of divines and lawyers, that men might lawfully submit to an usurpation, when forced to it by an inevitable necessity. It was the epidemical sin of the nation. His circumstances were such, that more than a bare compliance was required of him. What he did that way was only to preserve himself and his family, and was not done on design to oppose the king's interest: nor did his service suffer by anything he did. This was the substance of his defence: he was often brought to the bar, and began every article of his defence with a long speech, which he did with so good a grace, and so skilfully, that his character was as much raised as his family suffered by the prosecution. In one speech excusing his compliances with Cromwell, he said, what could he think of that matter after a man so eminent in the law as his Majesty's advocate had taken the engagement. This inflamed the other so much, that he called him an impudent villain, and was not so much as chid for that barbarous treatment. Argyle gravely said, he had learned in his affliction to bear reproaches: but so the parliament saw no cause to condemn him, he was less concerned at the advocate's railing. The king's advocate put in an additional article, of charging him with accession to the king's death: for which all the proof he offered lay in a presumption. Cromwell had come down to Scotland with his army

in September [16]48, and at that time he had many long conferences with Argyle; and since immediately upon his return to London the treaty with the king was broke off, and the king was brought to his trial, he from thence inferred that it was to be presumed that Cromwell and he had concerted that matter between them. While this process was carried on, which was the solemnest that ever was in Scotland, the Lord Lorn continued at court soliciting for his father; and obtained a letter to be writ by the king to the Earl of Middleton, requiring him to order his advocate not to insist on any public proceedings before the indemnity he himself had passed in the year 1651. He also required him, when the trial was ended, to send up the whole process, and lay it before the king, before the parliament should give sentence. The Earl of Middleton submitted to the first part of this: so all further inquiry into those matters was superseded. But as to the second part of the letter, it looked so like a distrust of the justice of the parliament, that he said he durst not let it be known, till he had a second and more positive order, which he earnestly desired might not be sent, for it would very much discourage this loyal and affectionate parliament: and he begged earnestly to have that order recalled; which was done. For some time there was a stop in the proceedings, in which Argyle was contriving an escape out of the castle. He kept his bed for some days: and his lady being of the same stature with himself, and coming to him in a chair, he had put on her clothes, and was going into the chair: but he apprehended he should be discovered, and his execution hastened; and so his heart failed him. The Earl of Middleton resolved, if possible, to have the king's death fastened on him. By this means, as he would die with the more infamy, so he reckoned this would put an end to the family, since nobody durst move in favour of the son of one judged guilty of that crime. And he, as was believed, hoped to obtain

a grant of his estate. Search was made into all the precedents, of men who had been at any time condemned upon presumption; and the Earl of Middleton resolved to argue the matter himself, hoping that the weight of his authority would bear down all opposition. He managed it indeed with more force than decency: he was too vehement, and maintained the argument with a strength that did more honour to his parts than to his justice or his character. But Gilmour, though newly made lord president of the session, which is the supreme court of justice in that kingdom, abhorred the precedent of attainting a man upon so remote a presumption; and he looked upon it as less justifiable than the much decried attainder of the Earl of Strafford. So he undertook the argument against Middleton: they replied upon one another thirteen or fourteen times in a debate that lasted many hours. Gilmour had so clearly the better of the argument, that though the parliament was so set against Argyle that everything was like to pass that might blacken him, yet, when it was put to the vote, he was acquitted as to that by a great majority: at which he expressed so much joy, that he seemed little concerned at anything that could happen to him after that. All that remained was to make his compliance with the usurpers appear to be treason. The debate was like to have lasted long. The Earl of Loudoun, who had been lord chancellor, and was counted the eloquentest man of the time, for he had a copiousness in speaking that was never exhausted, and was of his family and his particular friend, had prepared a long and learned argument on that head. He had gathered the opinions both of divines and lawyers, and had laid together a great deal out of history, more particularly out of the Scottish history, to show that it had never been censured as a crime, but that, on the contrary, in all their confusions, the men who had merited the most of the crown in all its shakings,

were persons who had got credit by compliances with ¹⁶⁵
the side that prevailed, and by that means had brought
things about again. But, while it was very doubtful
how it would have gone, Monk, by an inexcusable
baseness, had searched among his letters, and found
some that were writ by Argyle to himself, that were ¹⁷⁰
so hearty and zealous on their side, that after they
were read it could not be pretended that his com-
pliance was feigned, or extorted from him. Every-
body blamed Monk for sending these down, since
it was a betraying the confidence that they then lived ¹⁷⁵
in. They were sent down by an express, and came
to the Earl of Middleton after the parliament was
engaged in the debate. So he ordered the letters to
be read. This was much blamed, as contrary to the
forms of justice, since probation was closed on both ¹⁸⁰
sides; but the reading of them silenced all further
debate. All his friends rose and went out: and he
was condemned as guilty of treason. The Marquis
of Montrose only refused to vote; he owned he had
too much resentment to judge in that matter. It was ¹⁸⁵
designed he should be hanged, as Montrose had been:
but it was carried that he should be beheaded, and
that his head should be set up where Montrose's had
been set. He received his sentence decently, and
composed himself to suffer with a courage that was not ¹⁹⁰
expected from him.

The day before his death he wrote to the king,
justifying his intentions in all he had acted in the
matter of the Covenant: he protested his innocence as
to the death of the late king: he submitted patiently ¹⁹⁵
to his sentence, and wished the king a long and
happy reign: he cast his family and children upon his
mercy; and prayed that they might not suffer for
their father's fault. On the 27th of May, the day
appointed for his execution, he came to the scaffold in ²⁰⁰
a very solemn but undaunted manner, accompanied
with many of the nobility and some ministers. He
spoke for half an hour with a great appearance of

serenity. Cunningham, his physician, told me he
 205 touched his pulse, and that it did then beat at the
 usual rate, calm and strong. He did in a most
 solemn manner vindicate himself from all knowledge
 or accession to the king's death: he pardoned all
 his enemies; and submitted to the sentence, as to the
 210 will of God: he spoke highly in justification of the
 Covenant, calling it the cause and work of God; and
 he expressed his apprehension of sad times like to
 follow, and exhorted all people to adhere to the
 Covenant, and to resolve to suffer rather than sin
 215 against their consciences. He parted with all his
 friends very decently: and after some time spent in
 his private devotion he was beheaded; and did end
 his days much better than those who knew the former
 parts of his life expected.

G. BURNET (1643-1715).

THE COVENANTERS

1679

THE Duke of Monmouth was beginning to form a
 scheme of a ministry: but now the government in
 Scotland was so remiss, that the people apprehended
 they might run into all sort of confusion. They
 5 heard that England was in such distractions that they
 needed fear no force from thence. Lauderdale's party
 was losing heart, and fearing a new model there as
 was set up here in England. All this set those mad
 people that had run about with the field conventicles
 10 into a frenzy. They drew together in great bodies.
 Some parties of the troops came to disperse them, but
 found them both so resolute and so strong, that they
 did not think fit to engage them: sometimes they fired
 on one another, and some were killed of both sides.

15 When a party of furious men were riding through
 a moor near St. Andrews, they saw the archbishop's
 coach appear. He was coming from a council day,

16 The *archbishop* was Dr. Sharp of St. Andrews.

and was driving home: and he had sent some of his servants home before him, to let them know he was coming, and others he had sent off on compliments; 20 so that there were no horsemen about the coach. They seeing this concluded, according to their frantic enthusiastic notions, that God had now delivered up their greatest enemy into their hands: seven of them made up to the coach, while the rest were as scouts 25 riding all about the moor. One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown, but did not go into his body: upon this they fancied he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot; and they drew him out of his coach, and murdered him 30 barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead: and so got clear off, nobody happening to go across the moor all the while. This was the dismal end of that unhappy man: it struck all people with horror, and softened his enemies into some tender- 35 ness, so that his memory was treated with decency by those who had very little respect for him during his life.

A week after that, there was a great field conventicle held within ten mile of Glasgow: a body of the guards engaged with them, and they made such a vigorous 40 resistance, that the guards, having lost thirty of their number, were forced to run for it. So the conventicle formed itself into a body, and marched to Glasgow. The person that led them had been bred by me while I lived at Glasgow, being the younger son of Sir Thomas 45 Hamilton that married my sister, but by a former wife: he was then a lively, hopeful young man: but getting into that company and into their notions, he became a crack-brained enthusiast, and under the show of a hero was an ignominious coward. Duke Lauderdale 50 and his party published everywhere that this rebellion was headed by a nephew of mine, whom I had prepared for such work while he was in my hands. Their numbers were so magnified, that a company or two which lay at Glasgow retired in all haste, and left 55 the town to them, though they were then not above

four or five hundred ; and these were so ill armed, and so ill commanded, that a troop of horse could have easily dispersed them. The council at Edinburgh
60 sent the Earl of Linlithgow against them with 1,000 foot, 200 horse, and 200 dragoons: a force much greater than was necessary for making head against such a rabble. He marched till he came within ten miles of them, and then pretended he had intelligence
65 that they were above 8,000 strong; so he marched back; for he said it was the venturing the whole force the king had upon too great an inequality. He could never prove that he had any such intelligence: some imputed this to his cowardice: others thought that,
70 being much engaged with Duke Lauderdale, he did this on purpose to give them time to increase their numbers, and thought their madness would be the best justification of all the violences that had been committed in Duke Lauderdale's administration.
75 Thus the country was left in their hands, and if there had been any designs or preparations made formerly for a rebellion, now they had time enough to run together and to form themselves: but it appeared that there had been no such designs by this, that none
80 came into it but those desperate intercommoned men, who were, as it were, hunted from their houses into all those extravagances that men may fall in, who wander about inflaming one another, and are heated in it with false notions of religion. The rebels, having the
85 country left to their discretion, fancied that their numbers would quickly increase: and they set out a sort of manifesto, complaining of the oppressions they lay under, and asserting the obligation of the Covenant: and they concluded it with the demand of a free parlia-
90 ment. When the news of this came to court, Duke Lauderdale said it was the effect of the encouragement that they had from the king's hearkening to their complaints: whereas all indifferent men thought it was rather to be imputed to his insolence and tyranny.

80 intercommoned] proscribed.

The king resolved to lose no time: so he sent the Duke of Monmouth down post, with full powers to command in chief: and directions were sent to some troops that lay in the north of England to be ready to march upon his orders. Duke Lauderdale apprehended that those in arms would presently submit to the Duke of Monmouth, if there was but time given for proper instruments to go among them, and that then they would pretend they had been forced into that rising by the violence of the government: so he got the king to send positive orders after him that he should not treat with them, but fall on them immediately: yet he marched so slowly that they had time enough given them to dispose them to a submission. They fixed at Hamilton, near which there is a bridge on Clyde, which it was believed they intended to defend: but they took no care of it. They sent some to treat with the Duke of Monmouth: he answered, that if they would submit to the king's mercy, and lay down their arms, he would interpose for their pardon, but that he would not treat with them so long as they were in arms. Some were beginning to press their rendering themselves at discretion. They had neither the grace to submit, nor the sense to march away, nor the courage to fight it out: but suffered the Duke of Monmouth to make himself master of the bridge. They were then 4,000 men: but few of them were well armed. If they had charged those that came first over the bridge, they might have had some advantage: but they looked on like men that had lost both sense and courage, and upon the first charge they threw down their arms, and ran away. There were between two and three hundred killed, and twelve hundred taken prisoners. The Duke of Monmouth stopped the execution that his men were making as soon as he could, and saved the prisoners; for some moved that they should be all killed upon the spot. Yet this was afterwards objected to him as a neglect of the king's service, and

as a courting the people. The Duke of York talked
135 of it in that strain: and the king himself said to him,
that if he had been there they should not have had
the trouble of prisoners: he answered, he could not
kill men in cold blood; that was only for butchers.
Duke Lauderdale's creatures pressed the keeping the
140 army some time in that country, on design to have eat
it up. But the Duke of Monmouth sent home the
militia, and put the troops under discipline: so that all
that country was sensible that he had preserved them
from ruin. The very fanatical party confessed that
145 he treated them as gently as was possible, considering
their madness. He came back to court as soon as he
had settled matters, and moved the king to grant an
indemnity for what was past, and a liberty to hold
meetings under the king's licence or connivance: he
150 showed the king that all this madness of field con-
venticles flowed only from the severity against those
that were held within doors. Duke Lauderdale drew
the indemnity in such a manner that it carried in some
clauses a full pardon to himself and all his party; but
155 he clogged it much with relation to those for whom
it was granted. All gentlemen, preachers, and officers
were excepted out of it, so that the favour of it was
much limited. Two of their preachers were hanged,
but the other prisoners were let go upon their
160 signing a bond for keeping the peace. Two hundred
of them were sent to Virginia, but they were all cast
away at sea. Thus ended this tumultuary rebellion,
which went by the name of Bothwell-bridge, where
the action was. The king soon after sent down
165 orders for allowing meeting-houses: but the Duke of
Monmouth's interest sank so soon after this, that these
were scarce opened when they were shut up again.
Their enemies said this looked like a rewarding them
for their rebellion.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II

1685

THUS lived and died King Charles the second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference: and then he showed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hid from place to place: but, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he showed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England: but he had been obliged to so many, who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all, and finding it not so easy to reward them as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner: for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him. While he was abroad, at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything

35 to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career ; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects, with which he often complained
40 that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was to find money for supporting his expense. So that it was often said that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and had given him a good round pension, that he
45 might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking : and in the state his affairs were then
50 in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please them. So that words or promises went very easily from him, and he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and of govern-
55 ing was to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could, under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none,
60 for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was during the active part of life given up to sloth and lewdness, to such a degree
65 that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint ; and though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run
70 the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment : but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature : and in

the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never for- 75 gave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of 80 restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations: and the most studied extravagances that way seemed to the very last to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his 85 whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age; but when it appeared how little could be built on his promises, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality that had more 90 than ordinary in them, he drew them about him and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to 95 talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very grace- 100 ful manner, but so often, and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew very weary of them, and when he entered on those stories they usually withdrew: so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done there were 105 not above four or five left about him: which drew a severe censure from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had 110 told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all

his often repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a
 115 king.

G. BURNET (1643-1715).

THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY

1689

BY this time July was far advanced ; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the
 5 enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in : one of the bastions was laid in ruins ; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the
 10 fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The
 15 stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five
 20 shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast, that it was impossible for the
 25 survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish,

caught in the river, was not to be purchased with 30
 money. The only price for which such a treasure
 could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal.
 Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet
 engenders, made existence a constant torment. The
 whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from 35
 the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That
 there should be fits of discontent and insubordination
 among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At
 one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up
 somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in 40
 private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely
 for the good cause. His house was strictly examined :
 his innocence was fully proved : he regained his popu-
 larity ; and the garrison, with death in near prospect,
 thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank 45
 in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth
 from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering
 steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were,
 indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure
 traitors opened communications with the enemy. But 50
 it was necessary that all such dealings should be care-
 fully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any
 words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution.
 Even in that extremity the general cry was ' No sur-
 render '. And there were not wanting voices which, 55
 in low tones, added, ' First the horses and hides, and
 then the prisoners ; and then each other.' It was
 afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horri-
 ble mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose
 bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons 60
 which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal
 himself from the numerous eyes which followed him
 with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the
 streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the 65
 garrison that all this time the English ships were seen
 far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the

fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the thirteenth of July, however, a piece of paper sowed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received from England a dispatch, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phoenix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the *Dartmouth*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heartbroken congregation had separated; when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were

in extreme peril: for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake 110 performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went 115 right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way: but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the *Dartmouth* 120 poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phoenix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon 125 passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and 130 which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began: but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude 135 which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that 140 they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks 145

filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river ; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six
 150 thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with
 155 niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on
 160 either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night ; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three
 165 following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, on the third night, flames were seen arising from the camp, and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers ; and the citizens saw far
 170 off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

LORD MACAULAY (1800-59).

GLENCOE

1692

THERE was, at this time, a very barbarous massacre committed in Scotland, which showed both the cruelty and the treachery of some of those who had unhappily insinuated themselves into King William's
 5 confidence : the Earl of Breadalbane formed a scheme of quieting all the Highlanders, if the King would

give twelve or fifteen thousand pounds for doing it, which was remitted down from England; and this was to be divided among the heads of the tribes or clans of the Highlanders. He employed his emissaries among 10 them, and told them the best service they could do King James was to lie quiet, and reserve themselves to a better time; and if they would take the oaths, the King would be contented with that, and they were to have a share of this sum that was sent down to buy their 15 quiet; but this came to nothing; their demands rose high; they knew this lord had money to distribute among them: they believed he intended to keep the best part of it to himself; so they asked more than he could give: among the most clamorous and obstinate 20 of these were the Macdonalds of Glencoe, who were believed guilty of much robbery and many murders; and so had gained too much by their pilfering war, to be easily brought to give it over. The head of that valley had so particularly provoked Lord 25 Breadalbane, that as his scheme was quite defeated, by the opposition that he raised, so he designed a severe revenge. The King had, by a proclamation, offered an indemnity to all the Highlanders that had been in arms against him, upon their coming in by a prefixed 30 date to take the oaths; the day had been twice or thrice prolonged; and it was at last carried to the end of the year 1691; with a positive threatening of proceeding to military execution against such as should not come into his obedience by the last day of 35 December.

All were so terrified that they came in; and even that Macdonald went to the governor of Fort William, on the last of December, and offered to take 40 the oaths; but he, being only a military man, could not or would not tender them; and Macdonald was forced to seek for some of the legal magistrates, to tender them to him. The snows were then fallen, so four or five days passed before he could come to a magistrate; he took the oaths in his presence, on the 45

fourth or fifth of January, when, by the strictness of law, he could claim no benefit by it; the matter was signified to the Council; and the person had a reprimand for giving him the oaths when the day was past.

50 This was kept from the King; and the Earl of Breadalbane came to court, to give an account of his diligence, and to bring back the money, since he could not do the service for which he had it. He informed against this Macdonald, as the chief person

55 who had defeated that good design; and that he might both gratify his own revenge, and render the King odious to all the Highlanders, he proposed that orders should be sent for a military execution on those of Glencoe. An instruction was drawn by the

60 Secretary of State, to be both signed and countersigned by the King (that so he might bear no part of the blame, but that it might lie wholly on the King), that such as had not taken the oaths by the time limited, should be shut out of the benefit of the indemnity, and be received

65 only upon mercy. But when it was found that this would not authorize what was intended, a second order was got to be signed and countersigned, that if the Glencoe men could be separated from the rest of the Highlanders, some examples might be made of

70 them, in order to strike terror into the rest. The King signed this, without any inquiry about it; for he was too apt to sign papers in a hurry, without examining the importance of them. This was one effect of his slowness in dispatching business: for

75 as he was apt to suffer things to run on, till there was a great heap of papers laid before him; so then he signed them a little too precipitately. But all this while the King knew nothing of Macdonald's offering to take the oaths, within the time, nor of his having

80 taken them soon after it was past, when he came to a proper magistrate. As these orders were sent down, the Secretary of State writ many private letters to Livingstone who commanded in Scotland, giving him a strict charge and particular directions for the execu-

tion of them : and he ordered the passes in the valley 85
to be kept, describing them so minutely, that the
orders were certainly drawn by one who knew the
country well. He gave also a positive direction, that
no prisoners should be taken, that so the execution
might be as terrible as was possible. He pressed this 90
upon Livingstone, with strains of vehemence that
looked as if there was something more than ordinary
in it ; he indeed grounded it on his zeal for the King's
service, adding, that such rebels and murderers should
be made examples of. 95

In February, a company was sent to Glencoe, who
were kindly received, and quartered over the valley,
the inhabitants thinking themselves safe, and looking
for no hostilities : after they had stayed a week among
them, they took their time in the night, and killed 100
about six and thirty of them, the rest taking the
alarm, and escaping. This raised a mighty outcry,
and was published by the French in their gazettes, and
by the Jacobites in their libels, to cast a reproach
on the King's government, as cruel and barbarous ; 105
though in all other instances it had appeared, that his
own inclinations were gentle and mild, rather to an
excess. The King sent orders to inquire into the
matter ; but when the letters, written upon this
business, were all examined, which I myself read, it 110
appeared, that so many were involved in the matter,
that the King's gentleness prevailed on him to a fault ;
and he contented himself with dismissing only the
Master of Stair from his service. The Highlanders
were so inflamed with this, that they were put in as 115
forward a disposition as the Jacobites wished for, to
have rebelled upon the first favourable opportunity :
and indeed the not punishing this with a due rigour
was the greatest blot in this whole reign, and had a
very ill effect in alienating that nation from the King 120
and his government.

THE PORTEOUS RIOTS

1736

I. REPRIEVE OF PORTEOUS.

ON the day when the unhappy Porteous was expected to suffer the sentence of the law, the place of execution, extensive as it is, was crowded almost to suffocation. There was not a window in all the lofty
5 tenements around it, or in the steep and crooked street called the Bow, by which the fatal procession was to descend from the High Street, that was not absolutely filled with spectators. The uncommon height and antique appearance of these houses, some
10 of which were formerly the property of the Knights Templars, and the Knights of St. John, and still exhibit on their fronts and gables the iron cross of these orders, gave additional effect to a scene in itself so striking. The area of the Grassmarket resembled
15 a huge dark lake or sea of human heads, in the centre of which arose the fatal tree, tall, black, and ominous, from which dangled the deadly halter. Every object takes interest from its uses and associations, and the erect beam and empty noose, things so simple in them-
20 selves, became, on such an occasion, objects of terror and of solemn interest.

Amid so numerous an assembly there was scarcely a word spoken, save in whispers. The thirst of vengeance was in some degree allayed by its supposed
25 certainty; and even the populace, with deeper feeling than they are wont to entertain, suppressed all clamorous exultation, and prepared to enjoy the scene of retaliation in triumph, silent and decent, though stern and relentless. It seemed as if the
30 depth of their hatred to the unfortunate criminal scorned to display itself in anything resembling the more noisy current of their ordinary feelings. Had a stranger consulted only the evidence of his ears, he

might have supposed that so vast a multitude were assembled for some purpose which affected them with 35 the deepest sorrow, and stilled those noises which, on all ordinary occasions, arise from such a concourse; but if he gazed upon their faces, he would have been instantly undeceived. The compressed lip, the bent brow, the stern and flashing eye of almost every one 40 on whom he looked, conveyed the expression of men come to glut their sight with triumphant revenge. It is probable that the appearance of the criminal might have somewhat changed the temper of the populace in his favour, and that they might in the moment of 45 death have forgiven the man against whom their resentment had been so fiercely heated. It had, however, been destined that the mutability of their sentiments was not to be exposed to this trial.

The usual hour for producing the criminal had 50 been past for many minutes, yet the spectators observed no symptom of his appearance. 'Would they venture to defraud public justice?' was the question which men began anxiously to ask of each other. The first answer in every case was bold and 55 positive,—'They dare not.' But when the point was further canvassed, other opinions were entertained, and various causes of doubt were suggested. Porteous had been a favourite officer of the magistracy of the city, which, being a numerous and fluctuating body, 60 requires for its support a degree of energy in its functionaries, which the individuals who compose it cannot at all times alike be supposed to possess in their own persons. It was remembered, that in the Information for Porteous (the paper, namely, in which 65 his case was stated to the Judges of the criminal court) he had been described by his counsel as the person on whom the magistrates chiefly relied in all emergencies of uncommon difficulty. It was argued, too, that his conduct, on the unhappy occasion of Wilson's execu- 70 tion, was capable of being attributed to an imprudent excess of zeal in the execution of his duty, a motive

for which those under whose authority he acted might be supposed to have great sympathy. And as these
75 considerations might move the magistrates to make a favourable representation of Porteous's case, there were not wanting others, in the higher departments of Government, which would make such suggestions favourably listened to.

80 The mob of Edinburgh, when thoroughly excited, had been at all times one of the fiercest which could be found in Europe; and of late years they had risen repeatedly against the Government, and sometimes not without temporary success. They were conscious,
85 therefore, that they were no favourites with the rulers of the period, and that, if Captain Porteous's violence was not altogether regarded as good service, it might certainly be thought that to visit it with a capital punishment would render it both delicate and danger-
90 ous for future officers, in the same circumstances, to act, with effect in repressing tumults. There is also a natural feeling, on the part of all members of Government, for the general maintenance of authority; and it seemed not unlikely that what to the relatives
95 of the sufferers appeared a wanton and unprovoked massacre should be otherwise viewed in the cabinet of St. James's. It might be there supposed, that upon the whole matter, Captain Porteous was in the exercise of a trust delegated to him by the lawful civil authority;
100 that he had been assaulted by the populace and several of his men hurt; and that, in finally repelling force by force, his conduct could be fairly imputed to no other motive than self-defence in the discharge of his duty.

105 These considerations, of themselves very powerful, induced the spectators to apprehend the possibility of a reprieve; and to the various causes which might interest the rulers in his favour, the lower part of the rabble added one which was peculiarly well adapted
110 to their comprehension. It was averred, in order to increase the odium against Porteous, that while he

repressed with the utmost severity the slightest excesses of the poor, he not only overlooked the licence of the young nobles and gentry, but was very willing to lend them the countenance of his official authority, in execution of such loose pranks as it was chiefly his duty to have restrained. This suspicion, which was perhaps much exaggerated, made a deep impression on the minds of the populace; and when several of the higher rank joined in a petition, recommending Porteous to the mercy of the crown, it was generally supposed he owed their favour not to any conviction of the hardship of his case, but to the fear of losing a convenient accomplice in their debaucheries. It is scarcely necessary to say how much this suspicion augmented the people's detestation of this obnoxious criminal, as well as their fear of his escaping the sentence pronounced against him.

While these arguments were stated and replied to and canvassed and supported, the hitherto silent expectation of the people became changed into that deep and agitating murmur, which is sent forth by the ocean before the tempest begins to howl. The crowded populace, as if their motions had corresponded with the unsettled state of their minds, fluctuated to and fro without any visible cause of impulse, like the agitation of the waters called by sailors the ground-swell. The news, which the magistrates had almost hesitated to communicate to them, was at length announced, and spread among the spectators with a rapidity like lightning. A reprieve from the Secretary of State's office, under the hand of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, had arrived, intimating the pleasure of Queen Caroline (regent of the kingdom during the absence of George II on the Continent) that the execution of the sentence of death pronounced against John Porteous, late Captain-Lieutenant of the City Guard of Edinburgh, at present prisoner in the Tolbooth of that city, be respited for six weeks from the time appointed for his execution.

The assembled spectators of almost all degrees, whose minds had been wound up to the pitch which we have described, uttered a groan, or rather a roar of indignation, and disappointed revenge, similar to that
155 of a tiger from whom his meal has been rent by his keeper when he was just about to devour it. This fierce exclamation seemed to forebode some immediate explosion of popular resentment, and, in fact, such had been expected by the magistrates, and the
160 necessary measures had been taken to repress it. But the shout was not repeated, nor did any sudden tumult ensue, such as it appeared to announce. The populace seemed to be ashamed of having expressed their disappointment in a vain clamour, and the sound
165 changed, not into the silence which had preceded the arrival of these stunning news, but into stifled mutterings, which each group maintained among themselves, and which were blended into one deep and hoarse murmur which floated above the assembly.

170 Yet still, though all expectation of the execution was over, the mob remained assembled, stationary, as it were, through very resentment, gazing on the preparations for death, which had now been made in vain, and stimulating their feelings by recalling the
175 various claims which Wilson might have had on royal mercy, from the mistaken motives on which he acted, as well as from the generosity he had displayed towards his accomplice. 'This man,' they said, 'the brave, the resolute, the generous, was executed to
180 death without mercy for stealing a purse of gold, which in some sense he might consider as a fair reprisal; while the profligate satellite, who took advantage of a trifling tumult, inseparable from such occasions, to shed the blood of twenty of his fellow citizens, is
185 deemed a fitting object for the exercise of the royal prerogative of mercy. Is this to be borne?—would our fathers have borne it? Are not we, like them, Scotsmen and burghers of Edinburgh?'

The officers of justice began now to remove the

scaffold, and other preparations which had been made 190
for the execution, in hopes, by doing so, to accelerate
the dispersion of the multitude. The measure had the
desired effect ; for no sooner had the fatal tree been
unfixed from the large stone pedestal or socket in
which it was secured, and sunk slowly down upon the 195
wain intended to remove it to the place where it was
usually deposited, than the populace, after giving vent
to their feelings in a second shout of rage and morti-
fication, began slowly to disperse to their usual abodes
and occupations. 200

The windows were in like manner gradually deserted,
and groups of the more decent class of citizens formed
themselves, as if waiting to return homewards when
the streets should be cleared of the rabble. Contrary
to what is frequently the case, this description of per- 205
sons agreed in general with the sentiments of their
inferiors, and considered the cause as common to all
ranks. Indeed, as we have already noticed, it was by
no means amongst the lowest class of the spectators,
or those most likely to be engaged in the riot at Wil- 210
son's execution, that the fatal fire of Porteous's soldiers
had taken effect. Several persons were killed who
were looking out at windows at the scene, who could
not of course belong to the rioters, and were persons
of decent rank and condition. The burghers, there- 215
fore, resenting the loss which had fallen on their own
body, and proud and tenacious of their rights as the
citizens of Edinburgh have at all times been, were
greatly exasperated at the unexpected respite of Cap-
tain Porteous. 220

It was noticed at the time, and afterwards more
particularly remembered, that, while the mob were in
the act of dispersing, several individuals were seen
busily passing from one place and one group of people
to another, remaining long with none, but whispering 225
for a little time with those who appeared to be declaim-
ing most violently against the conduct of Government.
These active agents had the appearance of men from

the country, and were generally supposed to be old
230 friends and confederates of Wilson, whose minds were
of course highly excited against Porteous.

2. PORTEOUS TAKEN FROM THE TOLBOOTH.

The unhappy object of this remarkable disturbance
had been that day delivered from the apprehension of
public execution, and his joy was the greater, as he
235 had some reason to question whether Government
would have run the risk of unpopularity by interfering
in his favour, after he had been legally convicted by
the verdict of a jury of a crime so very obnoxious.
Relieved from this doubtful state of mind, his heart
240 was merry within him, and he thought, in the emphatic
words of Scripture on a similar occasion, that surely
the bitterness of death was past. Some of his friends,
however, who had watched the manner and behaviour
of the crowd when they were made acquainted with
245 the reprieve, were of a different opinion. They
augured, from the unusual sternness and silence with
which they bore their disappointment, that the popu-
lace nourished some scheme of sudden and desperate
vengeance; and they advised Porteous to lose no time
250 in petitioning the proper authorities, that he might be
conveyed to the Castle under a sufficient guard, to
remain there in security until his ultimate fate should
be determined. Habituated, however, by his office,
to overawe the rabble of the city, Porteous could not
255 suspect them of an attempt so audacious as to storm
a strong and defensible prison; and, despising the
advice by which he might have been saved, he spent
the afternoon of the eventful day in giving an enter-
tainment to some friends who visited him in gaol,
260 several of whom, by the indulgence of the Captain of
the Tolbooth, with whom he had an old intimacy
arising from their official connexion, were even per-
mitted to remain to supper with him, though contrary
to the rules of the gaol.

It was, therefore, in the hour of unalloyed mirth, ²⁶⁵ when this unfortunate wretch was 'full of bread', hot with wine, and high in mistimed and ill-grounded confidence, and, alas! with all his sins full blown, when the first distant shouts of the rioters mingled with the song of merriment and intemperance. The ²⁷⁰ hurried call of the gaoler to the guests, requiring them instantly to depart, and his yet more hasty intimation that a dreadful and determined mob had possessed themselves of the city gates and Guard-house, were the first explanation of these fearful clamours. ²⁷⁵

Porteous might, however, have eluded the fury from which the force of authority could not protect him, had he thought of slipping on some disguise and leaving the prison along with his guests. It is probable that the gaoler might have connived at his escape, ²⁸⁰ or even that, in the hurry of this alarming contingency, he might not have observed it. -But Porteous and his friends alike wanted presence of mind to suggest or execute such a plan of escape. The latter hastily fled from a place where their own safety seemed compro- ²⁸⁵ mised, and the former, in a state resembling stupefaction, awaited in his apartment the termination of the enterprise of the rioters. The cessation of the clang of the instruments, with which they had at first attempted to force the door gave him momentary ²⁹⁰ relief. The flattering hopes that the military had marched into the city, either from the Castle or from the suburbs, and that the rioters were intimidated and dispersing, were soon destroyed by the broad and glaring light of the flames, which, illuminating through ²⁹⁵ the grated window every corner of his apartment, plainly showed that the mob, determined on their fatal purpose, had adopted a means of forcing entrance equally desperate and certain.

The sudden glare of light suggested to the stupefied ³⁰⁰ and astonished object of popular hatred the possibility of concealment or escape. To rush to the chimney, to ascend it at the risk of suffocation, were the only

means which seem to have occurred to him ; but his
305 progress was speedily stopped by one of those iron
gratings, which are, for the sake of security, usually
placed across the vents of buildings designed for
imprisonment. The bars, however, which impeded
his further progress, served to support him in the
310 situation which he had gained, and he seized them
with the tenacious grasp of one who esteemed himself
clinging to his last hope of existence. The lurid light,
which had filled the apartment, lowered and died
away ; the sound of shouts was heard within the walls,
315 and on the narrow and winding stair, which, cased
within one of the turrets, gave access to the upper
apartments of the prison. The huzza of the rioters
was answered by a shout wild and desperate as their
own, the cry, namely, of the imprisoned felons, who,
320 expecting to be liberated in the general confusion,
welcomed the mob as their deliverers. By some of
these, the apartment of Porteous was pointed out to
his enemies. The obstacle of the lock and bolts was
soon overcome, and from his hiding-place the unfor-
325 tunate man heard his enemies search every corner of
the apartment, with oaths and maledictions, which
would but shock the reader if we recorded them, but
which served to prove, could it have admitted of doubt,
the settled purpose of soul with which they sought his
330 destruction.

A place of concealment so obvious to suspicion and
scrutiny as that which Porteous had chosen could not
long screen him from detection. He was dragged
from his lurking-place, with a violence which seemed
335 to argue an intention to put him to death on the spot.
More than one weapon was directed towards him,
when one of the rioters, the same whose female dis-
guise had been particularly noticed by Butler, inter-
fered in an authoritative tone. 'Are ye mad?' he
340 said, 'or would ye execute an act of justice as if it
were a crime and a cruelty? This sacrifice will lose
half its savour if we do not offer it at the very horns

of the altar. We will have him die where a murderer should die, on the common gibbet.—We will have him die where he spilled the blood of so many innocents!’ 345

A loud shout of applause followed the proposal, and the cry, ‘To the gallows with the murderer!—To the Grassmarket with him!’ echoed on all hands.

‘Let no man hurt him,’ continued the speaker; ‘let him make his peace with God, if he can; we will not kill both his soul and body.’ 350

‘What time did he give better folk for preparing their account?’ answered several voices. ‘Let us mete to him with the same measure he measured to them.’ 355

But the opinion of the spokesman better suited the temper of those he addressed, a temper rather stubborn than impetuous, sedate though ferocious, and desirous of colouring their cruel and revengeful action with a show of justice and moderation. 360

For an instant this man quitted the prisoner, whom he consigned to a selected guard, with instructions to permit him to give his money and property to whomsoever he pleased. A person confined in the gaol for debt received this last deposit from the trembling hand 365 of the victim, who was at the same time permitted to make some other brief arrangements to meet his approaching fate. The felons, and all others who wished to leave the gaol, were now at full liberty to do so; not that their liberation made any part of the 370 settled purpose of the rioters, but it followed as almost a necessary consequence of forcing the gaol doors. With wild cries of jubilee they joined the mob, or disappeared among the narrow lanes to seek out the hidden receptacles of vice and infamy, where they 375 were accustomed to lurk and conceal themselves from justice.

The mob had brought their destined victim forth, and were about to conduct him to the common place of execution, which they had fixed as the scene of his 380 death. The leader, whom they distinguished by the

name of Madge Wildfire, had been summoned to assist at the procession by the impatient shouts of his confederates.

385 'I will ensure you five hundred pounds,' said the unhappy man, grasping Wildfire's hand,—'five hundred pounds for to save my life.'

The other answered in the same undertone, and returning his grasp with one equally convulsive, 'Five
390 hundredweight of coined gold should not save you.—Remember Wilson!'

A deep pause of a minute ensued, when Wildfire added, in a more composed tone, 'Make your peace with Heaven.—Where is the clergyman?'

395 Butler, who in great terror and anxiety had been detained within a few yards of the Tolbooth door, to wait the event of the search after Porteous, was now brought forward, and commanded to walk by the prisoner's side and to prepare him for immediate
400 death. His answer was a supplication that the rioters would consider what they did. 'You are neither judges nor jury,' said he. 'You cannot have, by the laws of God or man, power to take away the life of a human creature, however deserving he may be of
405 death. If it is murder even in a lawful magistrate to execute an offender otherwise than in the place, time, and manner which the judges' sentence prescribes, what must it be in you, who have no warrant for interference but your own wills? In the name of Him
410 who is all mercy, show mercy to this unhappy man, and do not dip your hands in his blood, nor rush into the very crime which you are desirous of avenging!'

'Cut your sermon short—you are not in your pulpit,' answered one of the rioters.

415 'If we hear more of your clavers,' said another, 'we are like to hang you up beside him.'

'Peace—hush!' said Wildfire. 'Do the good man no harm—he discharges his conscience, and I like him the better.'

420 He then addressed Butler. 'Now, sir, we have

patiently heard you, and we just wish you to understand, in the way of answer, that you may as well argue to the ashlar-work and iron-stanchels of the Tolbooth, as think to change our purpose; blood must have blood. We have sworn to each other by ⁴²⁵ the deepest oaths ever were pledged, that Porteous shall die the death he deserves so richly; therefore, speak no more to us, but prepare him for death as well as the briefness of his change will permit.'

They had suffered the unfortunate Porteous to put ⁴³⁰ on his nightgown and slippers, as he had thrown off his coat and shoes, in order to facilitate his attempted escape up the chimney. In this garb he was now mounted on the hands of two of the rioters, clasped together, so as to form what is called in Scotland, ⁴³⁵ 'The King's Cushion.' Butler was placed close to his side, and repeatedly urged to perform a duty always the most painful which can be imposed on a clergyman deserving of the name, and now rendered more so by the peculiar and horrid circumstances of the ⁴⁴⁰ criminal's case. Porteous at first uttered some supplications for mercy, but when he found that there was no chance that these would be attended to, his military education, and the natural stubbornness of his disposition, combined to support his spirits. ⁴⁴⁵

'Are you prepared for this dreadful end?' said Butler, in a faltering voice. 'Oh turn to Him, in whose eyes time and space have no existence, and to whom a few minutes are as a lifetime, and a lifetime as ⁴⁵⁰ a minute.'

'I believe I know what you would say,' answered Porteous sullenly. 'I was bred a soldier; if they will murder me without time, let my sins as well as my blood lie at their door.'

'Who was it', said the stern voice of Wildfire, 'that ⁴⁵⁵ said to Wilson, at this very spot, when he could not pray, owing to the galling agony of his fetters, that his pains would soon be over?—I say to you to take your own tale home; and if you cannot profit by the

460 good man's lessons, blame not them that are still more merciful to you than you were to others.'

The procession now moved forward with a slow and determined pace. It was enlightened by many blazing links and torches; for the actors of this work were so
465 far from affecting any secrecy on the occasion, that they seemed even to court observation. Their principal leaders kept close to the person of the prisoner, whose pallid yet stubborn features were seen distinctly by the torchlight, as his person was raised considerably
470 above the concourse which thronged around him. Those who bore swords, muskets, and battle-axes, marched on each side, as if forming a regular guard to the procession. The windows, as they went along, were filled with the inhabitants, whose slumbers had
475 been broken by this unusual disturbance. Some of the spectators muttered accents of encouragement; but in general they were so much appalled by a sight so strange and audacious, that they looked on with a sort of stupefied astonishment. No one offered, by act or
480 word, the slightest interruption.

The rioters, on their part, continued to act with the same air of deliberate confidence and security which had marked all their proceedings. When the object of their resentment dropped one of his slippers, they
485 stopped, sought for it, and replaced it upon his foot with great deliberation. As they descended the Bow towards the fatal spot where they designed to complete their purpose, it was suggested that there should be a rope kept in readiness. For this purpose the booth
490 of a man who dealt in cordage was forced open, a coil of rope fit for their purpose was selected to serve as a halter, and the dealer next morning found that a guinea had been left on his counter in exchange; so anxious were the perpetrators of this daring action to
495 show that they meditated not the slightest wrong or infraction of law, excepting so far as Porteous was himself concerned.

Leading, or carrying along with them in this

determined and regular manner, the object of their vengeance, they at length reached the place of common execution, the scene of his crime and destined spot of his sufferings. Several of the rioters (if they should not rather be described as conspirators) endeavoured to remove the stone which filled up the socket in which the end of the fatal tree was sunk when it was erected for its fatal purpose; others sought for the means of constructing a temporary gibbet, the place in which the gallows itself was deposited being reported too secure to be forced, without much loss of time. Butler endeavoured to avail himself of the delay afforded by these circumstances, to turn the people from their desperate design. 'For God's sake,' he exclaimed, 'remember it is the image of your Creator which you are about to deface in the person of this unfortunate man! Wretched as he is, and wicked as he may be, he has a share in every promise of Scripture, and you cannot destroy him in impenitence without blotting his name from the Book of Life. Do not destroy soul and body; give time for preparation.'

'What time had they,' returned a stern voice, 'whom he murdered on this very spot? The laws both of God and man call for his death.'

'But what, my friends,' insisted Butler, with a generous disregard to his own safety—'what hath constituted you his judges?'

'We are not his judges,' replied the same person; 'he has been already judged and condemned by lawful authority. We are those whom Heaven, and our righteous anger, have stirred up to execute judgement, when a corrupt Government would have protected a murderer.'

'I am none,' said the unfortunate Porteous; 'that which you charge upon me fell out in self-defence, in the lawful exercise of my duty.'

'Away with him—away with him!' was the general cry. 'Why do you trifle away time in making a

gallows?—that dyester's pole is good enough for the homicide.'

540 The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. Unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him as a prisoner, he fled from the fatal spot without
545 much caring in what direction his course lay. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler, then at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and, by the red
550 and dusky light of the torches, he could discern a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with their Lochaber-axes and partisans. The sight was of a nature to double
555 his horror, and to add wings to his flight.

The street down which the fugitive ran opens to one of the eastern ports or gates of the city. Butler did not stop till he reached it, but found it still shut. He waited nearly an hour, walking up and down in
560 inexpressible perturbation of mind. At length he ventured to call out, and rouse the attention of the terrified keepers of the gate, who now found themselves at liberty to resume their office without interruption. Butler requested them to open the gate. They hesi-
565 tated. He told them his name and occupation.

'He is a preacher,' said one; 'I have heard him preach in Haddo's-hole.'

'A fine preaching has he been at the night,' said another; 'but maybe least said is soonest mended.'

570 Opening then the wicket of the main-gate, the keepers suffered Butler to depart, who hastened to carry his horror and fear beyond the walls of Edinburgh. His first purpose was instantly to take the road homeward; but other fears and cares, connected
575 with the news he had learned in that remarkable day, induced him to linger in the neighbourhood of Edin-

burgh until daybreak. More than one group of persons passed him as he was whiling away the hours of darkness that yet remained, whom, from the stifled tones of their discourse, the unwonted hour when they 580 travelled, and the hasty pace at which they walked, he conjectured to have been engaged in the late fatal transaction.

Certain it was, that the sudden and total dispersion of the rioters, when their vindictive purpose was 585 accomplished, seemed not the least remarkable feature of this singular affair. In general, whatever may be the impelling motive by which a mob is at first raised, the attainment of their object has usually been only found to lead the way to further excesses. But not so 590 in the present case. They seemed completely satiated with the vengeance they had prosecuted with such stanch and sagacious activity. When they were fully satisfied that life had abandoned their victim, they dispersed in every direction, throwing down the 595 weapons which they had only assumed to enable them to carry through their purpose. At daybreak there remained not the least token of the events of the night, excepting the corpse of Porteous, which still hung suspended in the place where he had 600 suffered, and the arms of various kinds which the rioters had taken from the city Guard-house, which were found scattered about the streets as they had thrown them from their hands when the purpose for which they had seized them was accomplished. 605

The ordinary magistrates of the city resumed their power, not without trembling at the late experience of the fragility of its tenure. To march troops into the city, and commence a severe inquiry into the transactions of the preceding night, were the first 610 marks of returning energy which they displayed. But these events had been conducted on so secure and well-calculated a plan of safety and secrecy, that there was little or nothing learned to throw light upon the authors or principal actors in a scheme so audacious. 615

An express was despatched to London with the tidings, where they excited great indignation and surprise in the council of regency, and particularly in the bosom of Queen Caroline, who considered her own
 620 authority as exposed to contempt by the success of this singular conspiracy. Nothing was spoke of for some time save the measure of vengeance which should be taken, not only on the actors of this tragedy, so soon as they should be discovered, but upon the magis-
 625 trates who had suffered it to take place, and upon the city which had been the scene where it was exhibited. On this occasion, it is still recorded in popular tradition, that her Majesty, in the height of her displeasure, told the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, that, sooner
 630 than submit to such an insult, she would make Scotland a hunting-field. ‘In that case, Madam,’ answered that high-spirited nobleman, with a profound bow, ‘I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready.’

SIR W. SCOTT (1771-1832).

THE DEFENCE OF ARCOT

1751

CLIVE was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary
 5 to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become
 10 the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it

was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settle-¹⁵ ment, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and entrusted the execution of it to himself.²⁰ The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him, only two had ever been in action, and four of the²⁵ eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the³⁰ English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege.³⁵ The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the⁴⁰ fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was be-⁴⁵ sieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and⁵⁰ by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched

from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoy. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to shown signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Caesar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoy came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from

another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali; but thinking the French power 95 irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen 100 could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to 105 Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that 110 his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was 115 the great Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all 120 his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they 125 had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslems of India. They work themselves up to such 130

agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his
135 death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with
140 bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy
145 advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and
150 rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece
155 of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxica-
160 tion. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

165 The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired,

leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition. 170

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoy were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. 175

LORD MACAULAY (1800-59).

ADMIRAL BYNG

1756

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 14, 1756.

OUR affairs have taken a strange turn, my dear Sir, since I wrote to you last at the end of May; we have been all confusion, consternation, and resentment! At this moment we are all perplexity! When we were expecting every instant that Byng would send home Marshal Richelieu's head to be placed upon Templebar, we were exceedingly astonished to hear that the governor and garrison of Gibraltar had taken a panic for themselves, had called a council of war, and in direct disobedience to a positive command, had refused Byng a battalion from thence. This council was attended, and their resolution signed, by all the chief officers there, among whom are some particular favourites, and some men of the first quality. Instead of being shocked at this disappointment, Byng accompanied it with some wonderfully placid letters, in which he notified his intention of retiring under the cannon of Gibraltar, in case he found it dangerous to attempt the relief of Minorca! These letters had scarce struck their damp here, before D'Abreu, the Spanish minister, received an account from France, that Galissonière had sent word that the English fleet had been peeping about him, with exceeding caution,

25 for two or three days ; that on the 20th of May they
 had scuffled for about three hours, that night had
 separated them, and that to his great astonishment
 the English fleet, of which he had not taken one
 vessel, had disappeared in the morning. If the world
 30 was scandalized at this history, it was nothing to the
 exasperation of the court, who, on no other founda-
 tion than an enemy's report, immediately ordered
 Admiral Hawke and Saunders (created an admiral
 on purpose) to bridle and saddle the first ship at hand,
 35 and post away to Gibraltar, and to hang and drown
 Byng and West, and then to send them home to be
 tried for their lives : and not to be too partial to the
 land, and to be as severe upon good grounds as they
 were upon scarce any, they dispatched Lord Tyrawley
 40 and Lord Panmure upon the like errand over the
 Generals Fowke and Stuart. This expedition had so
 far a good effect, that the mob itself could not accuse
 the ministry of want of rashness ; and luckily for the
 latter, in three days more the same canal confirmed
 45 the disappearance of the English fleet for four days
 after the engagement—but behold ! we had scarce
 had time to jumble together our sorrow for our situa-
 tion, and our satisfaction for the dispatch we had
 used to repair it, when yesterday threw us into a new
 50 puzzle. Our spies, the French, have sent us intelli-
 gence that Galissonière is disgraced, recalled, and La
 Motte sent to replace him, and that Byng has rein-
 forced the garrison of St. Philip with—150 men !
 You, who are nearer the spot, may be able, perhaps,
 55 to unriddle or unravel all this confusion ; but you
 have no notion how it has put all our politics
 aground ! . . .

1757

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1757.

Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday
 60—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of inci-

dents, villainy, murder, and a hero! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, 65 said, 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied, 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.' He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, 70 and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his coun- 75 tenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man 80 want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners? Has the aspen Duke of Newcastle lived thus? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience?

This scene is over! what will be the next is matter 85 of great uncertainty. The new ministers are well weary of the situation; without credit at court, without influence in the House of Commons, undermined everywhere, I believe they are too sensible not to desire to be delivered of their burthen, which those 90 who increase yet dread to take on themselves. Mr. Pitt's health is as bad as his situation; confidence between the other factions almost impossible; yet I believe their impatience will prevail over their distrust. The nation expects a change every day, and 95 being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made. We are trembling for Hanover, and the Duke is going to command the army of observation. These

100 are the politics of the week : the diversions are balls, and the two Princes frequent them ; but the eldest nephew remains shut up in a room, where, as desirous as they are of keeping him, I believe he is now and then incommode. The Duke of Richmond has made
 105 two balls on his approaching wedding with Lady Mary Bruce, Mr. Conway's daughter-in-law : it is the perfectest match in the world ; youth, beauty, riches, alliances, and all the blood of all the kings from Robert Bruce to Charles II. They are the prettiest couple
 110 in England, except the father-in-law and mother.

As I write so often to you, you must be content with shorter letters, which, however, are always as long as I can make them. *This* summer will not contract our correspondence. Adieu ! my dear Sir.

H. WALPOLE (1717-97).

THE FALL OF QUEBEC

1759

WHILE the outposts of Canada were thus successfully attacked, a blow was struck at a more vital part. Early in June, General Wolfe sailed up the St. Lawrence with a force of eight thousand men, and formed his
 5 camp immediately below the city, on the Island of Orleans. From thence he could discern, at a single glance, how arduous was the task before him. Piles of lofty cliffs rose with sheer ascent on the northern border of the river ; and from their summits the
 10 boasted citadel of Canada looked down in proud security, with its churches and convents of stone, its ramparts, bastions, and batteries, while over them all, from the very brink of the precipice, towered the massive walls of the Castle of St. Louis. Above, for
 15 many a league, the bank was guarded by an unbroken range of steep acclivities. Below, the River St. Charles, flowing into the St. Lawrence, washed the base of the

rocky promontory on which the city stood. Lower yet lay an army of fourteen thousand men, under an able and renowned commander, the Marquis of Montcalm. His front was covered by entrenchments and batteries, which lined the bank of the St. Lawrence; his right wing rested on the city and the St. Charles; his left on the cascade and deep gulf of Montmorenci; and thick forests extended along his rear. Opposite Quebec rose the high promontory of Point Levi; and the St. Lawrence, contracted to less than a mile in width, flowed between, with deep and powerful current. To a chief of less resolute temper, it might well have seemed that art and nature were in league to thwart his enterprise; but a mind like that of Wolfe could only have seen in this majestic combination of forest and cataract, mountain and river, a fitting theatre for the great drama about to be enacted there.

Yet nature did not seem to have formed the young English general for the conduct of a doubtful and almost desperate enterprise. His person was slight, and his features by no means of a martial cast. His feeble constitution had been undermined by years of protracted and painful disease. His kind and genial disposition seemed better fitted for the quiet of domestic life, than for the stern duties of military command; but to these gentler traits he joined a high enthusiasm, and an unconquerable spirit of daring and endurance, which made him the idol of his soldiers, and bore his slender frame through every hardship and exposure.

The work before him demanded all his courage. How to invest the city, or even bring the army of Montcalm to action, was a problem which might have perplexed a Hannibal. A French fleet lay in the river above, and the precipices along the northern bank were guarded at every accessible point by sentinels and outposts. Wolfe would have crossed the Montmorenci by its upper ford, and attacked the French army on its left and rear; but the plan was

thwarted by the nature of the ground and the sleepless vigilance of his adversaries. Thus baffled at every other point, he formed the bold design of storming
60 Montcalm's position in front ; and, on the afternoon of the thirty-first of July, a strong body of troops was embarked in boats, and, covered by a furious cannonade from the English ships and batteries, landed on the beach just above the mouth of the Montmorenci.
65 The grenadiers and Royal Americans were the first on shore, and their ill-timed impetuosity proved the ruin of the plan. Without waiting to receive their orders or form their ranks, they ran, pellmell, across the level ground between, and with loud shouts began,
70 each man for himself, to scale the heights which rose in front, crested with entrenchments and bristling with hostile arms. The French at the top threw volley after volley among the hotheaded assailants. The slopes were soon covered with the fallen ; and at that
75 instant a storm, which had long been threatening, burst with sudden fury, drenched the combatants on both sides with a deluge of rain, extinguished for a moment the fire of the French, and at the same time made the steeps so slippery that the grenadiers fell
80 repeatedly in their vain attempts to climb. Night was coming on with double darkness. The retreat was sounded, and, as the English re-embarked, troops of Indians came whooping down the heights, and hovered about their rear, to murder the stragglers
85 and the wounded ; while exulting shouts and cries of *Vive le roi*, from the crowded summits, proclaimed the triumph of the enemy.

With bitter agony of mind, Wolfe beheld the headlong folly of his men, and saw more than four hundred
90 of the flower of his army fall a useless sacrifice. The anxieties of the siege had told severely upon his slender constitution ; and not long after this disaster, he felt the first symptoms of a fever, which soon confined him to his couch. Still his mind never wavered
95 from its purpose ; and it was while lying helpless in

the chamber of a Canadian house, where he had fixed his head-quarters, that he embraced the plan of that heroic enterprise which robbed him of life, and gave him immortal fame.

The plan had been first proposed during the height of Wolfe's illness, at a council of his subordinate generals, Monkton, Townshend, and Murray. It was resolved to divide the little army, and, while one portion remained before Quebec to alarm the enemy by false attacks, and distract their attention from the scene of actual operation, the other was to pass above the town, land under cover of darkness on the northern shore, climb the guarded heights, gain the plains above, and force Montcalm to quit his vantage-ground, and perhaps to offer battle. The scheme was daring even to rashness; but its singular audacity was the secret of its success.

Early in September, a crowd of ships and transports, under Admiral Holmes, passed the city amidst the hot firing of its batteries; while the troops designed for the expedition, amounting to scarcely five thousand, marched upward along the southern bank, beyond reach of the cannonade. All were then embarked; and on the evening of the twelfth, Holmes's fleet, with the troops on board, lay safe at anchor in the river, several leagues above the town. These operations had not failed to awaken the suspicions of Montcalm; and he had detached M. Bougainville to watch the movements of the English, and prevent their landing on the northern shore.

The eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had

135 oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order
 140 had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river and the low voice of Wolfe as he repeated to the officers about
 145 him the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had recently appeared, and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words,

‘The paths of glory lead but to the grave,’

150 the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, as he closed his recital, ‘I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow.’

As they approached the landing-place, the boats
 155 edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

‘*Qui vive?*’ shouted a French sentinel, from out the impervious gloom.

160 ‘*La France!*’ answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, from the foremost boat.

‘*A quel régiment?*’ demanded the soldier.

‘*De la Reine!*’ promptly replied the Highland captain, who chanced to know that the corps so
 165 designated formed part of Bougainville's command. As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to
 170 proceed.

A few moments after, they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running

close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery. 175

They reached the landing-place in safety—an indentation in the shore, about a league above the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the 180 pass. By the force of the current, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. 185 'You can try it,' he coolly observed to an officer near him; 'but I don't think you'll get up.'

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the 190 enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of 195 Highlanders were close at hand, while the steps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment, they were cut to pieces, 200 dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile, the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops 205 were disembarked, and, with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the 210 English forming in array of battle. Breathless

messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation. He too had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. 'They have got to the weak side of us at last,' he is reported to have said, 'and we must crush them with our numbers.' With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure; for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces—the half-wild Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces—less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success. Yet, could the chiefs of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have gone out within their hearts.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and

cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that 255
Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not 260
a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given. At once, from end to end of the British line, the muskets rose 265
to the level, as if with the sway of some great machine, and the whole blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the columns of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting 270
storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed; men and officers tumbled in heaps, columns resolved into a mob, order and 275
obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, 280
echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardour of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with 285
unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the very gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and

290 slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit, the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and
295 others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of
300 Quebec. Bougainville, with his detachment, arrived from the upper country, and, hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only
305 general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had
310 fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment
315 more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and, staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of
320 the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier raised him together in their arms, and, bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that
325 all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them,

and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. 'See how they run,' one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. 'Who run?' demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. 'The enemy, sir,' was the reply; 'they give way everywhere.' 'Then,' said the dying general, 'tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace,' he murmured; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with useless bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. 'I am glad of it,' was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. 'So much the better,' he said; 'I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.' Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions. 'I will give no more orders,' replied the defeated soldier; 'I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me.' The officers withdrew, and none remained in the chamber but his confessor and the Bishop of Quebec. To the last, he expressed his contempt for his own mutinous and half-famished troops, and his admiration for the disciplined valour of his opponents. He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.

The victorious army encamped before Quebec, and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy; but before a single gun was brought to bear,

the white flag was hung out, and the garrison surrendered. On the eighteenth of September, 1759, 370 the rock-built citadel of Canada passed for ever from the hands of its ancient masters.

The victory on the Plains of Abraham and the downfall of Quebec filled all England with pride and exultation. From north to south the whole land blazed 375 with illuminations, and resounded with the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and the shouts of the multitude. In one village alone all was dark and silent amid the general joy; for here dwelt the widowed mother of Wolfe. The populace, with unwonted delicacy, 380 respected her lonely sorrow, and forbore to obtrude the sound of their rejoicings upon her grief for one who had been through life her pride and solace, and repaid her love with a tender and constant devotion.

Canada, crippled and dismembered by the disasters 385 of this year's campaign, lay waiting, as it were, the final stroke which was to extinguish her last remains of life, and close the eventful story of French dominion in America. Her limbs and her head were lopped away, but life still fluttered at her heart. Quebec, 390 Niagara, Frontenac, and Crown Point had fallen; but Montreal and the adjacent country still held out, and thither, with the opening season of 1760, the British commanders turned all their energies. Three armies were to enter Canada at three several points, and 395 conquering as they advanced, converge towards Montreal as a common centre. In accordance with this plan, Sir Jeffrey Amherst embarked at Oswego, crossed Lake Ontario, and descended the St. Lawrence with ten thousand men; while Colonel Haviland 400 advanced by way of Lake Champlain and the River Sorel, and General Murray ascended from Quebec, with a body of the veterans who had fought on the Plains of Abraham.

By a singular concurrence of fortune and skill, the 405 three armies reached the neighbourhood of Montreal on the same day. The feeble and dishèartened garrison

could offer no resistance, and on the eighth of September, 1760, the Marquis de Vaudreuil surrendered Canada, with all its dependencies, to the British crown.

F. PARKMAN (1823-93).

GEORGE III

1760-1820

GEORGE III and his queen lived in a very unpretending but elegant-looking house, on the site of the hideous pile under which his granddaughter at present reposes. The king's mother inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent with a perfect 5 paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes counsel took and sometimes tea in the pleasant green arbours along with that polite 10 nobleman. Bute was hated with a rage of which there have been few examples in English history. He was the butt for everybody's abuse; for Wilkes's devilish mischief; for Churchill's slashing satire; for the hooting of the mob that roasted the boot, his emblem, 15 in a thousand bonfires; that hated him because he was a favourite and a Scotchman, calling him 'Mortimer', 'Lothario', I know not what names, and accusing his royal mistress of all sorts of crimes—the grave, lean, demure, elderly woman, who, I dare say, was quite 20 as good as her neighbours. Chatham lent the aid of his great malice to influence the popular sentiment against her. He assailed, in the House of Lords, 'the secret influence, more mighty than the Throne itself, which betrayed and clogged every administration.' 25 The most furious pamphlets echoed the cry. 'Impeach the king's mother' was scribbled over every wall at the Court end of the town, Walpole tells us. What

3 *hideous pile.* Buckingham Palace.

had she done? What had Frederick, Prince of Wales,
 30 George's father, done, that he was so loathed by
 George II and never mentioned by George III? Let
 us not seek for stones to batter that forgotten grave,
 but acquiesce in the contemporary epitaph over
 him:—

35 Here lies Fred,
 Who was alive, and is dead.
 Had it been his father,
 I had much rather.
 Had it been his brother,
 40 Still better than another.
 Had it been his sister,
 No one would have missed her.
 Had it been the whole generation,
 Still better for the nation.
 45 But since 'tis only Fred,
 Who was alive, and is dead,
 There's no more to be said.

The widow, with eight children round her, pru-
 dently reconciled herself with the king, and won the
 50 old man's confidence and goodwill. A shrewd, hard,
 domineering, narrow-minded woman, she educated
 her children according to her lights, and spoke of the
 eldest as a dull, good boy: she kept him very close:
 she held the tightest rein over him: she had curious
 55 prejudices and bigotries. His uncle, the burly Cumber-
 land, taking down a sabre once, and drawing it to
 amuse the child, the boy started back and turned
 pale. The prince felt a generous shock: 'What must
 they have told him about me?' he asked.

60 His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited with
 the courageous obstinacy of his own race; but he was
 a firm believer where his fathers had been freethinkers,
 and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which
 he was the titular defender. Like other dull men,
 65 the king was all his life suspicious of superior people.
 He did not like Fox; he did not like Reynolds; he did

not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke; he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities; Benjamin West was his favourite painter: Beattie was his poet. The king 70 lamented, not without pathos, in his after-life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little probably to expand that small intellect, though they might 75 have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

Of church music the king was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his 80 behaviour at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from *Samson Agonistes*, and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his 85 affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head. The theatre was always his delight. His 90 bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakespeare or tragedy much; farces and pantomimes were his joy; and especially when clown swallowed a carrot or a string 95 of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely princess by his side would have to say, 'My gracious monarch, do compose yourself.' But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him. 100

There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the king's. As long as his mother lived—a dozen years after his marriage with the little spinet-player—he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must 105

have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and
110 unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. 'I am thinking,' said the poor child. 'Thinking, sir! and of what?' 'I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me.' The other sons were all wild, except George.
115 Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the king's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat complaint, of which she died; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the
120 resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. 'George, be a king!' were the words which she was for ever croaking in the ears of her son: and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate,
125 bigoted man tried to be.

He did his best; he worked according to his lights; what virtue he knew, he tried to practise; what knowledge he could master, he strove to acquire. He was for ever drawing maps, for example, and learned ge-
130 ography with no small care and industry. He knew all about the family histories and genealogies of his gentry, and pretty histories he must have known. He knew the whole *Army List*; and all the facings, and the exact number of the buttons, and all the tags and
135 laces, and the cut of all the cocked hats, pigtails, and gaiters in his army. He knew the *personnel* of the Universities; what doctors were inclined to Socinianism, and who were sound Churchmen; he knew the etiquettes of his own and his grandfather's Courts to
140 a nicety, and the smallest particulars regarding the routine of ministers, secretaries, embassies, audiences; the humblest page in the ante-room, or the meanest helper in the stables or kitchen. These parts of the royal business he was capable of learning, and he

learned. But, as one thinks of an office, almost ¹⁴⁵
divine, performed by any mortal man—of any single
being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct
the faith, to order the implicit obedience of brother
millions, to compel them into war at his offence or
quarrel; to command, 'In this way you shall trade, in ¹⁵⁰
this way you shall think; these neighbours shall be
your allies whom you shall help, these others your
enemies whom you shall slay at my orders; in this
way you shall worship God;'—who can wonder that,
when such a man as George took such an office on ¹⁵⁵
himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon
people and chief?

Yet there is something grand about his courage.
The battle of the king with his aristocracy remains
yet to be told by the historian who shall view the ¹⁶⁰
reign of George more justly than the trumpety pane-
gyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It
was he, with the people to back him, who made the
war with America; it was he and the people who
refused justice to the Roman Catholics; and on both ¹⁶⁵
questions he beat the patricians. He bribed: he
bullied: he darkly dissembled on occasion: he exer-
cised a slippery perseverance, and a vindictive resolu-
tion, which one almost admires as one thinks his
character over. His courage was never to be beat. ¹⁷⁰
It trampled North under foot: it bent the stiff neck of
the younger Pitt: even his illness never conquered
that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was
clear, it resumed the scheme, only laid aside when his
reason left him: as soon as his hands were out of the ¹⁷⁵
strait-waistcoat, they took up the pen and the plan
which had engaged him up to the moment of his
malady. I believe it is by persons believing themselves
in the right that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this
world has been perpetrated. Arguing on that conve- ¹⁸⁰
nient premiss, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty
heads of a morning; Father Dominic would burn a
score of Jews in the presence of the Most Catholic

King, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca
185 sing Amen. Protestants were roasted, Jesuits hung
and quartered at Smithfield, and witches burned at
Salem, and all by worthy people, who believed they
had the best authority for their actions.

And so, with respect to old George, even Americans,
190 whom he hated and who conquered him, may give
him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppress-
ing them. Appended to Lord Brougham's biographi-
cal sketch of Lord North are some autograph notes of
the king, which let us most curiously into the state
195 of his mind. 'The times certainly require', says he,
'the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy.
I have no wish but the prosperity of my own domi-
nions, therefore I must look upon all who would not
heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects.'
200 That is the way he reasoned. 'I wish nothing but
good, therefore every man who does not agree with
me is a traitor and a scoundrel.' Remember that he
believed himself anointed by a Divine commission ;
remember that he was a man of slow parts and imper-
205 fect education ; that the same awful will of Heaven
which placed a crown upon his head, which made him
tender to his family, pure in his life, courageous and
honest, made him dull of comprehension, obstinate of
will, and at many times deprived him of reason. He
210 was the father of his people ; his rebellious children
must be flogged into obedience. He was the defender
of the Protestant faith ; he would rather lay that
stout head upon the block than that Catholics should
have a share in the government of England. And
215 you do not suppose that there are not honest bigots
enough in all countries to back kings in this kind
of statesmanship? Without doubt the American war
was popular in England. In 1775 the address in favour
of coercing the colonies was carried by 304 to 105 in
220 the Commons, by 104 to 29 in the House of Lords.
Popular?—so was the Revocation of the Edict of
Nantes popular in France: so was the Massacre of

Saint Bartholomew: so was the Inquisition exceedingly popular in Spain.

W. M. THACKERAY (1811-63).

POLITICS

1763

TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1763.

YOU are sensible, my dear lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, 5 only because they, themselves, are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well 10 when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that everybody will be at New-market, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto win, two or three thousand pounds. After 15 that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the Ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Par- 20 liament opens; everybody is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; everybody goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of 25 the theatres. The Parliament meets again; taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty 30

more matches being invented ; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two.

35 Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall ; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England ; and so the year comes again to October. I dare to prophesy, that if you keep this letter, you

40 will find that my future correspondence will be but an illustration of this text ; at least, it is an excuse for my having very little to tell you at present, and was the reason of my not writing to you last week. Before the Parliament adjourned, there was nothing

45 but a trifling debate in an empty House, occasioned by a motion from the ministry, to order another physician and surgeon to attend Wilkes : it was carried by about seventy to thirty, and was only memorable by producing Mr. Charles Townshend,

50 who, having sat silent through the question of privilege, found himself interested in the defence of Dr. Brocklesby ! Charles ridiculed Lord North extremely, and had warm words with George Grenville. I do not look upon this as productive of

55 consequential speaking for the opposition ; on the contrary, I should expect him sooner in place, if the ministry could be fools enough to restore weight to him, and could be ignorant that he can never hurt them so much as by being with them. Wilkes refused

60 to see Heberden and Hawkins, whom the House commissioned to visit him ; and to laugh at us more, sent for two Scotchmen, Duncan and Middleton. Well ! but since that, he is gone off himself : however, as I did in D'Éon's case, I can now only ask news of

65 him from you, not tell you any ; for you have got him. I do not believe you will invite him, and make so much of him, as the Duke of Bedford did. Both sides pretend joy at his being gone ; and for once I can believe both.

47 *Wilkes* ; who had been wounded in a duel.

56 place] office.

You will be diverted, as I was, at the cordial esteem ⁷⁰ the ministers have for one another; Lord Waldegrave told my niece this morning, that he had offered a shilling, to receive an hundred pounds when Sandwich shall lose his head! what a good opinion they have of one another! à propos to losing heads, is ⁷⁵ Lally beheaded?

The East India Company have come to an unanimous resolution of not paying Lord Clive the three hundred thousand pounds, which the Ministry had promised him in lieu of his Nabobical annuity. Just ⁸⁰ after the bargain was made, his old rustic of a father was at the King's levée; the King asked where his son was; he replied, 'Sire, he is coming to town, and then your Majesty will have another vote.' If you like these franknesses, I can tell you another. The ⁸⁵ Chancellor is chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital: a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the Chancellor happened to be drunk. 'Well, Mr. Bartlemy,' said his lordship, snuffing, 'what have you to say?' The ⁹⁰ man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation congratulated his lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The Chancellor ⁹⁵ stopped him short, crying, 'By God, it is a lie! I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities.' The late Chancellor is much better.

The last time the King was at Drury-lane, the play ¹⁰⁰ given out for next night was 'All in the Wrong:' the galleries clapped, and then cried out, 'Let us be all in the right! Wilkes and Liberty!' When the King comes to a Theatre, or goes out, or goes to the House, there is not a single applause; to the Queen ¹⁰⁵ there is a little: in short, *Louis le bien-aimé* is not French at present for King George. . . .

H. WALPOLE (1717-97).

⁷⁶ Lally; who, as Governor-General of French India, lost it to the British, and was executed on his return to Paris, 1766.

WILKES

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Thursday, March 31, 1768.

I HAVE received your letter, with the extract of that from Mr. Mackenzie. . . . I do not think any honours will be bestowed yet. The Peerages are all postponed
 5 to an indefinite time. If you are in a violent hurry, you may petition the ghosts of your neighbours—Masaniello and the Gracchi. The spirit of one of them walks here; nay, I saw it go by my window yesterday, at noon, in a hackney chair.

Friday.

10 I was interrupted yesterday. The ghost is laid for a time in a red sea of port and claret. The spectre is the famous Wilkes. He appeared the moment the Parliament was dissolved. The Ministry despise him.
 15 He stood for the City of London, and was the last on the poll of seven candidates, none but the mob, and most of them without votes, favouring him. He then offered himself to the county of Middlesex. The election came on last Monday. By five in the morn-
 20 ing a very large body of Weavers, &c., took possession of Piccadilly, and the roads and turnpikes leading to Brentford, and would suffer nobody to pass without blue cockades, and papers inscribed
 'No. 45, *Wilkes and Liberty*'. They tore to pieces
 25 the coaches of Sir W. Beauchamp Proctor, and Mr. Cooke, the other candidates, though the latter was not there, but in bed with the gout, and it was with difficulty that Sir William and Mr. Cooke's cousin
 30 declared a void election, Wilkes had the sense to keep everything quiet. But, about five, Wilkes being considerably ahead of the other two, his mob returned to town and behaved outrageously. They stopped every carriage, scratched and spoilt several with

writing all over them 'No. 45', pelted, threw dirt 35
and stones, and forced everybody to huzza for Wilkes.
I did but cross Piccadilly at eight, in my coach with
a French Monsieur d'Angeul, whom I was carrying
to Lady Hertford's; they stopped us, and bid us
huzza. I desired him to let down the glass on his 40
side, but, as he was not alert, they broke it to shatters.
At night they insisted, in several streets, on houses
being illuminated, and several Scotch refusing, had
their windows broken. Another mob rose in the
City, and Harley, the present Mayor, being another 45
Sir William Walworth, and having acted formerly and
now with great spirit against Wilkes, and the Mansion
House not being illuminated, and he out of town,
they broke every window, and tried to force their way
into the house. The Trained Bands were sent for, 50
but did not suffice. At last a party of guards, from
the Tower, and some lights erected, dispersed the
tumult. At one in the morning a riot began before
Lord Bute's house, in Audley Street, though illumi-
nated. They flung two large flints into Lady Bute's 55
chamber, who was in bed, and broke every window
in the house. Next morning, Wilkes and Cooke were
returned members. The day was very quiet, but at
night they rose again, and obliged almost every house
in town to be lighted up, even the Duke of Cumber- 60
land's and Princess Amelia's. About one o'clock they
marched to the Duchess of Hamilton's in Argyle
Buildings (Lord Lorn being in Scotland). She was
obstinate, and would not illuminate. There is a small
court and parapet wall before the house: they brought 65
iron crows, tore down the gates, pulled up the pave-
ment, and battered the house for three hours. They
could not find the key of the back door, nor send for
any assistance. The night before, they had obliged
the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to give 70
them beer, and appear at the windows, and drink
'Wilkes's health'. They stopped and opened the
coach [of Count Seilern, the Austrian ambassador,

who has made a formal complaint, on which the
 75 Council met on Wednesday night, and were going to
 issue a Proclamation, but, hearing that all was quiet,
 and that only a few houses were illuminated in
 Leicester Fields from the terror of the inhabitants,
 a few constables were sent with orders to extinguish
 80 the lights, and not the smallest disorder has happened
 since. In short, it has ended like the other election
 riots, and with not a quarter of the mischief that has
 been done in some other towns. . . .

I must finish, for Lord Hertford is this moment
 85 come in, and insists on my dining with the Prince of
 Monaco, who is come over to thank the King for
 the presents his Majesty sent him on his kindness and
 attention to the late Duke of York. You shall hear
 the suite of the above histories, which I sit quietly
 90 and look at, having nothing more to do with the
 storm, and sick of politics, but as a spectator, while
 they pass over the stage of the world. Adieu!

Wilkes and Riots

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Thursday, May 12, 1768.

YOU sit very much at your ease, my dear Sir,
 demanding Ribands and settling the conveyance. We
 are a little more gravely employed. We are glad if
 5 we can keep our windows whole, or pass and repass
 unmolested. I call it reading history as one goes
 along the streets. Now we have a chapter of Clodius
 —now an episode of Prynne, and so on. I do not
 love to think what the second volume must be of
 10 a flourishing nation running riot. You have my text;
 now for the application.

Wilkes, on the 27th of last month, was committed
 to the King's Bench. The mob would not suffer him
 to be carried thither, but took off the horses of his
 15 hackney-coach and drew him through the City to

89 suite] sequel.

Cornhill. He there persuaded them to disperse, and then stole to the prison and surrendered himself. Last Saturday his cause was to be heard, but his Counsel pleading against the validity of the outlawry, Lord Mansfield took time to consider, and adjourned 20 the hearing till the beginning of next term, which is in June.

The day before yesterday the Parliament met. There have been constant crowds and mobbing at the prison, but, on Tuesday, they insisted on taking 25 Wilkes out of prison and carrying him to Parliament. The tumult increased so fast, that the Riot Act was read, the soldiers fired, and a young man was shot. The mob bore the body about the streets to excite more rage, and at night it went so far that four or 30 five more persons were killed; and the uproar quashed, though they fired on the soldiers from the windows of houses. The partisans of Wilkes say the young man was running away, was pursued and killed; and the jury have brought it in wilful murder against 35 the officer and men: so they must take their trials; and it makes their case very hard, and lays the Government under great difficulties. On the other side, the young man is said to have been very riotous, and marked as such by the Guards. But this is not 40 all. We have independent mobs, that have nothing to do with Wilkes, and who only take advantage of so favourable a season. The dearness of provisions incites, the hope of increase of wages allures, and drink puts them in motion. The coal-heavers began, 45 and it is well it is not a hard frost, for they have stopped all coals coming to town. The sawyers rose too, and at last the sailors, who have committed great outrages on merchant ships, and prevented them from sailing. I just touch the heads, which would make 50 a great figure if dilated in Baker's Chronicle among the calamities at the end of a reign. The last mob, however, took an extraordinary turn; for many thousand sailors came to petition the Parliament

55 yesterday, but in the most respectful and peaceable manner; desired only to have their grievances examined; if reasonable, redressed; if not reasonable, they would be satisfied. Being told that their flags and colours, with which they paraded, were illegal,
 60 they cast them away. Nor was this all: they declared for the King and Parliament, and beat and drove away Wilkes's mob.

It is now Friday morning; everything was quiet yesterday. Lord Suffolk moved the Lords to address
 65 the King to confer some mark of favour on the Lord Mayor Harley, for his active and spirited behaviour. The Duke of Grafton answered that it was intended; and the House was very zealous.

I wish with all my heart I may have no more to
 70 tell you of riots; not that I ever think them very serious things, but just to the persons on whom the storm bursts. But I pity poor creatures who are deluded to their fate, and fall by gin or faction, when they have not a real grievance to complain of, but
 75 what depends on the elements, or causes past remedy. I cannot bear to have the name of Liberty profaned to the destruction of the cause; for frantic tumults only lead to that terrible corrective, Arbitrary Power,—which cowards call out for as protection, and knaves
 80 are so ready to grant.

I believe you will soon hear of the death of Princess Louisa, who is in a deep consumption.

I am much obliged to Lord Stormont for his kind thoughts, and am glad you are together. You will
 85 be a comfort to him, and it must be very much so to you at this time, to have a rational man to talk with instead of old fools and young ones, boys and travelling governors.

H. WALPOLE (1717-97).

THE GORDON RIOTS

1780

TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

Wednesday night, past two in the morning, June 7, 1780.

AS it is impossible to go to bed (for Lady Betty Compton has hoped I would not this very minute, which, next to her asking the contrary, is the thing not to be refused), I cannot be better employed than 5 in proving how much I think of your Ladyship at the most horrible moment I ever saw. You shall judge.

I was at Gloucester House between nine and ten. The servants announced a great fire; the Duchess, her daughters, and I went to the top of the house, 10 and beheld not only one but two vast fires, which we took for the King's Bench and Lambeth; but the latter was the New Prison, and the former at least was burning at midnight. Colonel Heywood came in and acquainted his Royal Highness that nine houses 15 in Great Queen-street had been gutted, and the furniture burnt; and he had seen a great Catholic distiller's at Holborn Bridge broken open and all the casks staved; and since, the house has been set on fire.

At ten I went to Lord Hertford's, and found him 20 and his sons charging muskets. Lord Rockingham has two hundred soldiers in his house, and is determined to defend it. Thence I went to General Conway's, and in a moment a servant came in and said there was a great fire just by. We went to the 25 street-door and thought it was St. Martin's-lane in flames, but it is either the Fleet Prison or the distiller's. I forgot that in the court of Gloucester House I met Colonel Jennings, who told me there had been an engagement at the Royal Exchange to 30 defend the Bank, and that the Guards had shot sixty

15 *his Royal Highness.* The Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III.

of the mob ; I have since heard seventy, for I forgot to tell your Ladyship that at a great council, held this evening at the Queen's House, at which Lord
 35 Rockingham and the Duke of Portland were present, military execution was ordered, for, in truth, the Justices dare not act:

After supper I returned to Lady Hertford, finding Charing Cross, and the Haymarket, and Piccadilly
 40 illuminated from fear, though all this end of the town is hitherto perfectly quiet, lines being drawn across the Strand and Holborn, to prevent the mob coming westward. Henry and William Conway arrived, and had seen the populace break open the toll-houses
 45 on Blackfriars-bridge, and carry off bushels of half-pence, which fell about the streets, and then they set fire to the toll-houses. General Conway's porter has seen five distinct conflagrations.

Lady Hertford's cook came in, white as this paper.
 50 *He is a German Protestant.* He said his house had been attacked, his furniture burnt ; that he had saved one child, and left another with his wife, whom he could not get out ; and that not above ten or twelve persons had assaulted his house. I could not credit
 55 this, at least was sure it was an episode that had no connexion with the general insurrection, and was at most some pique of his neighbours. I sent my own footman to the spot in Woodstock-street ; he brought me word there had been eight or ten apprentices who
 60 made the riot, that two Life Guardsmen had arrived and secured four of the enemies. - It seems the cook had refused to illuminate like the rest of the street. To-morrow, I suppose, His Majesty King George Gordon will order their release ; they will be inflated
 65 with having been confessors, and turn heroes.

On coming home I visited the Duchess Dowager and my fair ward ; and am heartily tired with so many expeditions, for which I little imagined I had youth enough left.

70 We expect three or four more regiments to-morrow, besides some troops of horse and militia

already arrived. We are menaced with counter-squadrons from the country. There will, I fear, be much blood spilt before peace is restored. The Gordon has already surpassed Masaniello, who I do not remember set his own capital on fire. Yet I assure your Ladyship there is no panic. Lady Aylesbury has been at the play in the Haymarket, and the Duke and my four nieces at Ranelagh, this evening. For my part, I think the common diversions of these last four-and-twenty hours are sufficient to content any moderate appetite; and as it is now three in the morning, I shall wish you good night, and try to get a little sleep myself, if Lord George Macbeth has not murdered it all. I own I shall not soon forget the sight I saw from the top of Gloucester House!

Thursday morning, after breakfast.

I do not know whether to call the horrors of the night greater or less than I thought. My printer, who has been out all night, and on the spots of action, says, not above a dozen were killed at the Royal Exchange, some few elsewhere; at the King's Bench, he does not know how many; but in other respects the calamities are dreadful. He saw many houses set on fire, women and children screaming, running out of doors with what they could save, and knocking one another down with their loads in the confusion. Barnard's Inn is burnt, and some houses, mistaken for Catholic. Kirgate says most of the rioters are apprentices, and plunder and drink have been their chief objects, and both women and men are still lying dead drunk about the streets: brandy is preferable to enthusiasm. I trust many more troops will arrive to-day. What families ruined! What wretched wives and mothers! What public disgrace!—ay! and where, and when, and how will all this confusion end! and what shall we be when it is concluded? I remember the Excise and the Gin Act, and the rebels at Derby, and Wilkes's interlude.

110 *rebels at Derby. i. e. the '45 Rebellion.*

and the French at Plymouth ; or I should have a very bad memory ; but I never till last night saw London and Southwark in flames! . . .

H. WALPOLE (1717-97).

PITT'S WAR POLICY

WAR-TAXES PREFERABLE TO LOANS

1798

I TRUST that it will not be necessary for me to go into any detail of argument to convince the committee of the advantages of the beneficial mode adopted last session of raising a considerable part of the supplies
 5 within the year. The propriety of the measure has been recognized and felt in a way the most gratifying to the feelings and to the pride of every Englishman. The principle has been proved to be the most wise and beneficial, though in the manner of carrying it into
 10 practice it has been so shamefully and grossly evaded. The experience, which we have had, points out the propriety of correcting the errors of that plan, and of enforcing and extending the principle. If we have
 15 been able, from the benefits of that measure, so evaded and crippled, to do so much, it is obviously our duty to seek for the means of perfecting the plan upon which we are set out ; and if we can find regula-
 tions and checks against the abuses that have been committed, it is surely wise and proper that they
 20 should be made to apply to a more general and extensive scheme than that which we have already tried. It no longer rests upon theory or upon reasoning ; it is recommended to us by the surest test of experience : and if, by the efficacy of this plan, we
 25 have been able to disappoint the enemy ; to rise above all the attempts which they made to disturb our domestic tranquillity ; to remove the apprehensions of the despondent, and to show them that all their fears

of our being unable to continue the contest were vain; to assert the high and proud distinction which we took ³⁰ in the maintenance of genuine government and social order;—if we have been able thereby to animate the public spirit of Europe, to revive its dismayed energy, and to give a turn to the political aspect of the world favourable to the cause of humanity, shall we not ³⁵ persevere in a course which has been so fruitful of good? If we have proved that, at the end of the sixth year of war, unsubdued by all the exertions and sacrifices we have made, our commerce is flourishing beyond the example of any year even of peace; if our ⁴⁰ revenues are undiminished; if new means of vigour are daily presenting themselves to our grasp; if our efforts have been crowned with the most perfect success; if the public sentiment be firm and united in the justice and necessity of the cause in which we are ⁴⁵ embarked; if every motive to exertion continues the same, and every effort we have made in the cause is a source only of exultation and pride to the heart; if, by the efficacy of those efforts, we have now the expectation of accomplishing the great object of all our ⁵⁰ sacrifices and all our labours; if despondency be dissipated at home, and confidence created abroad, shall we not persevere in a course so fairly calculated to bring us to a happy issue?

Let us do justice to ourselves. It is not merely ⁵⁵ owing to the dazzling events of the campaign that we are indebted for the proud station in which we now stand. Great and glorious as those achievements have been, which cannot fail to be a source of exultation to every British bosom, I shall not detract from the high ⁶⁰ renown of all those persons to whose skill, vigour, and determination we are indebted for the achievements that have astonished and aroused Europe, when I say, that it is not altogether owing to them that we now feel ourselves in a situation so proud and consoling. ⁶⁵ The grand and important changes which have been effected in Europe are not merely to be ascribed to the

promptitude, vigilance, skill, and vigour of our naval department, whose merits no man can feel, or can
70 estimate, more highly than I do ; nor to the heroism, zeal, patriotism, and devotion of our transcendent commanders—and I speak particularly of that great commander whose services fill every bosom with rapturous emotion, and who will never cease to derive
75 from the gratitude of his countrymen the tribute of his worth—nor is it to the unparalleled perseverance, valour, and wonders performed by our gallant fleets, which have raised the British name to a distinction unknown even to her former annals, that we are to
80 ascribe all the advantages of our present posture. No, we must also do justice to the wisdom, energy, and determination of the Parliament who have furnished the means and the power, by which all the rest was sustained and accomplished. Through them, all the
85 departments of His Majesty's Government had the means of employing the force whose achievements have been so brilliant ; through the wisdom of Parliament the resources of the country have been called forth, and its spirit embodied in a manner
90 unexampled in its history. By their firmness, magnanimity, and devotion to the cause, not merely of our own individual safety, but of the safety of mankind in general, we have been enabled to stand forth the saviours of the earth. No difficulties have stood
95 in our way ; no sacrifices have been thought too great for us to make ; a common feeling of danger has produced a common spirit of exertion, and we have cheerfully come forward with a surrender of a part of our property as a salvage, not merely for recovering
100 ourselves, but for the general recovery of mankind. We have presented a phenomenon in the character of nations.

It has often been thought, and has been the theme of historians, that as nations became mercantile, they
105 lost in martial spirit what they gained in commercial

72 *that great commander.* Nelson.

avidity; that it is of the essence of trade to be sordid, and that high notions of honour are incompatible with the prosecution of traffic. This hypothesis has been proved to be false; for in the memorable era of the past year Great Britain has exhibited the glorious example of a nation showing the most universal spirit of military heroism at a time when she had acquired the most flourishing degree of national commerce. In no time of the proudest antiquity could the people of Great Britain exhibit a more dignified character of martial spirit than they have during the last year, when they have also risen to the greatest point of commercial advantage. And, Mr. Chairman, they are not insensible of the benefits, as well as of the glory, they have acquired. They know and feel that the most manly course has also been the most prudent, and they are sensible that, by bravely resisting the torrent with which they were threatened, instead of striking balances on their fate, and looking to the averages of profit and loss on standing out or on yielding to the tempest, they have given to themselves not merely security, but lustre and fame. If they had, on the contrary, submitted to purchase a suspension of danger and a mere pause of war, they feel that they could only have purchased the means of future and more deplorable mischief, marked with the stamp of impoverishment and degradation. They feel therefore that, in pursuing the path which duty and honour prescribed, they have also trod in the path of prudence and economy. They have secured to themselves permanent peace and future repose, and have given an animating example to the world of the advantages of vigour, constancy, and union. If the world shall not be disposed to take the benefit of this example, Great Britain has at least the consolation to know that she has given them the power.

And if I were disposed, Sir, to pay regard to drier and colder maxims of policy, I should say that every regard even to prudent economy would point out the

145 course which we have taken, as the most advantageous
for a people to pursue. It will be manifest to every
gentleman on the slightest consideration of the
subject, that, in the end, the measure of raising the
supplies within the year is the cheapest and the most
150 salutary course that a wise people can pursue; and
when it is considered that there is a saving of at least
one-twelfth upon all that is raised, gentlemen will not
suffer a superstitious fear and jealousy of the danger
of exposing the secrecy of income to combat with
155 a measure that is so pregnant with benefits to the
nation. If gentlemen will take into their consideration
the probable duration of peace and war, calculated
from the experience of past times, they will be
convinced of the immeasurable importance of striving
160 to raise the supplies within the year, rather than
accumulating a permanent debt. The experience of
the last hundred, fifty, or forty years, will show how
little confidence we can have in the duration of peace,
and it ought to convince us how important it is to
165 establish a system, that will prepare us for every
emergency, give stability to strength, and perpetual
renovations to resource. I think, I could make it
apparent to gentlemen, that in any war of the duration
of six years the plan of funding all the expenses to be
170 incurred in carrying it on would leave at the end of it
a greater burden permanently upon the nation than
they would have to incur for the six years only of its
continuance and one year beyond it, provided that they
made the sacrifice of a tenth of their income. In the
175 old, unwise, and destructive way of raising the supplies
by a permanent fund, without any provision for its
redemption, a war so carried on entails the burden
upon the age and upon their posterity for ever. This
has, to be sure, in a great measure, been done away
180 and corrected by the salutary and valuable system
which has been adopted of the redemption fund. But
that fund cannot accomplish the end in a shorter
period than forty years, and during all that time the

expenses of a war so funded must weigh down and press upon the people. If, on the contrary, it had at 185 an early period of our history been resolved to adopt the present mode of raising the supplies within the year; if, for instance, after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the scheme of redemption even had been adopted and persevered in to this time, we should not 190 now, for the seventh year of the war, have had more to raise from the pockets of the people than what we have now to pay of permanent taxes, together with about a fourth of what it would be necessary to lay on 195 in addition for this year. Fortunately we have at last established the redemption fund: the benefits of it are already felt; they will every year be more and more acknowledged; and in addition to this it is only necessary that, instead of consulting a present advantage and throwing the burden, as heretofore, upon posterity, 200 we shall fairly meet it ourselves, and lay the foundation of a system that shall make us independent of all the future events of the world.

I am sure that, in deliberating upon the advantages of this system, gentlemen whose liberal and exalted 205 views go beyond the mere present convenience of the moment and are not limited to the period of the interest which they may themselves take in public affairs, or even to the period of their own existence, but look with a provident affection to the independence and 210 happiness of a generation unborn, will feel and recognize the wisdom of a system that has for its principle the permanency of British grandeur. You will feel that it is not only to the splendour of your arms, to the achievements of your fleets, that you are 215 indebted for the high distinction which you at present enjoy; but also to the wisdom of the councils you have adopted in taking advantage of the influence which your happy constitution confers beyond the 220 example of any other people, and by which you have given a grand and edifying lesson to dismayed Europe, that safety, honour, and repose must ever depend upon

the energy with which danger is met and resisted. You have shown a power of self-defence which is
 225 permanent and unassailable. Standing upon the principles you have assumed, the wild and extravagant hopes of the enemy will be thwarted; Europe will be aroused and animated to adopt a course so honourable; and surely with the means of persevering thus obvious,
 230 you will not think it prudent or necessary to shrink from the principles you have adopted, or take shelter in a peace which might be obtained by a more temporizing conduct, but which would be neither safe nor durable.

235 But, Sir, I cannot encourage any sentiment so degrading. I feel in common with every gentleman who hears me the proud situation in which we have been placed, and the importance it has given us in the scale of nations. The rank that we now hold,
 240 I trust, we shall continue to cherish, and, pursuing the same glorious course, we shall all of us feel it to be a source of pride and consolation that we are the subjects of the King of Great Britain.

WILLIAM PITT (1759-1806).

TRAFALGAR

1805

IT had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the
 5 *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top,
 10 which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck

where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who 15 was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.—'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he.—'I hope not,' cried Hardy.—'Yes!' he replied; 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of 20 mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his hand- 25 kerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of 30 Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, how- 35 ever, was concealed from all except Capt. Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to 40 whom he might be useful; 'for', said he, 'you can do nothing for me.'—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event 45 of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Capt. 50

Hardy ; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried : ' Will no one bring Hardy to me ? He must be killed ! He is surely dead ! '—An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence ; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet
60 sublimest moment. ' Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, ' how goes the day with us ? '—' Very well,' replied Hardy ; ' ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh
65 ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.'—' I hope,' said Nelson, ' none of our ships have struck ? ' Hardy answered, ' There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. ' I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he : ' I am
70 going fast : it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. ' Oh no ! ' he replied : ' it is
75 impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Capt. Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him ; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone ;
80 and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him : ' You know I am gone, I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,'—putting his hand on his left side,—' which tells me so.' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great he
85 replied, so great, that he wished he was dead. ' Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, ' one would like to live a little longer too ! ' And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added—' What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation ! '

Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Capt. 90
Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cock-
pit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying
friend and commander, congratulated him on having
gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy
were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to 95
perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at
least. 'That's well,' cried Nelson, 'but I bargained
for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said:
'Anchor, Hardy; anchor.' Hardy, upon this, hinted
that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself 100
the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,'
said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to
raise himself from the bed: 'Do you anchor.' His
previous order for preparing to anchor had shown
how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, 105
calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice,
'Don't throw me overboard:' and he desired that he
might be buried by his parents, unless it should please
the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to
private feelings: 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamil- 110
ton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss
me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed
his cheek: and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied.
Thank God, I have done my duty.' Hardy stood over
him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again 115
and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson;
and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you,
Hardy.' And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right
side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck; for 120
I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly
approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I
have *not* been a *great* sinner:' and after a short
pause, 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and
my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.' 125
His articulation now became difficult; but he was
distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God, I have done my
duty.' These words he repeatedly pronounced; and

they were the last words which he uttered. He
130 expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and
a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was
wounded, above fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the
enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part,
135 were not idle; and it was not long before there were
only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the
Redoubtable. One of them was the man who had
given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of
what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen
140 him fire; and easily recognized him, because he wore
a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-
master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and
Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the *Victory's*
poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top,
145 and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the
Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the
rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the
poop. But the old quarter-master, as he cried out,
'That 's he—that 's he,' and pointed at the other, who
150 was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in
his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then
fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the
top. When they took possession of the prize, they
went into the mizen-top, and found him dead, with
155 one ball through his head, and another through his
breast.

The *Redoubtable* struck within twenty minutes after
the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that
time she had been twice on fire,—in her fore-chains
160 and in her fore-castle. The French, as they had
done in other battles, made use in this, of fire-balls
and other combustibles; implements of destruction
which other nations, from a sense of honour and
humanity, have laid aside; which add to the sufferings
165 of the wounded, without determining the issue of the
combat: which none but the cruel would employ and
which never can be successful against the brave.

Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the *Redoutable*, to some ropes and canvas on the *Victory's* booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached 170 the cockpit: but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion: the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the 175 enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the *Redoutable* had struck, it was not practicable to board her from the *Victory*; for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much, that there was a great space between their 180 gangways; and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam, and offered to swim under her bows, and get up there; but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this 185 manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the *Santissima Trinidad* did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the *Victory*, whose larboard guns played 190 against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leaped overboard, and swam to the *Victory*; and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The 195 Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men; the *San Juan Nepomuceno* lost three hundred 200 and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen 205 lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their

guns; while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed
 210 a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit
 subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a
 little longer;—doubtless that he might hear the com-
 pletion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously
 begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph,
 215 was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory
 was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at
 the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before
 he expired.

R. SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

PITT'S LAST SPEECH

NOVEMBER 9TH, 1805

IN reply to the toast of his health as the 'Saviour of Europe' Pitt said:

'I return you many thanks for the honour you
 have done me; but Europe is not to be saved by
 5 any single man. England has saved herself by her
 exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her
 example.'

W. PITT (1759-1806).

SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

1809

WHEN Laborde's division arrived, the French force
 was not less than twenty thousand men, and the Duke
 of Dalmatia made no idle evolutions of display.
 Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his
 5 position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on
 his left, and instantly descended the mountain with
 three columns covered by clouds of skirmishers.
 The British picquets were driven back in disorder, and

the village of Elvina was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavia Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre; but Moore observing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French columns and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget, and then throwing back the fourth regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division, opened a heavy fire upon the flank of the troops penetrating up the valley, while the fiftieth and forty-second regiments met those breaking through Elvina. The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads, a severe scrambling fight ensued, the French were forced back with great loss, and the fiftieth regiment entering the village with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the general ordered up a battalion of the guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of those regiments, whereupon the forty-second, mistaking his intention, retired, with exception of the grenadiers, and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight beyond the village.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain.

In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he
 50 suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long strips,
 55 interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound; Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, '*It is as*
 60 *well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;*' and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

Notwithstanding this great disaster the troops gained ground. The reserve overthrowing every-
 65 thing in the valley, forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus turning the enemy, approached the eminence upon which the great battery was posted. On the left, Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the fourteenth, carried
 70 Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre, the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favour of the British; and when the night set in, their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while
 75 the French were falling back in confusion. If Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow; for the little ammunition Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted, the river
 80 Mero was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for a retreat. On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune; the French were still the most numerous, their ground strong, and their disorder
 85 facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved,

resolved therefore to ship the army, and so complete were the arrangements, that no confusion or difficulty occurred; the picquets kindled fires to cover the retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak 90 to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the ramparts of Corunna.

When morning dawned, the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some battalions to the heights of San Lucia, and about midday opened 95 a battery on the shipping in the harbour. This caused great confusion amongst the transports, several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore, but the troops were rescued by the men-of-war's boats, the stranded vessels burned, and the fleet 100 got out of harbour. Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rearguard under Beresford until the 18th, when the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked, the inhabitants faithfully maintained the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed 105 for England. The loss of the British, never officially published, was estimated at eight hundred; of the French at three thousand. The latter is probably an exaggeration, yet it must have been great, for the English muskets were all new, the ammunition fresh; 110 and whether from the peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also 115 barred artillery movements, and the French columns were exposed to grape, which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Corunna, a transaction which has called forth as much of falsehood and malignity as servile and interested writers could offer 120 to the unprincipled leaders of a base faction, but which posterity will regard as a genuine example of ability and patriotism. From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by his soldiers; his blood flowed fast and the torture of the wound 125

was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery: he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and
 130 said, '*No, I feel that to be impossible.*' Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers
 135 to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, there was no hope, the pain increased, he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said,
 140 '*You know I always wished to die this way.*' Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said, '*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*' His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear, once only when he
 145 spoke of his mother he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. When life was just extinct,
 150 with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, '*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*' In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped
 155 in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.

160 Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful

person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour, habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart,

or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of
 205 merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the
 gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not
 a leveller!

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER (1785-1860).

GEORGE IV

1820-30

IN 1784, when he was twenty-one years of age,
 Carlton Palace was given to him, and furnished by
 the nation with as much luxury as could be devised.
 His pockets were filled with money: he said it was
 5 not enough; he flung it out of window: he spent
 10,000*l.* a year for the coats on his back. The nation
 gave him more money, and more, and more. The
 sum is past counting. He was a prince, most lovely
 to look on, and was christened Prince Florizel on his
 10 first appearance in the world. That he was the hand-
 somest prince in the whole world was agreed by men,
 and alas! by many women.

I suppose he must have been very graceful. There
 are so many testimonies to the charm of his manner,
 15 that we must allow him great elegance and powers of
 fascination. He, and the King of France's brother,
 the Count d'Artois, a charming young prince who
 danced deliciously on the tight-rope—a poor old
 tottering exiled king, who asked hospitality of King
 20 George's successor, and lived awhile in the palace of
 Mary Stuart—divided in their youth the title of first
 gentleman of Europe. We in England of course gave
 the prize to *our* gentleman. Until George's death the
 propriety of that award was scarce questioned or the
 25 doubters voted rebels and traitors. Only the other
 day I was reading in the reprint of the delightful
Noctes of Christopher North. The health of THE

KING is drunk in large capitals by the loyal Scotsman. You would fancy him a hero, a sage, a statesman, a pattern for kings and men. It was Walter 30 Scott who had that accident with the broken glass I spoke of anon. He was the king's Scottish champion, rallied all Scotland to him, made loyalty the fashion, and laid about him fiercely with his claymore upon all the prince's enemies. The Brunswicks had 35 no such defenders as those two Jacobite commoners, old Sam Johnson the Lichfield chapman's son, and Walter Scott, the Edinburgh lawyer's.

Nature and circumstance had done their utmost to prepare the prince for being spoiled: the dreadful 40 dullness of papa's Court, its stupid amusements, its dreary occupations, the maddening humdrum, the stifling sobriety of its routine, would have made a scapegrace of a much less lively prince. All the big princes bolted from that castle of ennui where old 45 King George sat, posting up his books and droning over his Handel; and old Queen Charlotte over her snuff and her tambour-frame. Most of the sturdy, gallant sons settled down after sowing their wild oats, and became sober subjects of their father and brother 50 —not ill liked by the nation, which pardons youthful irregularities readily enough, for the sake of pluck, and unaffectedness, and good humour.

The boy is father of the man. Our prince signaled his entrance into the world by a feat worthy of his 55 future life. He invented a new shoebuckle. It was an inch long and five inches broad. 'It covered almost the whole instep, reaching down to the ground on either side of the foot.' A sweet invention! lovely and useful as the prince on whose foot it sparkled. 60 At his first appearance at a Court ball, we read that 'his coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat white silk, embroidered with various-coloured foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste. And his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five 65 thousand in number, with a button and loop of the

same metal, and cocked in a new military style.' What a Florizel! Do these details seem trivial? They are the grave incidents of his life. His biographers say
70 that when he commenced housekeeping in that splendid new palace of his, the Prince of Wales had some windy projects of encouraging literature, science, and the arts; of having assemblies of literary characters; and societies for the encouragement of geography,
75 astronomy, and botany. Astronomy, geography, and botany! Fiddlesticks! French ballet-dancers, French cooks, horse-jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing-masters, china, jewel, and gimcrack merchants—these were his real companions. At
80 first he made a pretence of having Burke and Pitt and Sheridan for his friends. But how could such men be serious before such an empty scapegrace as this lad? Fox might talk dice with him, and Sheridan wine; but what else had these men of genius
85 in common with their tawdry young host of Carlton House? That fribble the leader of such men as Fox and Burke! That man's opinions about the constitution, the India Bill, justice to the Catholics—about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the
90 sauce for a partridge—worth anything! The friendship between the prince and the Whig chiefs was impossible. They were hypocrites in pretending to respect him, and if he broke the hollow compact between them, who shall blame him? His natural
95 companions were dandies and parasites. He could talk to a tailor or a cook; but, as the equal of great statesmen, to set up a creature, lazy, weak, indolent, besotted, of monstrous vanity, and levity incurable—it is absurd. They thought to use him, and did for
100 awhile; but they must have known how timid he was; how entirely heartless and treacherous, and have expected his desertion. His next set of friends were mere table companions, of whom he grew tired too; then we hear of him with a very few select toadies,
105 mere boys from school or the Guards, whose spright-

liness tickled the fancy of the worn-out voluptuary. What matters what friends he had? He dropped all his friends; he never could have real friends. An heir to the throne has flatterers, adventurers who hang about him, ambitious men who use him; but friendship 110 is denied him.

It was an unlucky thing for this doomed one, and tending to lead him yet farther on the road to the deuce, that, besides being lovely, so that women were fascinated by him; and heir apparent, so that all the 115 world flattered him; he should have a beautiful voice, which led him directly in the way of drink: and thus all the pleasant devils were coaxing on poor Florizel; desire, and idleness, and vanity, and drunkenness, all clashing their merry cymbals and bidding him come on. 120

He is dead but thirty years, and one asks how a great society could have tolerated him? Would we bear him now? In this quarter of a century, what a silent revolution has been working! how it has separated us from old times and manners! How it 125 has changed men themselves! I can see old gentlemen now among us, of perfect good breeding, of quiet lives, with venerable grey heads, fondling their grandchildren; and look at them, and wonder at what they were once. That gentleman of the grand old school, 130 when he was in the 10th Hussars, and dined at the prince's table, would fall under it night after night. Night after night, that gentleman sat at Brookes's or Raggett's over the dice. If, in the petulance of play or drink, that gentleman spoke a sharp word to his 135 neighbour, he and the other would infallibly go out and try to shoot each other the next morning. That gentleman would drive his friend Richmond the black boxer down to Moulsey, and hold his coat, and shout and swear, and hurrah with delight, whilst the black 140 man was beating Dutch Sam the Jew. That gentleman would take a manly pleasure in pulling his own coat off, and thrashing a bargeman in a street row. That gentleman has been in a watchhouse. That gentleman, so

145 exquisitely polite with ladies in a drawing-room, so
loftily courteous, if he talked now as he used among
men in his youth, would swear so as to make your
hair stand on end. I met lately a very old German
gentleman, who had served in our army at the begin-
150 ning of the century. Since then he has lived on his
own estate, but rarely meeting with an Englishman,
whose language—the language of fifty years ago that
is—he possesses perfectly. When this highly bred old
man began to speak English to me, almost every other
155 word he uttered was an oath: as they used it (they
swore dreadfully in Flanders) with the Duke of York
before Valenciennes, or at Carlton House over the
supper and cards.

The bravery of the Brunswicks, that all the family
160 must have it, that George possessed it, are points
which all English writers have agreed to admit; and
yet I cannot see how George IV should have been
endowed with this quality. Swaddled in feather-beds
all his life, lazy, obese, perpetually eating and drinking,
165 his education was quite unlike that of his tough old
progenitors. His grandsires had confronted hardship
and war, and ridden up and fired their pistols undaunted
into the face of death. His father had conquered
luxury, and overcome indolence. Here was one who
170 never resisted any temptation; never had a desire but
he coddled and pampered it; if ever he had any
nerve, frittered it away among cooks, and tailors, and
barbers, and furniture-mongers, and opera dancers.
What muscle would not grow flaccid in such a life—
175 a life that was never strung up to any action—an end-
less Capua without any campaign—all fiddling, and
flowers, and feasting, and flattery, and folly? When
George III was pressed by the Catholic question and
the India Bill, he said he would retire to Hanover
180 rather than yield upon either point; and he would
have done what he said. But, before yielding, he was
determined to fight his ministers and Parliament; and
he did, and he beat them. The time came when

George IV was pressed too upon the Catholic claims: the cautious Peel had slipped over to that side; the 185 grim old Wellington had joined it; and Peel tells us, in his *Memoirs*, what was the conduct of the king. He at first refused to submit; whereupon Peel and the duke offered their resignations, which their gracious master accepted. He did these two gentlemen the 190 honour, Peel says, to kiss them both when they went away. (Fancy old Arthur's grim countenance and eagle beak as the monarch kisses it!) When they were gone he sent after them, surrendered, and wrote to them a letter begging them to remain in office, and 195 allowing them to have their way. Then his Majesty had a meeting with Eldon, which is related at curious length in the latter's *Memoirs*. He told Eldon what was not true about his interview with the new Catholic converts; utterly misled the old ex-chancellor; cried, 200 whimpered, fell on his neck, and kissed him too. We know old Eldon's own tears were pumped very freely. Did these two fountains gush together? I can't fancy a behaviour more unmanly, imbecile, pitiable. This a Defender of the Faith! This a chief in the crisis of 205 a great nation! This an inheritor of the courage of the Georges!

W. M. THACKERAY (1811-63).

THE STATE OF EDUCATION

1847

I BELIEVE, Sir, that it is the right and the duty of the State to provide means of education for the common people. This proposition seems to me to be implied in every definition that has ever yet been given of the functions of a government. About the extent of those 5 - functions there has been much difference of opinion among ingenious men. There are some who hold that it is the business of a government to meddle with every part of the system of human life, to regulate trade

10 by bounties and prohibitions, to regulate expenditure by sumptuary laws, to regulate literature by a censorship, to regulate religion by an inquisition. Others go to the opposite extreme, and assign to government a very narrow sphere of action. But the very
15 narrowest sphere that ever was assigned to governments by any school of political philosophy is quite wide enough for my purpose. On one point all the disputants are agreed. They unanimously acknowledge that it is the duty of every government to take order
20 for giving security to the persons and property of the members of the community.

This being admitted, can it be denied that the education of the common people is a most effectual means of securing our persons and our property?
25 Let Adam Smith answer that question for me. His authority, always high, is, on this subject, entitled to peculiar respect, because he extremely disliked busy, prying, interfering governments. He was for leaving literature, arts, sciences, to take care of themselves.
30 He was not friendly to ecclesiastical establishments. He was of opinion, that the State ought not to meddle with the education of the rich. But he has expressly told us that a distinction is to be made, particularly in
35 a commercial and highly civilized society, between the education of the rich and the education of the poor. The education of the poor, he says, is a matter which deeply concerns the commonwealth. Just as the magistrate ought to interfere for the purpose of preventing the leprosy from spreading among the people,
40 he ought to interfere for the purpose of stopping the progress of the moral distempers which are inseparable from ignorance. Nor can this duty be neglected without danger to the public peace. If you leave the multitude uninstructed, there is serious risk that religious animosities may produce the most dreadful
45 disorders. The most dreadful disorders! Those are Adam Smith's own words; and prophetic words they were. Scarcely had he given this warning to our

rulers when his prediction was fulfilled in a manner never to be forgotten. I speak of the No Popery 50 riots of 1780. I do not know that I could find in all history a stronger proof of the proposition, that the ignorance of the common people makes the property, the limbs, the lives of all classes insecure. Without the shadow of a grievance, at the summons of a mad- 55 man, a hundred thousand people rise in insurrection. During a whole week, there is anarchy in the greatest and wealthiest of European cities. The parliament is besieged. Your predecessor sits trembling in his chair, and expects every moment to see the door 60 beaten in by the ruffians whose roar he hears all round the house. The peers are pulled out of their coaches. The bishops in their lawn are forced to fly over the tiles. The chapels of foreign ambassadors, buildings made sacred by the law of nations, are 65 destroyed. The house of the Chief Justice is demolished. The little children of the Prime Minister are taken out of their beds and laid in their night clothes on the table of the Horse Guards, the only safe asylum from the fury of the rabble. The prisons 70 are opened. Highwaymen, housebreakers, murderers come forth to swell the mob by which they have been set free. Thirty-six fires are blazing at once in London. Then comes the retribution. Count up all the wretches who were shot, who were hanged, who 75 were crushed, who drank themselves to death at the rivers of gin which ran down Holborn Hill ; and you will find that battles have been lost and won with a smaller sacrifice of life. And what was the cause of this calamity, a calamity which, in the history of 80 London, ranks with the Great Plague and the Great Fire? The cause was the ignorance of a population which had been suffered, in the neighbourhood of palaces, theatres, temples, to grow up as rude and stupid as any tribe of tattooed cannibals in New 85 Zealand, I might say as any drove of beasts in Smithfield Market.

The instance is striking: but it is not solitary. To the same cause are to be ascribed the riots of Nottingham, the sack of Bristol, all the outrages of Ludd, and Swing, and Rebecca, beautiful and costly machinery broken to pieces in Yorkshire, barns and haystacks blazing in Kent, fences and buildings pulled down in Wales. Could such things have been done in a country in which the mind of the labourer had been opened by education, in which he had been taught to find pleasure in the exercise of his intellect, taught to revere his Maker, taught to respect legitimate authority, and taught at the same time to seek the redress of real wrongs by peaceful and constitutional means?

This then is my argument. It is the duty of Government to protect our persons and property from danger. The gross ignorance of the common people is a principal cause of danger to our persons and property. Therefore, it is the duty of the Government to take care that the common people shall not be grossly ignorant.

And what is the alternative? It is universally allowed that, by some means, Government must protect our persons and property. If you take away education, what means do you leave? You leave means such as only necessity can justify, means which inflict a fearful amount of pain, not only on the guilty, but on the innocent who are connected with the guilty. You leave guns and bayonets, stocks and whipping-posts, tread-mills, solitary cells, penal colonies, gibbets. See then how the case stands. Here is an end which, as we all agree, governments are bound to attain. There are only two ways of attaining it. One of those ways is by making men better, and wiser, and happier. The other way is by making them infamous and miserable. Can it be doubted which way we ought to prefer? Is it not strange, is it not almost incredible, that pious and benevolent men should gravely propound the doctrine that the magistrate is bound to punish and at the same time bound not to teach? To me it seems quite clear that whoever has a right to hang has

a right to educate. Can we think without shame and remorse that more than half of those wretches who have been tied up at Newgate in our time might have been living happily, that more than half of those who 130 are now in our gaols might have been enjoying liberty and using that liberty well, that such a hell on earth as Norfolk Island need never have existed, if we had expended in training honest men but a small part of what we have expended in hunting and 135 torturing rogues.

I would earnestly entreat every gentleman to look at a report which is contained in the Appendix to the First Volume of the Minutes of the Committee of Council. I speak of the report made by Mr. Seymour 140 Tremenheare on the state of that part of Monmouthshire which is inhabited by a population chiefly employed in mining. He found that, in this district, towards the close of 1839, out of eleven thousand children who were of an age to attend school, eight 145 thousand never went to any school at all, and that most of the remaining three thousand might almost as well have gone to no school as to the squalid hovels in which men who ought themselves to have been learners pretended to teach. In general these men 150 had only one qualification for their employment; and that was their utter unfitness for every other employment. They were disabled miners, or broken hucksters. In their schools all was stench, and noise, and confusion. Now and then the clamour of the boys was 155 silenced for two minutes by the furious menaces of the master; but it soon broke out again. The instruction given was of the lowest kind. Not one school in ten was provided with a single map. This is the way in which you suffered the minds of a great population to 160 be formed. And now for the effects of your negligence. The barbarian inhabitants of this region rise in an insane rebellion against the Government. They come pouring down their valleys to Newport. They fire on

165 the Queen's troops. They wound a magistrate. The
soldiers fire in return ; and too many of these wretched
men pay with their lives the penalty of their crime.
But is the crime theirs alone ? Is it strange that they
should listen to the only teaching that they had ? How
170 can you, who took no pains to instruct them, blame
them for giving ear to the demagogue who took pains
to delude them ? We put them down, of course. We
punished them. We had no choice. Order must be
maintained ; property must be protected ; and, since
175 we had omitted to take the best way of keeping these
people quiet, we were under the necessity of keeping
them quiet by the dread of the sword and the halter.
But could any necessity be more cruel ? And which of
us would run the risk of being placed under such
180 necessity a second time ?

I say, therefore, that the education of the people is
not only a means, but the best means, of attaining
that which all allow to be a chief end of government ;
and, if this be so, it passes my faculties to understand
185 how any man can gravely contend that Government
has nothing to do with the education of the people.

My confidence in my opinion is strengthened when
I recollect that I hold that opinion in common with all
the greatest lawgivers, statesmen, and political philo-
190 sophers of all nations and ages, with all the most
illustrious champions of civil and spiritual freedom,
and especially with those men whose names were once
held in the highest veneration by the Protestant
Dissenters of England. I might cite many of the
195 most venerable names of the old world ; but I would
rather cite the example of that country which the
supporters of the voluntary system here are always
recommending to us as a pattern. Go back to the
days when the little society which has expanded
200 into the opulent and enlightened commonwealth of
Massachusetts began to exist. Our modern Dissenters
will scarcely, I think, venture to speak contumeliously
of those Puritans whose spirit Laud and his High

Commission Court could not subdue, of those Puritans who were willing to leave home and kindred, and all the comforts and refinements of civilized life, to cross the ocean, to fix their abode in forests among wild beasts and wild men, rather than commit the sin of performing, in the House of God, one gesture which they believed to be displeasing to Him. Did those brave exiles think it inconsistent with civil or religious freedom that the State should take charge of the education of the people? No, Sir; one of the earliest laws enacted by the Puritan colonists was that every township, as soon as the Lord had increased it to the number of fifty houses, should appoint one to teach all children to write and read, and that every township of a hundred houses should set up a grammar school. Nor have the descendants of those who made this law ever ceased to hold that the public authorities were bound to provide the means of public instruction. Nor is this doctrine confined to New England. 'Educate the people' was the first admonition addressed by Penn to the colony which he founded. 'Educate the people' was the legacy of Washington to the nation which he had saved. 'Educate the people' was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson; and I quote Jefferson with peculiar pleasure, because of all the eminent men that have ever lived, Adam Smith himself not excepted, Jefferson was the one who most abhorred everything like meddling on the part of governments. Yet the chief business of his later years was to establish a good system of State education in Virginia.

And, against such authority as this, what have you who take the other side to show? Can you mention a single great philosopher, a single man distinguished by his zeal for liberty, humanity, and truth, who, from the beginning of the world down to the time of this present Parliament, ever held your doctrines? You can oppose to the unanimous voice of all the wise and good, of all ages, and of both hemispheres, nothing but a clamour which was first heard a few months ago,

a clamour in which you cannot join without condemning, not only all whose memory you profess to hold
245 in reverence, but even your former selves.

Now, Sir, it seems to me that, on the same principle on which Government ought to superintend and to reward the soldier, Government ought to superintend and to reward the schoolmaster. I mean, of course,
250 the schoolmaster of the common people. That his calling is useful, that his calling is necessary, will hardly be denied. Yet it is clear that his services will not be adequately remunerated if he is left to be remunerated by those whom he teaches, or by the
255 voluntary contributions of the charitable. Is this disputed? Look at the facts. You tell us that schools will multiply and flourish exceedingly, if the Government will only abstain from interfering with them. Has not the Government long abstained from inter-
260 fering with them? Has not everything been left, through many years, to individual exertion? If it were true that education, like trade, thrives most where the magistrate meddles least, the common people of England would now be the best educated in the
265 world. Our schools would be model schools. Every one would have a well chosen little library, excellent maps, a small but neat apparatus for experiments in natural philosophy. A grown person unable to read and write would be pointed at like Giant O'Brien or
270 the Polish Count. Our schoolmasters would be as eminently expert in all that relates to teaching as our cutlers, our cotton-spinners, our engineers are allowed to be in their respective callings. They would, as a class, be held in high consideration; and their gains would be
275 such that it would be easy to find men of respectable character and attainments to fill up vacancies.

Now, is this the case? Look at the charges of the judges, at the resolutions of the grand juries, at the reports of public officers, at the reports of voluntary
280 associations. All tell the same sad and ignominious story. Take the reports of the Inspectors of Prisons.

In the House of Correction at Hertford, of seven hundred prisoners one half could not read at all ; only eight could read and write well. Of eight thousand prisoners who had passed through Maidstone Gaol ²⁸⁵ only fifty could read and write well. In Coldbath Fields Prison, the proportion that could read and write well seems to have been still smaller. Turn from the registers of prisoners to the registers of marriages. You will find that about a hundred and thirty thousand ²⁹⁰ couples were married in the year 1844. More than forty thousand of the bridegrooms and more than sixty thousand of the brides did not sign their names, but made their marks. Nearly one third of the men and nearly one half of the women, who are in the ²⁹⁵ prime of life, who are to be the parents of the Englishmen of the next generation, who are to bear a chief part in forming the minds of the Englishmen of the next generation, cannot write their own names. Remember, too, that, though people who cannot write ³⁰⁰ their own names must be grossly ignorant, people may write their own names and yet have very little knowledge. Tens of thousands who were able to write their names had in all probability received only the wretched education of a common day-school. We ³⁰⁵ know what such a school too often is ; a room crusted with filth, without light, without air, with a heap of fuel in one corner and a brood of chickens in another ; the only machinery of instruction a dog-eared spelling-book and a broken slate ; the masters the ³¹⁰ refuse of all other callings, discarded footmen, ruined pedlars, men who cannot work a sum in the rule of three, men who cannot write a common letter without blunders, men who do not know whether the earth is a sphere or a cube, men who do not know whether ³¹⁵ Jerusalem is in Asia or America. And to such men, men to whom none of us would entrust the key of his cellar, we have entrusted the mind of the rising generation, and, with the mind of the rising generation the freedom, the happiness, the glory of our country. ³²⁰

But, Sir, if the state of the southern part of our island has furnished me with one strong argument, the state of the northern part furnishes me with another argument, which is, if possible, still more
325 decisive. A hundred and fifty years ago England was one of the best governed and most prosperous countries in the world: Scotland was perhaps the rudest and poorest country that could lay any claim to civilization. The name of Scotchman was then
330 uttered in this part of the island with contempt. The ablest Scotch statesmen contemplated the degraded state of their poorer countrymen with a feeling approaching to despair. It is well known that Fletcher of Saltoun, a brave and accomplished man, a man who
335 had drawn his sword for liberty, who had suffered proscription and exile for liberty, was so much disgusted and dismayed by the misery, the ignorance, the idleness, the lawlessness of the common people, that he proposed to make many thousands of them
340 slaves. Nothing, he thought, but the discipline which kept order and enforced exertion among the negroes of a sugar colony, nothing but the lash and the stocks, could reclaim the vagabonds who infested every part of Scotland from their indolent and predatory habits, and
345 compel them to support themselves by steady labour. He therefore, soon after the Revolution, published a pamphlet, in which he earnestly, and, as I believe, from the mere impulse of humanity and patriotism, recommended to the Estates of the Realm this sharp
350 remedy, which alone, as he conceived, could remove the evil. Within a few months after the publication of that pamphlet a very different remedy was applied. The Parliament which sat at Edinburgh passed an Act for the establishment of parochial schools. What
355 followed? An improvement, such as the world had never seen, took place in the moral and intellectual character of the people. Soon, in spite of the rigour of the climate, in spite of the sterility of the earth, Scotland became a country which had no

reason to envy the fairest portions of the globe. 360
 Wherever the Scotchman went,—and there were few
 parts of the world to which he did not go,—he carried
 his superiority with him. If he was admitted into
 a public office, he worked his way up to the highest
 post. If he got employment in a brewery or 365
 a factory, he was soon the foreman. If he took
 a shop, his trade was the best in the street. If he
 enlisted in the army, he became a colour-sergeant. If
 he went to a colony, he was the most thriving planter
 there. The Scotchman of the seventeenth century had 370
 been spoken of in London as we speak of the Esqui-
 maux. The Scotchman of the eighteenth century was
 an object, not of scorn, but of envy. The cry was
 that, wherever he came, he got more than his share;
 that, mixed with Englishmen or mixed with Irishmen, 375
 he rose to the top as surely as oil rises to the top
 of water. And what had produced this great
 revolution? The Scotch air was still as cold, the
 Scotch rocks were still as bare as ever. All the
 natural qualities of the Scotchman were still what 380
 they had been when learned and benevolent men
 advised that he should be flogged. like a beast of
 burden to his daily task. But the State had given
 him an education. That education was not, it is true,
 in all respects what it should have been. But such as 385
 it was, it had done more for the bleak and dreary
 shores of the Forth and the Clyde than the richest of
 soils and the most genial of climates had done for
 Capua and Tarentum. Is there one member of this
 House, however strongly he may hold the doctrine 390
 that the Government ought not to interfere with the
 education of the people, who will stand up and say
 that, in his opinion, the Scotch would now have been
 a happier and a more enlightened people if they had
 been left, during the last five generations, to find 395
 instruction for themselves?

I say then, Sir, that, if the science of Government be
 an experimental science, this question is decided. We

are in a condition to perform the inductive process
400 according to the rules laid down in the *Novum
Organum*. We have two nations closely connected,
inhabiting the same island, sprung from the same
blood, speaking the same language, governed by the
same Sovereign and the same Legislature, holding
405 essentially the same religious faith, having the same
allies and the same enemies. Of these two nations
one was, a hundred and fifty years ago, as respects
opulence and civilization, in the highest rank among
European communities, the other in the lowest rank.
410 The opulent and highly civilized nation leaves the
education of the people to free competition. In the
poor and half barbarous nation the education of the
people is undertaken by the State. The result is that
the first are last and the last first. The common
415 people of Scotland,—it is vain to disguise the truth,—
have passed the common people of England. Free
competition, tried with every advantage, has produced
effects of which, as the Congregational Union tells us,
we ought to be ashamed, and which must lower us in the
420 opinion of every intelligent foreigner. State edu-
cation, tried under every disadvantage, has produced an
improvement to which it would be difficult to find
a parallel in any age or country. Such an experiment
as this would be regarded as conclusive in surgery
425 or chemistry, and ought, I think, to be regarded as
equally conclusive in politics.

These, Sir, are the reasons which have satisfied me
that it is the duty of the State to educate the people.
Being firmly convinced of that truth, I shall not shrink
430 from proclaiming it here and elsewhere, in defiance of
the loudest clamour that agitators can raise.

Extract from a Speech by LORD MACAULAY (1800-59).

THE FIRST CIVILIAN V.C.

1857

THOMAS HENRY KAVANAGH was the son of a British soldier, and his great physical strength and iron nerve well adapted him for his father's noble profession. The Fates designed that at an early age he should become a clerk in a Government office.⁵ The hour of battle, however, brought forth his hereditary military spirit, and he proved his courage in several sorties which he accompanied in his capacity as Assistant Field Engineer. He was with Colonel Napier when he went out to bring in the wounded,¹⁰ and proved of great service to him in guiding him through the palaces which lined the river. As an Engineer he saw the plans which were being made by direction of Sir James Outram to guide the Commander-in-Chief in his attempt to reach the Residency.¹⁵ Kavanagh felt a living guide would be better. He determined to make his way to his Excellency's camp. About 10 o'clock a.m. on the ninth instant he learnt that a spy had come in from Cawnpore, and that he was returning in the night as far as Alum Bagh with²⁰ dispatches to Sir Colin Campbell. He sought out the man and told him his desire to accompany him in disguise. 'He hesitated a great deal at acting as my guide, but made no attempt to exaggerate the dangers of the road. He merely urged that there was more²⁵ chance of detection by our going together, and proposed that we should take different roads and meet outside of the city, to which I objected.' Kavanagh was not to be deterred. That afternoon he volunteered his services through his immediate chief, Colonel³⁰ Napier. Napier pronounced the attempt impracticable, but being impressed by his earnestness took him to

¹⁴ *Commander-in-Chief.* Sir Colin Campbell.

¹⁵ *Residency*; at Lucknow, where Kavanagh was.

Outram. Outram frankly confessed that he thought it of the utmost importance that a European officer acquainted with the ground should guide the relieving force, but that the impossibility of any European being able to pass through the city undetected deterred him from ordering any officer to go, or even seeking volunteers for such a duty. He moreover considered the enterprise so hazardous that he did not consider himself justified in accepting Kavanagh's gallant offer, but the brave volunteer was so earnest in his entreaties that Outram consented to let him go. Kavanagh returned to his quarters. 'I lay down on my bed with my back towards my wife, who was giving her children the poor dinner to which they were reduced, and endeavouring to silence their repeated requests for more. I dared not face her, for her keen eye and fond heart would have immediately detected that I was in deep thought and agitated. She called me to partake of a coarse cake, but, as I could no more have eaten it than have eaten herself, I pleaded fatigue and sleepiness, and begged to be let alone. Of all the trials I ever endured this was the worst. At 6 o'clock I kissed the family and left, pretending that I was for duty at the mines, and that I might be detained till late in the morning.' He proceeded to a small room in the slaughter-yard, where he disguised himself as a 'budmash' or swashbuckler, with sword and shield, native-made shoes, tight trousers, a yellow silk 'koortah' (or jacket) over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, 'a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown round my shoulders, a cream-coloured turban, and a white waistband or kumurbund. My face down to the shoulders, and my hands to the wrists, were coloured with lamp-black, the cork used being dipped in oil to cause the colour to adhere a little.' Thus attired he entered Napier's room, and his chief did not recognize him. Outram himself daubed him once more, and he and Napier warmly pressed his hand as they wished him Godspeed. Then at half-past eight, accompanied

by Kananji Lal, the scout, Kavanagh passed through the British lines and reached the right bank of the Goomtee. 'I descended naked to the stream, with the clothes on my head rolled into a bundle. The first 75 plunge into the lines of the enemy, and the cold water, chilled my courage immensely, and if the guide had been within my reach I should, perhaps, have pulled him back, and given up the enterprise.' On the other side, in a grove of low trees, they re-dressed and 80 went up the left bank until they reached the iron bridge. Here they were stopped and called over by a native officer who was seated in an upper-storied house. 'My guide advanced to the light and I stayed a little in the shade.' After hearing that they had 85 come from the old cantonment, and were going into the city to their homes, he let them proceed. And they went on again till they reached the stone bridge by which they crossed the Goomtee and entered the principal street of Lucknow, which fortunately was 90 not so brightly lighted as before the siege, nor was it so crowded. 'I jostled against several armed men in the streets without being spoken to, and only met one guard of seven sepoy's who were amusing themselves with women of pleasure.' They threaded their way 95 through the heart of the city to the open country on the farther side. 'I was in great spirits when we reached the green fields, into which I had not been for five months; everything around us smelt sweet, and a carrot I took from the roadside was the most delicious 100 I had ever smelt.' The next five miles' tramp was pleasant. Then they discovered that they had lost their way and were in the Dilkoosha Park, which was occupied by the enemy. 'I went within twenty yards of two guns, to see what strength they were, 105 and returned to the guide, who was in great alarm, and begged I would not distrust him because of the mistake, as it was caused by his anxiety to take me away from the picquets of the enemy.' Kavanagh reassured the man by informing him such accidents 110

were frequent even when there was no danger to be avoided. It was now about midnight. They endeavoured to persuade a cultivator who was watching his crop to show the way for a short distance, but he urged old age and lameness. Kavanagh peremptorily commanded him to accompany them. He ran off screaming and alarmed the dogs of the whole village, and the dogs made them beat a quick retreat to the canal, 'in which I fell several times owing to my shoes being wet and slippery and my feet sore. The shoes were hard and tight and had rubbed the skin off my toes, and cut into the flesh above the heels.' Two hours afterwards they were again on the right track, two women in a village having kindly helped them to find it. They reached an advanced picquet of sepoy, who also told them the way after having asked them where they had come from and where they were going. By 3 o'clock they reached a grove and heard a man singing. 'I thought he was a villager; but he got alarmed on hearing us approach, and astonished us by calling out a guard of sepoy, all of whom asked questions.' Here was a terrible moment. 'Kananji Lal lost heart for the first time and threw away the letter entrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell. I kept mine safe in my turban. We satisfied the guard that we were poor men travelling to Umeenla, a village two miles this side of the Chief's camp, to inform a friend of the death of his brother by a shot from the British entrenchment at Lucknow, and they told us the road.' After tramping for half an hour in the direction indicated they suddenly found themselves in a swamp. It was eerie work wading through it for two hours up to their waists in water and through weeds. 'I was nearly exhausted on getting out of the water, having made great exertions to force our way through the weeds and to prevent the colour being washed off my face. It was nearly gone from my hands.' Kavanagh, thoroughly worn out by cold and

fatigue, rested for fifteen minutes despite the remon-¹⁵⁰
strances of the guide. Then they again trudged
forward and came on two picquets, about three hun-
dred yards asunder, seated with their heels to the fire.
'I did not care to face them, and passed between
the two flames unnoticed, for they had no sentries¹⁵⁵
thrown out.' A little later they met several villagers
with their families and chattels mounted on buffaloes.
They said they were flying for their lives from the
English. As the moonlight was growing less they
stopped at a corner of a mango grove, and Kavanagh,¹⁶⁰
wearied in body and spirit by the night's work, lay
down, in spite of Kananji Lal's entreaties, to sleep for
an hour. He bade his companion to go into the
grove to search for a guide. No sooner was Kavanagh
left by the scout when he was startled by the challenge¹⁶⁵
'Who comes there?' in a native accent. 'We had
reached a British cavalry outpost. My eyes filled
with joyful tears, and I shook the Sikh officer in
charge of the picquet heartily by the hand.' The old
soldier sent two of his troopers to guide Kavanagh to¹⁷⁰
the advanced guard. The day was coming swiftly
brighter when a strange looking creature presented
himself before the tent of the Commander-in-Chief.
'As I approached the door an elderly gentleman with
a stern face came out, and, going up to him, I asked¹⁷⁵
for Sir Colin Campbell.' 'I am Sir Colin Campbell,'
was the sharp reply, 'and who are you?' 'I pulled
off my turban and opening the folds took out a short
note of introduction from Sir James Outram.' A most
splendid feat of gallantry was done, and it proved a¹⁸⁰
most invaluable service. Her Majesty conferred upon
Kavanagh the insignia of the Victoria Cross, and he
was the first non-military man who ever obtained
that highest honour.

SIR G. W. FORREST (1846).

THE SIRDAR (H. H. KITCHENER)

1892

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER is forty-eight years old by the book ; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above
 5 most men's heads ; his motions are deliberate and strong ; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility : that also is irrelevant. Steady passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full
 10 cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth ; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant too : neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the
 15 same as if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of
 20 the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so
 25 inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire : Exhibit No. I, *hors concours*, the Sudan Machine.

30 It was aptly said of him by one who had closely watched him in his office, and in the field, and at mess, that he is the sort of 'feller' that ought to be made manager of the Army and Navy Stores. The aphorist's tastes lay perhaps in the direction of those more genial
 35 virtues which the Sirdar does not possess, yet the

judgement summed him up perfectly. He would be a splendid manager of the Army and Navy Stores. There are some who nurse a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of the 40 War Office. He would be a splendid manager of anything.

But it so happens that he has turned himself to the management of war in the Sudan, and he is the complete and the only master of that art. Beginning life 45 in the Royal Engineers—a soil reputed more favourable to machinery than to human nature—he early turned to the study of the Levant. He was one of Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor; he was subsequently director of the Palestine Exploration 50 Fund. At the beginning of the Sudan troubles he appeared. He was one of the original twenty-five officers who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Sudan he has been ever since—on the staff generally, in the field constantly, alone 55 with natives often, mastering the problem of the Sudan always. The ripe harvest of fifteen years is that he knows everything that is to be learned of his subject. He has seen and profited by the errors of others as by their successes. He has inherited the wisdom and 60 the achievements of his predecessors. He came at the right hour, and he was the right man.

Captain R.E., he began in the Egyptian army as second-in-command of a regiment of cavalry. In Wolseley's campaign he was Intelligence Officer. 65 During the summer of 1884 he was at Korosko, negotiating with the Ababdeh sheikhs in view of an advance across the desert to Abu Hamed; and note how characteristically he has now bettered the then abandoned project by going that way to Berber and 70 Khartum himself—only with a railway! The idea of the advance across the desert he took over from Lord Wolseley, and indeed from immemorial Arab caravans; and then, for his own stroke of insight and resolution

75 amounting to genius, he turned a raid into an irresistible certain conquest, by superseding camels with the railway. Others had thought of the desert route: the Sirdar, connecting Korosko to Halfa, used it. Others had projected desert railways: the Sirdar made one.
80 That, summarized in one instance, is the working of the Sudan machine.

As Intelligence Officer Kitchener accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's desert column, and you may be sure that the utter breakdown of transport which must
85 in any case have marred that heroic folly was not unnoticed by him. Afterwards, through the long decade of little fights that made the Egyptian army, Kitchener was fully employed. In 1887 and 1888 he commanded at Suakim, and it is remarkable that his
90 most important enterprise was half a failure. He attacked Osman Digna at Handub, when most of the Emir's men were away raiding; and although he succeeded in releasing a number of captives, he thought it well to retire, himself wounded in the face
95 by a bullet, without any decisive success. The withdrawal was in no way discreditable, for his force was a jumble of irregulars and levies without discipline. But it is not perhaps fanciful to believe that the Sirdar, who has never given battle without making
100 certain of an annihilating victory, has not forgotten his experience of haphazard Bashi-Bazouking at Handub.

He had his revenge before the end of 1888, when he led a brigade of Sudanese over Osman's trenches at
105 Gemaizeh. Next year at Toski he again commanded a brigade. In 1892 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar. That he meant to be Sirdar in fact as well as name he showed in 1894. The young Khedive travelled south to the frontier, and took the occasion
110 to insult every British officer he came across. Kitchener promptly gave battle: he resigned, a crisis came, and the Khedive was obliged to do public penance by issuing a General Order in praise of the

discipline of the army and of its British officers. Two years later he began the reconquest of the Sudan. 115 Without a single throw-back the work has gone forward since—but not without intervals. The Sirdar is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control he holds back from each step till the ground is consolidated under the last. The real fighting power of the Sudan 120 lies in the country itself—in its barrenness which refuses food, and its vastness which paralyses transport. The Sudan machine obviates barrenness and vastness: the bayonet action stands still until the railway action has piled the camp with supplies or the steamer action 125 can run with a full Nile. Fighting men may chafe and go down with typhoid and cholera: they are in the iron grip of the machine, and they must wait the turn of its wheels. Dervishes wait and wonder, passing from apprehension to security. The Turks are 130 not coming; the Turks are afraid. Then suddenly at daybreak one morning they see the Sirdar advancing upon them from all sides together, and by noon they are dead. Patient and swift, certain and relentless, the Sudan machine rolls conquering southward. 135

In the meantime, during all the years of preparation and achievement, the man has disappeared. The man Herbert Kitchener owns the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world there is no man Herbert 140 Kitchener, but only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it. His officers and men are wheels in the machine: he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers in his army 145—marriage interferes with work. Any officer who breaks down from the climate goes on sick leave once: next time he goes, and the Egyptian army bears him on its strength no more. Asked once why he did not let his officers come down to Cairo during 150 the season, he replied, 'If it were to go home, where they would get fit and I could get more work out of

them, I would. But why should I let them down to Cairo?' It is unamiable, but it is war, and it has
 155 a severe magnificence. And if you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march
 160 all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back and he may not; but about the general result there is not a doubt. You bet your boots the Sirdar knows: he wouldn't fight if he
 165 weren't going to win. Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted.

For of one human weakness the Sirdar is believed not to have purged himself—ambition. He is on his promotion, a man who cannot afford to make a mis-
 170 take. Homilies against ambition may be left to those who have failed in their own: the Sirdar's, if apparently purely personal, is legitimate and even lofty. He has attained eminent distinction at an exceptionally early age: he has commanded victorious armies at an
 175 age when most men are hoping to command regiments. Even now a junior Major-General, he has been entrusted with an army of six brigades, a command such as few of his seniors have ever led in the field. Finally, he has been charged with a mission such as
 180 almost every one of them would have greedily accepted—the crowning triumph of half a generation's war. Naturally he has awakened jealousies, and he has bought permission to take each step on the way only by brilliant success in the last. If in this case he be
 185 not so stiffly unbending to the high as he is to the low, who shall blame him? He has climbed too high not to take every precaution against a fall.

But he will not fall, just yet at any rate. So far as Egypt is concerned he is the man of destiny—the man
 190 who has been preparing himself sixteen years for one great purpose. For Anglo-Egypt he is the Mahdi,

the expected ; the man who has sifted experience and corrected error ; who has worked at small things and waited for great ; marble to sit still and fire to smite ; steadfast, cold, and inflexible ; the man who has cut 195 out his human heart and made himself a machine to retake Khartum.

G. W. STEEVENS (1869-1900).

THE FUNERAL OF GORDON

1898

THE steamers—screws, paddles, stern-wheelers—plug-plugged their steady way up the full Nile. Past the northern fringe of Omdurman where the sheikh came out with the white flag, past the breach where we went in to the Khalifa's stronghold, past the 5 choked embrasures and the lacerated Mahdi's tomb, past the swamp-rooted palms of Tuti Island. We looked at it all with a dispassionate, impersonal curiosity. It was Sunday morning, and that furious Friday seemed already half a lifetime behind us. 10 The volleys had dwindled out of our ears, and the smoke out of our nostrils ; and to-day we were going to the funeral of Gordon. After nearly fourteen years the Christian soldier was to have Christian burial.

On the steamers there was a detachment of every 15 corps, white or black or yellow, that had taken part in the vengeance. Every white officer that could be spared from duty was there, fifty men picked from each British battalion, one or two from each unit of the Egyptian army. That we were going up to 20 Khartum at all was evidence of our triumph ; yet, if you looked about you, triumph was not the note. The most reckless subaltern, the most barbarous black, was touched with gravity. We were going to perform a necessary duty, which had been put off far, 25 far too long.

14 *Christian burial.* Gordon was killed in 1885.

Fourteen years next January—yet even through that humiliating thought there ran a whisper of triumph. We may be slow; but in that very slowness we show
30 that we do not forget. Soon or late, we give our own their due. Here were men that fought for Gordon's life while he lived—Kitchener, who went disguised and alone among furious enemies to get news of him; Wauchope, who poured out his blood like water
35 at Tamai and Kirbekan; Stuart-Wortley, who missed by but two days the chance of dying at Gordon's side. And here, too, were boys who could hardly lisp when their mothers told them that Gordon was dead, grown up now and appearing in the fulness
40 of time to exact eleven thousand lives for one. Gordon may die—other Gordons may die in the future—but the same clean-limbed brood will grow up and avenge them.

The boats stopped plugging and there was silence.
45 We were tying up opposite a grove of tall palms; on the bank was a crowd of natives curiously like the backsheesh-hunters who gather to greet the Nile steamers. They stared at us; but we looked beyond them to a large building rising from a crumbling quay.
50 You could see that it had once been a handsome edifice of the type you know in Cairo or Alexandria—all stone and stucco, two storied, faced with tall regular windows. Now the upper story was clean gone; the blind windows were filled up with bricks;
55 the stucco was all scars, and you could walk up to the roof on rubble. In front was an acacia, such as grow in Ismailia or the Gezireh at Cairo, only unpruned—deep luscious green, only drooping like a weeping willow. At that most ordinary sight everybody grew
60 very solemn. For it was a piece of a new world, or rather of an old world, utterly different from the squalid mud, the baking barrenness of Omdurman. A façade with tall windows, a tree with green leaves—
the façade battered and blind, the tree drooping
65 to earth—there was no need to tell us we were at

a grave. In that forlorn ruin, and that disconsolate acacia, the bones of murdered civilization lay before us.

The troops formed up before the palace in three sides of a rectangle—Egyptians to our left as we looked from the river, British to the right. The Sirdar, the generals of division and brigade, and the staff stood in the open space facing the palace. Then on the roof—almost on the very spot where Gordon fell, though the steps by which the butchers mounted have long since vanished—we were aware of two flag-staffs. By the right-hand halliards stood Lieutenant Staveley, R.N., and Captain Watson, K.R.R.; by the left hand Bimbashi Mitford and his Excellency's Egyptian A.D.C.

The Sirdar raised his hand. A pull on the halliards: up ran, out flew, the Union Jack, tugging eagerly at his reins, dazzling gloriously in the sun, rejoicing in his strength and his freedom. 'Bang!' went the *Melik's* 12½-pounder, and the boat quivered to her backbone. 'God save our Gracious Queen!' hymned the Guards' band—'bang!' from the *Melik*—and Sirdar and private stood stiff—'bang!'—to attention, every hand at the helmet peak in—'bang!'—salute. The Egyptian flag had gone up at the same instant; and now, the same ear-smashing, soul-uplifting bangs marking time, the band of the 11th Sudanese was playing the Khedivial hymn. 'Three cheers for the Queen!' cried the Sirdar: helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all these years. Then the same for the Khedive. The comrade flags stretched themselves lustily, enjoying their own again; the bands pealed forth the pride of country; the twenty-one guns banged forth the strength of war. Thus, white men and black, Christian and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal once more, for ever, on Khartum.

Before we had time to think such thoughts over to ourselves, the Guards were playing the Dead March

105 in 'Saul'. Then the black band was playing the
march from Handel's 'Scipio', which in England
generally goes with 'Toll for the Brave'; this was in
memory of those loyal men among the Khedive's
subjects who could have saved themselves by treachery,
110 but preferred to die with Gordon. Next fell a deeper
hush than ever, except for the solemn minute-guns
that had followed the fierce salute. Four chaplains—
Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist—came
slowly forward and ranged themselves, with their
115 backs to the palace, just before the Sirdar. The
Presbyterian read the Fifteenth Psalm. The Anglican
led the rustling whisper of the Lord's Prayer. Snow-
haired Father Brindle, best beloved of priests, laid his
helmet at his feet, and read a memorial prayer bare-
120 headed in the sun. Then came forward the pipers
and wailed a dirge, and the Sudanese played 'Abide
with me'. Perhaps lips did twitch just a little to see
the ebony heathens fervently blowing out Gordon's
favourite hymn; but the most irresistible incongruity
125 would hardly have made us laugh at that moment.
And there were those who said the cold Sirdar him-
self could hardly speak or see, as General Hunter and
the rest stepped out according to their rank and shook
his hand. What wonder! He has trodden this road
130 to Khartum for fourteen years, and he stood at the
goal at last.

Thus with Maxim-Nordenfeldt and Bible we buried
Gordon after the manner of his race. The parade
was over, the troops were dismissed, and for a short
135 space we walked in Gordon's garden. Gordon has
become a legend with his countrymen, and they all
but deify him dead who would never have heard of
him had he lived. But in this garden you somehow
came to know Gordon the man, not the myth, and to
140 feel near to him. Here was an Englishman doing his
duty, alone and at the instant peril of his life; yet
still he loved his garden. The garden was a yet more
pathetic ruin than the palace. The palace accepted

its doom mutely; the garden strove against it. Untrimmed, unwatered, the oranges and citrons still 145 struggled to bear their little, hard, green knobs, as if they had been full ripe fruit. The pomegranates put out their vermilion star-flowers, but the fruit was small and woody and juiceless. The figs bore better, but they, too, were small and without vigour. Rankly 150 overgrown with dhurra, a vine still trailed over a low roof its pale leaves and limp tendrils, but yielded not a sign of grapes. It was all green, and so far vivid and refreshing after Omdurman. But it was the green of nature, not of cultivation: leaves grew large and 155 fruit grew small, and dwindled away. Reluctantly, despairingly, Gordon's garden was dropping back to wilderness. And in the middle of the defeated fruit-trees grew rankly the hateful Sodom apple, the poisonous herald of desolation. 160

The bugle broke in upon us; we went back to the boats. We were quicker steaming back than steaming up. We were not a whit less chastened, but every man felt lighter. We came with a sigh of shame: we went away with a sigh of relief. The long-delayed 165 duty was done. The bones of our countrymen were shattered and scattered abroad, and no man knows their place; none the less Gordon had his due burial at last. So we steamed away to the roaring camp, and left him alone again. Yet not one nor two 170 looked back at the mouldering palace and the tangled garden with a new and a great contentment. We left Gordon alone again—but alone in majesty under the conquering ensign of his own people.

G. W. STEEVENS (1869-1900).

THE STUDY OF HISTORY

WHAT do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the leading public men? Is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time?

5 If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth, and who believes that he has it entire? What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge

10 a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behaviour, the cut of his hair or the tie of his neckcloth, may disfigure him in your eyes, or poison your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy

15 it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew. And if it is so with those you

20 know, how much more with those you don't know? Say, for example, that I want to understand the character of the Duke of Marlborough. I read Swift's history of the times in which he took a part; the shrewdest of observers and initiated, one would think, into the poli-

25 tics of the age—he hints to me that Marlborough was a coward, and even of doubtful military capacity: he speaks of Walpole as a contemptible boor, and scarcely mentions, except to flout it, the great intrigue of the Queen's latter days, which was to have

30 ended in bringing back the Pretender. Again, I read Marlborough's life by a copious archdeacon, who has the command of immense papers, of sonorous language, of what is called the best information; and I get little or no insight into this secret motive which,

35 I believe, influenced the whole of Marlborough's

career, which caused his turnings and windings, his opportune fidelity and treason, stopped his army almost at Paris gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side—the winning side; I get, I say, no truth, or only a portion of it, in the narrative of either 40 writer, and believe that Coxe's portrait or Swift's portrait is quite unlike the real Churchill. I take this as a single instance, prepared to be as sceptical about any other, and say to the Muse of History, 'O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement 45 you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse! For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers: Non- 50 sense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric of a hero: I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character: I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced and take the 55 side of the Dons. You offer me an autobiography: I doubt all autobiographies I ever read except those, perhaps, of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. *These* have no object in setting themselves right with the public or their own con- 60 sciences; these have no motive for concealment or half truths; these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Dr. Smollett, or a volume of the 65 *Spectator*, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time; of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, 70 the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?'

As we read in these delightful volumes of the

75 *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the past age returns, the
England of our ancestors is revived. The Maypole
rises in the Strand again in London; the churches
are crowded with daily worshippers; the beaux are
gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going
80 to the Drawing-room; the ladies are thronging to the
toy-shops; the chairmen are jostling in the streets;
the footmen are running with links before the chariots,
or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country
I see the young Squire riding to Eton with his
85 servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of
the family, to see him safe. To make that journey
from the Squire's and back, Will is a week on horse-
back. The coach takes five days between London
and Bath. The judges and the bar ride the circuit.
90 If my lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her
people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain
Macheath if he should appear, and her couriers ride
ahead to prepare apartments for her at the great
caravanserais on the road; Boniface receives her under
95 the creaking sign of the 'Bell' or the 'Ram', and
he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to
the state-apartments, whilst her carriage rumbles into
the courtyard, where the Exeter Fly is housed that
performs the journey in eight days, God willing,
100 having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and
landed its passengers for supper and sleep. The
curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the
Captain's man—having hung up his master's half-pike
—is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and
105 Malplaquet to the townsfolk, who have their club
in the chimney-corner. The Captain is ogling the
chambermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to
know who is the pretty young mistress that has come
in the coach. The pack-horses are in the great
stable, and the drivers and ostlers carousing in the
110 tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of
strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance,
who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world

does, and has a rattling grey mare in the stables which will be saddled and away with its owner half an hour before the Fly sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the Exeter Fly comes jingling and creaking onwards, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a grey mare, with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach window, and bids the company to hand out their purses. . . . It must have been no small pleasure even to sit in the great kitchen in those days and see the tide of humankind pass by.

W. M. THACKERAY (1811-63).

*'England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by
grace of thy glory, free,
Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with
hope to serve as he worships thee;
None may sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats
down our songs as it hails the sea.'*

A. C. SWINBURNE.

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